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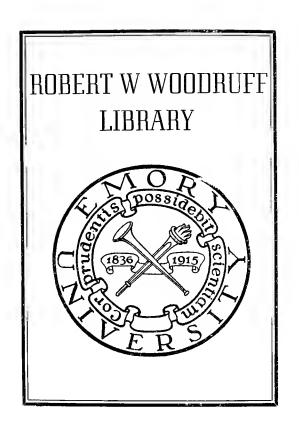
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# PASTOR'S FIRESIDE.

 $\mathbf{BY}$ 

## MISS JANE PORTER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS,"
"THADDEUS OF WARSAW."
ETC, ETC.

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## THE PASTOR'S FIRE-SIDE.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### LINDISFARNE-THE HOLY ISLAND.

It was late one winterly evening in September, when a boat, borne onward by a single sail, passed along the narrow sea which divides Lindisfarne from the mainland, and moored itself within the small bay of the island. The moon was beginning to rise; and by her silvering outline, already distinguished the venerable relics of Saint Cuthbert's monastery from the shadows of twilight; while the adjacent steep rock, helmed with its ancient towers, still seemed to

threaten the approach of any sea-borne invader.

Two persons, wrapped in large cloaks, and followed by one who seemed a servant, rose from the boat; and giving a piece of gold to their solitary navigator, stepped on shore. The elder of the two made the sign of the cross upon his breast, and with his eyes bent to the ground, walked slowly forward. The younger performed the same act of devotion, though in a less fixed manner, and shivering as he looked up to the flying clouds, followed his companion. Having proceeded over sand and shingle without discerning anything like an inhabited dwelling, the travellers began to doubt the boatman's information respecting the situation of their purposed lodgings; and, looking around for some other intelligence, perceived a group of fishermen on a shelve of the rock. By the assistance of his servant, the youth scrambled up the acclivity, and inquired the way to the Reverend Richard Athelstone's. One of the men, raising himself from the heap of gathered nets they had been drying on the rocks, pointed along the top of the cliff, and told his questioner to keep on, west of the abbey, when he would soon sec the church, and the pastor's house beside it.

The travellers proceeded a little way in the direction given; but finding that the dubious light bewildered them, not distinguishing rocks from ruins, the younger returned to the fisherman, and begged he would conduct them to Mr. Athelstone's. This request was obeyed with the same direct compliance as his question had been answered; and the man, throwing his net over his shoulder, trudged on before the travellers. The elder pursued his way in devout abstraction. His eyes were fixed on the distant tower of the monastery. It stood alone on the bright horizon; and seemed, to his musing fancy, like the still hovering shade of the glorified saint

of the island.

This path to the pastor's dwelling lay by the ruins of the wall which had once surrounded the monastery. As the travellers approached it, the roofless aisles and broken arches stood white in the moonbeam; and the windows, partially obscured by the withered stonecrop which sprung from their mouldering columns, threw a chequered light on the half-sunk monuments below. The youth, fatigued in limbs and depressed in spirits, drew near his companion. The elder traveller pressed the chilled arm that now rested upon his, and said in a low voice, "What desolation is here! Ah, my son, how can we expect peace in the councils, or virtue in the conduct of a people who thus dishonour the tombs of their saints!"

"Alas, my lord," replied the young man, "if we must estimate the piety of nations by the unanimity of their councils, we have not much reason to congratulate ourselves on the holiness of Spain! Why," added he with scorn, "did her vacillating policy drag us from elysian Italy? But for that, we might never have visited

these desert shores."

"Ferdinand," rejoined his father, "the disease of your heart makes you misjudge your country. Spain has her errors; but no comparison can be justly drawn between a people that respect the Faith, even to hallowing the ashes of its apostles; and a race of men here, who trample alike on the rights of their kings, and the ordinances of the church!—No good can come to such a people."

The young man shivered, and forced a smile. "At least," exclaimed he, "no good can come to us in so excommunicated a land:—though I shall not be sorry to shelter myself from its cutting blast, even within the condemned cell of the heretic cura of the

island."

The travellers continued to follow their guide over a rough road, covered with loose stones, and rendered intricate by numerous stunted trees, which grew in straggling loneliness amongst the detached masses of the decaying monastery. Through the shadowy arches of what had once been a passage to the west cloisters, they espied a distant light.

"For your sake, my son," said the elder stranger, "I hope that

portends we are near houses!"

"I hope so, too," rejoined Ferdinand; "but I also fear it may be only the lantern of some vessel (more lucky than we were) passing

this desolate rock."

Having made their way through the varied gloom of the ruins, they came out on a smooth sheep-path. The abbey now lay behind them. Before them rose the spire of the parish church; and near it, in holy fellowship, stood the parsonage; from whose ivy-latticed window still streamed the friendly ray which had guided them to

its gate.

"This be our pastor's—and God's blessing abide with him and his!" said the fisherman, pointing, with a bow, to the house. Ferdinand put money into the man's hand, and then followed his father and their servant through a wicket into a little green court. They crossed its soft grass, and stooping beneath a low stone porch, knocked at the house-door. It was opened by a hoary-headed servant, of a hale and cheerful aspect. The elder stranger asked for

the Reverend Richard Athelstone. The old man immediately opened a door at his right hand; and without other reply than a respectful bow, ushered the travellers into the presence of his master.

The venerable pastor of Lindisfarne advanced to meet his visitors; who, though unannounced, he saw by their air were foreigners and gentlemen. The elder apologised for their appearance at so late an hour; saying, they had arrived from Holland at Berwick that morning in the midst of a storm. "But," continued he, "when the tempest subsided towards evening, I became too impatient to tread the sacred shore of Lindisfarne; and to deliver a packet intrusted to me by the Grand-Pensionary Hensius, to delay my coming until another day."

While the stranger spoke, he presented the packet. Mr. Athelstone received it with a hospitable smile; and turning to a lady, who sat with two younger ones at a work-table near the fire—"Mrs. Coningsby, my dear niece," said he, "welcome these gentlemen;

they come from a friend of your lamented father's."

The lady rose, and gracefully obeyed, by expressing her reverence for the grand-pensionary; and the pleasure she felt in seeing Lindisfarne honoured by his remembrance in the persons of his friends. She then introduced the young ladies as her daughters. The eldest she called Cornelia, and the youngest Alice. They cast down their eyes and bowed their fair necks to the strangers, while their mother named them; and when, on observing the pale countenance of Ferdinand, she invited the two gentlemen to draw nearer the fire, the sisters moved their chairs back, and pursued their needlework with redoubled industry.

Mr. Athelstone took a hasty survey of the grand-pensionary's letter; and folding it up, repeated his former polite greeting, with the cordial addition of taking the strangers each by the hand.

"Pleased as I was to receive any friend of the Baron Hensius," said he, "how must my pleasure be increased, when I see in that friend the Marquis Santa Cruz!"

"The Marquis Santa Cruz!" repeated Mrs. Coningsby, in a tone

of pleased surprise, and a glow on her cheek.

The pastor smiled—"Your name, my lord, has long been with us. Fame had given it to the world at large; but it was brought to our remote shores by your noble antagonist, Prince Eugene of Savoy."

With a bow to the implied compliment, the marquis inquired

how recently the prince had been in England.

"Not very lately," replied Mr. Athelstone; "my acquaintance with his highness must be dated one-and-twenty years back; in the spring of 1704, when he came to England on a secret mission from the Emperor of Germany. Having gained our queen's concurrence to support the Imperialists against Bavaria, Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough embarked for Holland. Stress of weather drove their vessel on this coast. I then inhabited Bamborough Castle, during the absence of my brother, the late Sir Headworth Athelstone; and going to the beach to offer the usual assistance to distressed mariners, I discovered my friend, the duke,

and his noble compeer, in two nameless personages. They took up their residence with me till the tempest subsided, and it lasted many days; but remaining unknown to the county, they gave the whole of their society to myself and my niece. It was then, my lord, that in discoursing on the great and good of all countries, Prince Eugene named with friendship the Marquis Santa Cruz; who, he said, had baffled his best military skill the preceding year in Italy."

An answering flash of generous admiration suffused the face of the marquis. "Eugene of Savoy," returned he, "can afford such acknowledgments. And, that I did discover and baffle his designs before the dyke of Zero, I have ever considered the proudest fortune which has hitherto been granted to my military career. Since that period I have often met the prince, both in the field and in the cabinet; and in every character, whether as soldier or as statesman, he has manifested that nobleness of soul which commands alike the

confidence of friends and of enemies."

A blush overspread the fine, though matron features of Mrs. Coningsby. "Ah, my uncle," cried she, "why does not Louis hear this of your favourite hero?" Oh! he had been her own favourite hero in the romantic dream of her youth. She rose as she spoke, and left the room to inquire for the now young object of her interest.

"Does Mrs. Coningsby speak of her son?" asked the marquis.
"No," said the pastor, "the young man she alludes to is the son of her elder sister, now in a better world. His father you doubtless

know; the Baron de Ripperda."

"I have not been in Spain these ten years," replied the marquis, "but I know the baron is now there; and introducing plans of internal policy, worthy the emulation of his own times, and the gratitude of future ages. Before happy circumstances restored him to his country, it was never my good fortune to meet him in any of

my accidental visits to the Netherlands."

Mr. Athelstone and his noble guest continued their discourse on the public history of the Baron de Ripperda; the latter not refraining from loval animadversions on the baron's father, Don Juan de Montemar, Duke de Ripperda; who, in resentment for some slight from his sovereign, left Spain for the Netherlands; and soon joining the United States of Holland, exchanged his Spanish rank for that of a northern baron. While the marguis regretted that the noble malcontent's son, the present illustrious Ripperda, had ever belonged to any other country than that of his ancestors, he expatiated with the pride of a Spaniard on the talents which were now reclaimed by their parent land. Mr. Athelstone, who had all the old-fashioned notions respecting amor patria, rejoiced that the satisfactory accomplishment of Baron de Ripperda's mission, as ambassador from the Netherlands to Madrid, had empowered him to sever himself with honour from that country; and to resume his hereditary rights in Spain, in the manner best calculated to re-establish his house, and transmit the ancient glories of his family unimpaired to posterity.

While the pastor and his guests were engaged in this conversation.

Ferdinand leaned exhausted in his chair, and had leisure to survey the domestic scene around him; so different from the solitude he had anticipated in the condemned cell of the heretic cura of the island! From the window of the room in which he now sat, still issued the light he had seen from afar, and which had beaconed his weary steps to his present comfortable station by its source; a cheerful fire, and a cluster of blazing candles on its chimney-piece.

Ferdinand could not have been so long in Italy without forming a taste in architecture, and he contemplated with admiring curiosity this specimen of Gothic workmanship. It was of a cinquefoil shape, supported by short columns on brackets, and adorned with a projecting frieze, on which stood the lighted branches, and alabaster vases full of autumnal flowers. It appeared to have been translated from some building of older date; and, indeed, little more than a century before, this very arch had mantled the abbot's hearth in

the good monastery of Lindisfarne.

Ferdinand looked next at the oak-panelled walls of the room, enlivened by a range of fine portraits in carved ebony frames; and two miniatures in splendid gilt ones, immediately recognisable to be those of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, both painted from memory by Mrs. Coningsby soon after their neverforgotten visit to the parsonage; and often, in her maturer years, she discoursed to her young nephew, on the virtues which had made their names great, and their characters beloved as Christian heroes. These precious memorials, with a eabinet of curious china, a harpsichord, a well-stored bookcase, and the usual complement of settees, chairs, and tables, completed the furniture. He did not take so cursory a view of its inhabitants. The venerable master of the house sat on one side of the fireplace, talking with the marquis. His silvered hair and benign countenance, blanched and worn by seventy winters, seemed to announce how nearly the divine spirit within had shaken off its earthly tabernacle. The marquis had never before regarded an avowed minister of the Reformation, without a distance in his manner that proclaimed, "No fellowship!" but now he sat listening to the pastor with so cordial an air, that Ferdinand murmured to himself, "Ah! my father, it is too late for your unhappy son, should your present feelings towards that good man, indeed, draw away its only prejudice from your noble heart!"
He sighed heavily, and turned his attention to the other side of the room.

The sisters had withdrawn their chairs far from the fire-side circle, and were plying their needles with indefatigable diligence. Cornelia's raven hair was braided back from her polished brow, and confined in a knot with a gold bodkin. The majestic contour of her features suited well with her Roman name; and the simplicity of the plain white garment in which she was arrayed harmonised with the modest dignity of a figure, which proclaimed in every movement, that nobility of soul needs no emblazoning from ornament! As her fair hand traversed the embroidery frame, Ferdinand turned from these lofty beauties to the gentle Alice; whose charms, if of a feebler, were of a subtler force. Her head, which moved about rather oftener than her sister's, in search of silk, scissors,

and needles, gave free scope to the contemplation of the young Spaniard. She appeared several years younger than Cornelia. Her form was fairy in its proportions; slight, airy, and apparently impalpable to aught but the touch of a sylph. Her azure eyes, glancing around for what she sought, shone so lucidly bright from under her flaxen locks, that Ferdinand thought that he had never seen eyes so beautiful; "Never," said he to himself, "so divinely

innocent; never so irresistibly exhilarating."

Some envenomed recollections caused him to withdraw his gaze, but he soon looked again upon Alice, and longed to hear her speak, while a sudden self-gratulation on how fluently he could himself discourse in English, animated his before languid features. He observed her turn her head towards the yet uncurtained window. The moon was now holding her bright eourse in the heavens, without meeting the passing shadow of a single cloud. He seized on the opportunity to address the sisters, and remarked the beauty of the night.

"It is calmer than usual, after so tempostuous a day," observed

Cornelia.

"I am glad the winds are quiet!" said Alice; "for we may now

look for Louis without fear of the breakers."

Ferdinand inquired whether her cousin were to cross the sea that night.

"We have so" replied show "he went vesterday to Bambarough

"We hope so," replied she; "he went yesterday to Bamborough Castle; and I am sure nothing but the storm prevented his return-

ing to us this morning."

"Whatever may be the attractions of Bamborough Castle," rejoined Ferdinand, "I cannot be surprised your cousin should prefer his home to all other places." He accompanied this remark with that sort of smile and bow to Alice, which a woman of the world would have understood as a compliment to herself; but Alice was too ignorant of the gallantries of fashionable society to see anything in this but the obvious meaning of the words. Cornelia received the speech as her sister had done; and exclaimed with a sigh, "I wish Louis did prefer his home to all other places!"

"Why say that, Cornelia?" said Alice; "you know how he despises the people he meets at the Castle; and you cannot seriously doubt our dear Louis's preference of home to all other places!"

Ferdinand did not pereeive the grounds of conclusion which the fair Alice drew from her argument; he admired, however, the brightening eyes with which she uttered her own conviction; though he could not forbear a doubting smile when he observed the anxious glance she east towards the door, on a little noise in the hall, which occurred just as she concluded her last confident assertion.

Cornelia did not reply, but with a gentle sigh pensively resumed her embroidery. Alice now became eonfused, and regarding the silence of her sister as a reproof for having said so much before a stranger, she turned away her head, and with trembling hands recommenced her work. Ferdinand did not withdraw his eyes from the little table. He wished to see the fortunate cousin, upon whom those lovely sisters lavished so much solicitude; and he was curious

to know who the inhabitants of the Castle were, whose attractions

could excite jealousy in young women so full of charms.

While he was thus ruminating. Mrs. Coningsby entered, to lead her uncle's guests to the supper-room. Before they obeyed her hospitable summons, the marquis requested that he and his son might retire to disencumber themselves from their travelling accoutrements; and when they had withdrawn, the pastor took that interval to inform his niece and her daughters, that these noble Spaniards were to be his guests for some days. He read, apart to Mrs. Coningsby, a passage in the Baron Hensius's letter, which mentioned that the health of Don Ferdinand d'Osorio, the marquis's only son, was the primary object of his visit to England. It appeared, by this account, that on the marquis's recall from his diplomatic situation in Italy, he had proceeded to Vienna, to negotiate, what afterwards turned out to be an unsuccessful mission. He had previously seized the opportunity of preliminary despatches from Italy, to send his son before him to visit his mother, the marchioness's family, who resided in that city. But he soon saw reason to repent this indulgence. When the marguis arrived, he found the young man no longer himself. He had become the dupe of artifice; and was bound to the Austrian capital with the most fatal bonds. The distressed father knew no alternative, but to apply secretly to Spain for the royal mandate, to detach both himself and his son on a seeming official tour. Distance, and change of objects, were what he aimed at for the unhappy youth; and, taking Holland in their course, when they reached Amsterdam, the physicians there recommended a sea voyage, and the bracing air of a still more northerly climate. Ferdinand was indifferent to what became of him, and made no objection to visit Scotland and its borders. The marquis had recollected that Lindisfarne, the Holy Island of unnumbered saints, lay in the way; and with parental anxiety, he formed a wish, which he communicated to Baron Hensius, of propitiating a peculiar blessing on this part of his journey, by paying his yows at the shrine of St. Cuthbert.

"My friend warns me," continued the pastor, addressing his younger nieces as well as their mother, "that the Marquis Santa Cruz is a Roman Catholic in the strictest sense of the term; that his mind, enlightened on every other subject, is here under a thick cloud. He brings his son to this island, to touch the dead man's bones, and be healed. Setting up a human relict, before the living presence of his Saviour, who has only to will it, and it is done! Oh, my children, here is a lesson to humble the pride of intellect, to fill you with awe before the Creator of your being, and the divine revealer of his word! Reason and imagination, when hearkening to revelation, must be as a little child! humble and intelligent; eager to apprehend the simple truth, and ready to obey it. Such a little child as that which appeared with the doctors in the temple, hearing and asking them questions. Mark you! he did not then speak as one having authority; but he eame to hear and inquire. In all things he is our example; and that example bids us search the Scriptures for truth; and to apply to God alone, through one

Mediator, for salvation here and hereafter."

Mrs. Coningsby did not answer her unele, but pressed the hands of her listening daughters, who east down their eyes, in reverence of their beloved teacher and his divine subject. Mr. Athelstone

paused a few moments, and resumed.

"The grand-pensionary, being aware how happy I should be to see the Marquis Santa Cruz, rather encouraged than dissuaded him from his purposed pilgrimage; and now he is here, my dear nieees, we must do our best to welcome and to eheer both him and his son."

"I thought the young Spanish nobleman looked very ill," observed Aliee, in a tone of pity; "he leaned so languidly in his chair; and his large dark eyes moved so heavily, it seemed a labour for him to turn them even from me to my sister, though we sat close together. Poor young man! and how kindly he asked about Louis!—Did not you, Cornelia, think he looked ill?"

"Indeed," said her sister, "I seareely noticed his looks at all;

"Indeed," said her sister, "I searcely noticed his looks at all; which I am sorry for. He must have thought us most unfeelingly inattentive, to allow an invalid to sit so long in a hot room with

that heavy cloak on."

"I rather think the fault was mine," rejoined their mother; "but the remembrances of past days had totally obscured present objects. And as another proof of it, my dear sir," said she, turning to the pastor, "I had forgotten to tell you that the boatmen have just returned from Bamborough without Louis; and bring this message from Sir Anthony, that his nephew will remain at the castle for some days longer."

Further remarks were prevented by the re-entrance of the travellers. They were conducted by their hospitable host to the supper-room; and after partaking of its northern fare with good appetites, Mrs. Coningsby led the marquis and his son to the door of their apartments, where she bado them adicu for the night.

## CHAPTER II.

#### THE PARSONAGE.

FERDINAND arose next morning at a late hour, refreshed and lighter in spirits than he had felt for a long time. The day was bright and balmy; and when he descended to the breakfast-room, the marquis gianeed at his renovated appearance, and inwardly ejaculated, "Already that cheerful countenance bears witness to

the efficacy of this blessed spot!"

The family of the pastor were assembled round the table; Mrs. Coningsby presided over the dispersion of her fragrant tea; and her daughters, blooming with the freshness of the dewy flowers, did the honours of the eoffee and kneaded cakes. Social eonverse, augmenting in interest with its prolongation, succeeded the hospitable meal, till Mr. Athelstone observed Ferdinand turn his eyes wistfully towards the open window. The light foliage of the spruce, which bent towards it, floated into the room on the gentle impulse of a soft south wind; and the aromatic breath that followed, seemed to be regarded by the young Spaniard as an invitation to taste its fragrance nearer. The pastor, who anticipated the

wishes of invalids with the same solicitude he would administer a salutary medicine, turned to his young nieces, and desired they would put on their hats, and introduce Don Ferdinad to their Michaelmas daisies. The ladies withdrew; and Ferdinand, not requiring a second permission, was soon in the little porch, ready to accompany his fair conductors.

The youthful party had scarcely withdrawn, before a note was brought from Bamborough Castle. It was in answer to one the paster had despatched that morning to Sir Anthony Athelstone, to explain the necessity of Louis's immediate return to the island.

Mr. Athelstone took the letter, and read as follows:—

#### " To the Rev. Richard Athelstone.

"Sir Anthony Athelstone is very sensible of the respect due to his reverend uncle, and to his noble guests; but Louis de Montemar being engaged with a hunting party, it is impossible he can have the honour of waiting upon them."

"Bamborough Castle, Saturday Morn."

"I believe, sir," said the old servant who had delivered the letter, "the Duke of Wharton is at the castle."

At this intimation an unusual colour spread over the face of Mr.

Athelstone. "Peter, that cannot be!"

Peter bowed his grey head, and respectfully answered,—"The lad, sir, who brought that note, told me a fine duke from foreign parts, with a company of ladies and gentlemen, came yesterday through all the storm to the eastle: and they were so merry and froliesome, they sat up all night singing outlandish songs, which the butler, Thomas, who understands tongues, told him were arrant Jacobite."

Mr. Athelstone rose hastily from his seat. "Peter, I am afraid you are right." Peter bowed again, and withdrew. Mr. Athel-

stone re-seated himself, in evident discomposure.

"I remember the Duke of Wharton eight years ago in Paris," said the marquis. "I think it was in the summer of 1716. He was then a very young man, hardly of age; certainly not arrived at the years of discretion; for, with a genius that equalled him in some respects to the maturest minds in France, he was perpetually reminding us of his real juvenility by the boyish extravagance of his passions. I have since heard that time has not tamed them."

"It seldom does," exclaimed the pastor, "when the reins have once been given to their impulse. Oh, my dear lord, wherever human passion is, there the law of reason and lawless appetite contend like Satan and the archangel. Duke Wharton has yielded the mastery to the ill spirit; and he is the less pardonable, his intellectual endowments being equal to much resistance. If the man who only hides his one talent meet condemnation, what must be the eternal fate of him who debases a countless portion to decorate the loathsomeness of sin?"

Mr. Athelstone paused a few moments, and then added,—"I have so great a horror of the contagion of such characters, that I made it a point with Sir Anthony, he would never, willingly, bring

his nephew into the company of this dangerous nobleman; and how it has happened now I cannot guess. Some unexpected circumstance must have brought him to the castle; for you know, Mrs. Coningsby, your brother has always been scrupulous of a promise."

"Hitherto," replied she; "but if we have rightly explained Peter's account, Sir Anthony's present detention of Louis—." She paused, as if conscious of having said too much in the presence

of a stranger.

The pastor looked more disturbed. "When the tide serves in the afternoon," cried he, "I will cross to Bamborough myself; and if I find that my confidence has been abused, I shall then know my course."

"Not that my uncle doubts our nephew's steadiness in despising the follies of Duke Wharton," said Mrs. Coningsby, addressing their guest; "but no engagements ought to be broken with

impunity."

"Pardon me, madam," returned the marquis, "if I say, that we should cruelly betray our young people, if we did not so far doubt their steadiness, as always to do our utmost to withdraw them from every separate temptation to vice or folly. I hold it as much sin to rush unnecessarily into occasions of moral contest, as to fall by the temptation when it comes unsought. Man should neither tempt himself, nor suffer others to be tempted, when he can put in a prevention. I am, therefore, thoroughly of Mr. Athelstone's opinion, not to allow Mr. de Montemar to remain an hour that he can prevent within the influence of the Duke of Wharton."

The pastor was roused from anxious meditation by the last remark of Santa Cruz; and as Mrs. Coningsby soon after left the room, he put his hand upon the arm of the marquis, and conducting him by a side-door into his library, "My good lord," said he, "your observations are so just, that, as I may appear to have acted inconsistently with what I conscientiously approve, by having permitted my nephew to go at all where he is liable to meet the duke, you must allow me to narrate the peculiar circumstances which compelled my assent."

"I shall be glad, reverend sir," returned the marquis, "to hear what can be urged in extenuation of any indulgence which subjects the waxen nature of youth to the impressions of perverting society. By painful experience I know the trial to be perilous." The last sentence was followed by a sudden coldness in his air towards the

pastor, which passed unfelt, because it was unobserved.

Unconscious of what really actuated the remarks of his auditor, Mr. Athelstone looked pensively down for a few moments, and then resumed, "I know not how to make your lordship perfectly understand my situation and apology, unless you permit me to preface both with a little family history."

The marquis bowed, and Mr. Athelstone proceeded.

"My only brother, the late Sir Headworth Forster Athelstone, was the father of the present Sir Anthony, and of two daughters. The eldest, Louisa, was the mother of Louis de Montemar; and the youngest, Catherine, you have seen in Mrs. Coningsby. My brother's wife died the same year in which her husband received

the commands of his sovereign to go ambassador extraordinary to the Netherlands. Louisa's health having been impaired by attendance on her mother, Sir Headworth made her the companion of his embassy. At the Hague they met the Baron de Ripperda. He was struck with my niece at first sight. And indeed she was the most beautiful creature these eyes ever beheld! My lord, you will see a manly copy of this angelic being in her not unworthy son. Before she went abroad, she had refused the hands of some of the first men in England; for her accomplishments and her virtues were equal to her beauty. My brother had always left her to her own choice. He admired the Baron de Ripperda; and when she granted him permission to address her, Sir Headworth sanctioned her acquiescence with pride and joy. I think I can recollect the very words he wrote to me on the day of her nuptials. I have often repeated them, though not lately: yet I will recall them."

often repeated them, though not lately; yet I will recall them."

The venerable man leaned back in his chair, and shutting his eyes in silent recollection, in a few minutes repeated these words of

the letter:—

"Congratulate me, my brother!" said he: "this morning I have bestowed the hand of our darling Louisa upon William de Montemar Baron de Ripperda. I need not enlarge in his praise: I have named the Baron de Ripperda; and in that name all human excellence is comprised. My full heart, overflowing with happiness, has but one wish ungratified. Richard, am I ungrateful to the Giver of all good? But my tears are now falling, that I enjoy it without the participation of her beloved mother. Oh, that she had lived to see this blissful day!" The pious narrator paused a moment, drew his hand over his eyes, and then resumed his story in

his usual manner.

"Thus did my brother write, in the exultation of his heart. And every succeeding letter contained similar intelligence of Louisa's happiness; of the high-minded patriotism of her husband; of the honour in which he was held by the states; and of the anxious joy which agitated them all, in the prospect of an heir to this treasure of felicity. Think then, my dear marquis, what were the feelings with which I read a long-expected letter from the Hague!—impatiently awaited—and which had seemed too strangely delayed. It was to tell me of the birth of the anticipated blessing. The letter came, sealed with black.—An heir had been born, according to hope, but the mother was no more. Louisa's delicate frame had perished in the trial of that dreadful period. She lingered three weeks after the morning of her child's birth, and then died in the arms of her husband and her father. Next day the afflicted parent wrote to me. How differently did this letter conclude from the one in which he had announced her marriage!"

Again the pastor leaned back in his chair, and closed his eyes; but he also pressed them down with his hand, while he proceeded

to quote his brother's words.

"I come to you, Richard, with all that remains to me of my too precious Louisa.—So young, so beautiful, so beloved!—Ripperda has resigned her infant to my care. When he consented to my earnest supplication, he clasped the poor unconscious babe to his

weeping face, and then putting him into my arms:-Take him, Sir Headworth! (cried he)—what compensation is too dear to the father of my lost Louisa? He then rushed from the room, and I have not seen him since. I thank my God, her mother is spared this last blow, which has laid my grey hairs in the dust."

As Mr. Athelstone closed these remembranees, with a silent address to the Being in whose peace now rested the parent with his child, the marquis wiped the starting tears from his own eyes,-a pause of a few minutes ensued; and then the good man, turning

with a serene aspect to his auditor, resumed:-

"My brother returned to Bamborough Castle. He found me there, with his sole remaining daughter. Early in the succeeding year, Catherine gave her hand to Mr. Coningsby. Not to leave my brother quite alone, I henceforth continued to divide my time between the exercise of my parochial duties, and assisting him in the consoling task of unfolding the mental faculties of my infant nephew. But the drooping spirits of Sir Headworth were daily depressed by cares more heavy to be borne than anxiety for the sick, or sorrow for the dead. Almost every post brought him accounts of his son's follies at college, or in town; and few were the weeks which passed without calling on his purse for some disbursement to redeem the pledged honour of this unthinking young man. Mr. Coningsby died the sixth year after his marriage; and not leaving a son, his entailed property went to the male heir; but his daughters have, nevertheless, very noble fortunes. Sir Headworth and myself were constituted their guardians; and as the best means of rendering them protection, my brother invited their mother from the dismal associations of a jointure-house, to her former home. Poor Catherine gladly obeyed the paternal voice: and time went smoothly over our hands, till the day on which Louis de Montemar attained his tenth year. It was always a sacred anniversary with my brother; and on that evening, while kneeling in his closet, he was called to a blessed re-union with her he had so long mourned.

"My nephew Anthony hurried from London to take possession of his inheritance. He expressed satisfaction at finding his uncle and his young nephew in the castle; and requested his sister to honour his table by keeping her place at its head. Notwithstanding the happy promise of this conduct (for Sir Anthony is kind and liberal to objects in his sight), we soon found that Bamborough, under its new master, was not a fit residence for Mrs. Coningsby and her children. In short, he was too much a man of pleasure to allow of even the common restraints usual in a family on the recent loss of its head. Whilst the hatchment was yet over the door, the castle continued to overflow with visitors of the gayest order. Hunting in the morning, feasting through the day, and revelling all the night, formed the unvarying diary of the so lately revered Bamborough. In vain I remonstrated with my nephew on these pursuits; on the evils of his example to the county; and the prejudice he was doing to his fortune and his reputation. To be rid of my arguments, he frequently admitted their reasonableness; but they produced no amendment in his conduct. In short, the castle of my fathers had now become a Babylon, from which I saw the necessity of bearing away my innocent charges, while they were yet too young to be contaminated. In right of my mother, Lady Cornelia Percy, Morewick Hall, on the Coquet, belongs to me. But as my pastoral care was constantly required at Bamborough, or in this island, I had never resided on my inheritance. I now wished to make it the home of my niece and her children. She gladly embraced my proposal. And the young Louis, though the indulged plaything of the whole party, so far from expressing regret at leaving the castle, heard our arrangement with joy. This may appear more than natural in a boy hardly eleven years of age; but a little affair which took place at that time will make his

acquiescence very credible.

"It was during the Christmas of the very spring in which your lordship met Duke Wharton at Paris, that he made his brilliant but baneful appearance at Bamborough. He took an immediate fancy to Louis, who was a fine spirited boy, full of enterprise and invincible good-humour. The duke delighted in betting on this child's youthful talents, against the maturest acquirements in the castle. He exulted in the leaps he made him take on horseback; on the precision of his eye in firing at a mark; and the dexterity with which such a stripling disarmed most of the men about him in the practice of the foils. Even in this there was much to blame. But one evening, when Sir Anthony and the duke, wearied of the rest of the company, had withdrawn to another room, and were sitting over their wine, a sudden whim seized their own half-tipsy fancies, to send Louis in masquerade to surprise the boisterous group below. Louis was summoned; and, innocent of their intention, hastened to his uncle. In the ardour of their frolic, they told him they meant to dress him in vine-branches, and priming him with wine, introduce him as the festive god to the worship of the revellers in the dining-room. The natural good sense of the boy started at the proposal, and he modestly refused to comply. They persuaded, they flattered, they threatened; but all in vain. Both resolutely, and with tears, he declared he would not, for his life, do anything so wicked. Sir Anthony's passionate nature was always in a blaze at opposition; and now mad with intoxication, he threw the helpless child on the floor, and holding him there, called on his profligate companion to give him the Burgundy. Wharton obeyed; and the inhuman uncle poured so great a quantity down the throat of his struggling victim, that the poor child was taken up insensible. He was carried to bed, and passed the remainder of the night in delirium and fever.

"I was then on one of my occasional visits to Lindisfarne. But on my return next day, the whole was told me by Mrs. Coningsby. Full of horror at the relation, I gave instant orders for our departure; and was passing along the gallery, before the servants who were supporting the suffering child to the carriage, when I encountered my graceless nephew. 'Anthony!' cried I, in a burst of just indignation; 'you have committed an outrage against the morals and life of this innocent child, that will cry against you at the gates of eternal justice!' Sir Anthony stood confounded; but Duke Wharton, who was just at his back, with affected

solemnity, exclaimed—'It is a prophet who speaks!—Let us take eare that in to-morrow's hunt, the foxes do not ape the bears of old, and turn upon and rend us!' The sarcasm of the young libertine, and his irreverent allusion to Seripture, recalled me to a sense of my own reprehensible violence; and turning again to my nephew, with a more collected manner—'Sir Anthony,' said I, 'I do not reply to your companion; having no hope that human reasoning can make any good impression on a mind which studies revelation only to use it to blasphemy. But for you, the son of a virtuous father, and a pious mother!—Recall to your remembrance their happy lives, their honourable reputations, and their blessed deaths! And, notwithstanding all your wit, your merriment, and your splendour, your heart will whisper, that in comparison with them, you are wretched, despised; and now stand on the brink of everlasting perdition!' Sir Anthony remained silent and confused; but the hardened duke, making me a gay bow, put his arm through the baronet's, and with a jerk turned him into the billiard-

room.

"Eight years elapsed before I saw my ill-directed nephew again. Having established a truly Christian minister at Bamborough, I henceforth passed the winter months at Morewick Hall with Mrs. Coningsby. And how different from the society of the eastle was that which visited our residence, and assisted to develop the opening minds of our young charges! My exemplary neighbour, Grey, of Howick, Sir Riehard Steele, Mr. Craggs, with Lord Cowper, Mr. Addison, and the admirable Mrs. Rowe, were severally our guests. In short, my dear sir, I drew around me a kind of college for my pupils; and besides the persons named, many others of humbler note, but equal merit, were our constant visitors. One half of the year I devoted to the inspection of my curate's ministry; and, for that purpose, fixed my summer residence in this island. Louis always accompanied me to Lindisfarne; as I considered it my duty, as well as my delight, to share with his various tutors the anxious task of turning to good account the rich soil of his mind. His nature is so inquiring, and, alas, so ambitious, we had rather to restrain than to stimulate his abilities; and they have ever pointed to a military career. I tried to incline him to the calmer paths of life; but it was stemming a torrent, His spirit is determined to excess. And having fixed his heart on the reputation of a Nassau or a Marlborough, he directs his studies with an undeviating aim to that point. If he begin any language, science, or art, he pursues it steadily till he gains either a perfect knowledge of its principles, or, at least, acquires as much as his teacher can give him. He will not hear of a slight knowledge of anything; therefore, what he does not wish to master, he never attempts at all. In short, his talents take the form of passions, and are not to be exhausted by the continuance or impetnosity of their eourse. In this he does not resemble his mother.'

From strong interest, the marquis had forborne to interrupt Mr. Athelstone; but now he could not help exclaiming—"Oh, sir, what a perilous character have you described! How great is the responsibility of the man who is to guide and impel this youth!

Virtue and vice do indeed contend for the direction of such spirits: and you are answerable to his father, and to Heaven, that these

powerful impulses should not be turned to evil!"

"I know it," replied the pastor, devoutly bowing his head to the Almighty Being, to whom he especially owed this responsibility; "and at present, I trust, those impulses are blameless. His heart overflows with good-will to every created thing; and (as he often says with a gay smile) he seems born with no other concern than to be happy, and to do his best to make others as happy as himself. Dear child!" exclaimed the old man, with glistening eyes; "if that be his commission, he knows he fulfils it here!—ah! the sound of his voice, or the tread of his foot in the passage, is sufficient at any time to raise my head from my severest studies; and to make his aunt and cousins start from their chairs, to welcome their gladdening Louis!"

"And yet you trust this gay, this buoyant!—this young man, constituted by nature to be only too sensible to the world's allurements; you trust him to the temptations of his uncle's roof!"

"Because," replied the pastor, "they are no temptations to him. Setting aside the principles with which religion fortifies his heart, his taste is too pure not to be disgusted with the coarse jollity of Sir Anthony's usual boon companions. These sots see nothing in their wassail-bowl, but the wine and its spices. It is the possible visits of Duke Wharton, and a few of his Anacreontic associates, that excite my apprehension. He drugs the cup with the wreath of genius. The wit, the grace, the sorceries of that man, indeed, fill me with alarm; and from his society, as I would snatch a swimmer from the verge of a whirlpool, I shall hasten to bear away my yet uncorrupted nephew."

The marquis inquired how, with these sentiments, and after the rupture with Sir Anthony, Mr. Athelstone had ever suffered Louis de Montemar to touch such a vortex again. Mr. Athelstone apologised for having digressed so long from this most necessary part of his narrative; and proceeded to describe the accident which reintroduced the uncle and nephew to each other. What he suc-

cinctly related, is more particularly given thus:

In the autumn of the preceding year, Louis obtained his guardian's permission to accompany a neighbouring gentleman to the Red-deer hunt at Blair Athol, in Scotland. On the first day several fine harts were roused and slain. But just as the two Northumbrians were seating themselves on a high wooded cliff to take some refreshment, after a hot pursuit, one of the foresters who attended them approached, eroughing on hands and knees, and silently made a sign, pointing to the glen beneath. On looking where he levelled, they saw two fresh stags upon a rock below, which projected over the river Tilt. Louis took aim, and shot one of them on the edge of the precipice; the animal fell headlong into the stream; and the victor, with his followers, hastened down the glen to secure his prize. About the same instant, a huntsman, who had been with the foremost all day, espied from an opposite direction the companion of the slain stag, in full flight. He fired, and wounded the creature in the haunches. The disabled deer slackened his pace, and the huntsman let a hound loose after him, which held him at bay on a high bank; but the stag recovered courage, and broke away again. Another dog was then unleashed, which brought him to a stand in a deep dell, filled by the current of a mountain-stream. The second hound ran in upon his antagonist, and seized him between the horns. The stag gored him from shoulder to shoulder, and the huntsman, alarmed for the life of his dog, made a spring into the water to shoot the deer, without danger to the hound. In his haste the man fell, and with his gun under him. At this moment the Northumbrians came up. Louis's companion rashly unloosed their dogs, to assist the struggling hounds of the huntsman. The deer, the dogs, all were at once upon the prostrate man. He called for help. The stag's foot was on his breast; the hounds crushed him, as they sprung forward, and hung on the furious animal. The deer's eye-balls flashed fire; he dashed his tremendous antlers from side to side, aiming their every plunge

against the life of his fallen enemy.
"He is a dead man!" cried the forester. Louis drew his hunting dirk, and throwing himself at once amidst the terrific combatants, stuck it into the throat of the deer. The wounded animal instantly recoiled, carrying away the weapon buried in his flesh. The released huntsman spring on his legs, and extricating himself from the dogs, which hung more fiercely on their dying prey, staggered towards the adjacent bank. With the assistance of his companions, Louis lost no time in conveying the fainting stranger to a neighbouring lodge, where he soon recovered recollection and his wonted spirits. Perhaps it is already guessed this stranger was Sir Anthony Athelstone!—Louis, being unacquainted with the alteration in his uncle's person, which eight years of intemperance had rendered bloated and coarse, had thus exerted himself from humanity alone. But when Sir Anthony inquired the name of his preserver, and learnt that he owed his life to the intrepidity of Louis de Montemar, the joy of the uncle knew no bounds. He embraced his nephew a thousand times; vowed never to marry, that he might adopt him as his son; nay, he declared, that from this day forward, Louis de Montemar should be the lord both of Bamborough and its master. Louis was affected by his uncle's gratitude, and self-accusations for the cause of their first estrangement; but respectfully declined resuming a stationary residence at the castle, though he gratefully promised to make his visits very frequent.

"Providence having thus reconciled the uncle and nephew," continued the pastor, "how could I presume to refuse my sanction to the renewal of kindred affection?"

The marquis assented to the force of this argument; and Mr. Athelstone hastened to conclude his narrative, of which the follow-

ing is a brief summary.

After this general amnesty, Louis continued to visit Sir Anthony every week. And as the watchful guardian heard of no proceedings in the baronet likely to injure the morals of his nephew, the young man was permitted to accompany his uncle the ensuing spring, to revisit the scene of their happy reconciliation. They accordingly went to Scotland. And when they left the Duke of Athol's, Sir Anthony proposed returning home by Loch Rannock, and paying his respects to Old Robertson, of Struan. Louis was eager to see the veteran and the poet; though, from his advanced age, he expected to find little of the lyre, and less of the trumpet, at his hospitable board. But he was mistaken in both cases.

The tour over, Louis returned to Lindisfarne, enraptured with the country he had seen; but above all, enchanted with the chief of Struan, and one of his guests. He seemed intoxicated with some before untasted pleasure, as he discoursed, full of a vague kind of admiration, about the last extraordinary person. Mr. Athelstone asked his name; Louis replied it was the Duke of Wharton, whom he remembered when a boy; and who, he recollected, had joined his uncle in the folly about the wine. The duke came to Loch Rannock the day after Sir Anthony's arrival. There was a large party in the house, but Wharton selected Louis as his companion; often deserting the rest to ride alone with him; and to explore with fearless step, sometimes on horseback, but oftener on foot, the caverned recesses of the Loch, its fir-clad islands, and mountains of desolate sublimity. During these wide and stormy rambles, the duke and Louis visited the houses of the lairds, and the hovels of the shepherd; pleased alike with the generous cheer of the one, and the frugal hospitality of the other. Wharton could speak Gaelic, a language of which his companion was totally ignorant; but Louis did not the less enjoy the hilarity with which his noble friend pledged their entertainers in claret or whisky; and while a rapid discourse passed in this, to him, unknown tongue, he did not the less sympathise in the pleasure with which gentle and simple seemed to regard their animated guest. Men, women, of all ages and degrees, thronged around their illustrious visitor. Sometimes he was serious, sometimes he was gay; but still he spoke in Gaelic; and all changes renewed their acclamations of delight.

When Louis narrated these particulars at the tea-table in Lindisfarne, Mr. Athelstone sighed, and thought that in this month's sojourn at Rannock his nephew had seen too much, or too little of this extraordinary man. However, he would not risk losing the knowledge of all that had passed, by any immediate observation, to damp the ardour of Louis's frank communicativeness. His cousins were eager listeners; and he went rapturously on, describing the duke as the most fascinating being on earth. So profound in his reflections; so careless in his manner of uttering them; so conscious of his fine person, and yet so gracefully negligent of its effect; so dignified in his carriage, and yet so boyishly fond of mirth, that the mischief he played ever found a ready excuse in the ingenuity

of its contrivance, or the frank apology of the laughing perpetrator. "I would say," exclaimed Louis, "with old Ben Jonson, he is the merriest devil I ever saw, if I could give so poor a name to so rich a wit!"

"Call him Belial," returned the pastor, with a meaning smile,

"and you will name him rightly."
Louis laughed, and replied, "If you will have him a fallen angel, he must be Satan himself:-

"For such high-reaching thought, and port superb, Could ne'er be native with the grovelling crew That sunk in raging Phlegethon!"

The pastor shook his head with another smile; and Louis ran on, talking of the duke's lofty demeanour, at one season; of its playful condescension, at another: and in the guileless exhilaration of his own heart, described the air with which Wharton drank his Burgundy; how he graced each draught with a brilliant song, adapted by himself to words of Horace or Anacreon in their original language. Then he spoke of the duke's eloquent criticisms on the classics; of his wit in apt references to them, or to the best writers of France and Italy; and of the sportive manner in which he trifted with the foibles of the company around him; "seeming," continued Louis, "to stoop from his native height, merely to skim the grosser element, in condescending fellowship with those heavy sons of earth. And the duke tells me the change is pleasant. It is only burrowing a little amongst the gnomes, to enjoy with

keener relish the ethereal joys of the upper regions!"

"Here, my lord," continued the pastor, in his narrative to the marguis, "was the snare I had dreaded. When we were alone, I declared my apprehensions to my nephew; but he combated my suspicions with all the pleadings of ingenuous enthusiasm. Louis had never felt more than general kindliness for any of the young men of his acquaintance. For, I am sorry to say, that mental education is not a general principle of these times: and my boy found few to understand any part of his intellectual pursuits till he met this highly-gifted nobleman. Wharton is master of every avenue to the unsuspecting heart. This was the first time that anything like his own ardent ideas of a friendship attracted between mind and mind had come before my nephew; and when they were proffered by so specious a character, it was hardly surprising that even the short intimacy of a month should bewilder his imagination and captivate his heart. When I became aware of the depth of the impression, I took up the subject in the serious light it demanded. I narrated several instances of the duke's lawless conduct in various relations of life; and showed at once to Louis the deleterious cup he was so tenaciously holding, since it had already induced him to confound right and wrong, by denominating the ruffian violence he had received in his, helpless childhood mere folly and frolic! His countenance betrayed there was a powerful contention in his mind. I coniured him to reflect on what I had said; to hearken to my warning voice, as to that of his distant father, or to the last admonitions of his departed mother. Tears burst from his eyes; and, kissing my hands, he solemnly pledged himself never again to be a willing resident in the same house with the Duke of Wharton. His grace had separated from the travelling party, and was gone to Ireland. But that did not prevent me calling on Sir Anthony; and though he did not see the resonableness of my alarm, he was prevailed on to make me a promise, that he would not again be instrumental in bringing his nephew into the society of the duke.

"From that period until now, this dangerous man has been too much engaged in cajoling and thwarting the British ministry, to

think of obscurer triumphs in Northumberland. But now that he is come, and his mischievous spirit has not only persuaded Sir Anthony to break his honour with me, but wrought on Louis to forfeit the verity of his word, I must assume the authority of a guardian, and at once wrest the infatuated boy from the favour of his uncle and the perverting influence of his graceless friend."

"Venerable Mr. Athelstone!" cried the marquis, with an emotion of reverence; "this resolution is worthy of a minister of Christ!" But the words were no sooner uttered, than, dropping the hand he had emphatically seized, he quitted the room in a disorder which surprised, but did not offend, the meek spirit of the

pastor of Lindisfarne!

#### CHAPTER III.

#### BAMBOROUGH.

Unconscious of the anxieties which were aroused respecting him at his tranquil home, Louis found himself engaged in scenes he had little expected in the usual dull routine of his uncle's eastle.

The first day of his present visit to Bamborough passed according to the ordinary journal of the whole year: a plenteous dinner, with abundance of wine, and three or four country squires around the table. After the feast, Louis played at backgammon with his uncle; while three of the other guests, with the assistance of Dumby, dozed through half a dozen rubbers of whist. The senses of one had not sufficiently survived the dinner's last potation, to be even a silent spectator: he took his station in an easy chair, near some snoring dogs on the hearth-rug, and soon showed audible fellowship with their slumbers. At ten o'elock, the butler announced supper. The whole party started from their chairs; and, rubbing their eyes and hands in the joy of renewed impulse, crowded into the eating room. Louis, who could say No with as much goodhumour as most people say Yes, declined accompanying them, and went to his own apartments, where he passed the moonlight hours in making a drawing of their effect on the opposite tower of Lindisfarne, and the misty ruins of its abbey.

The next morning being ushered in by a fierce equinoctial tempest, the guests of the eastle gazed despairingly at the floods of rain which swept before the furious wind; and when they found it impossible to animate the drowsy hours by lingering out a breakfast already prolonged to loathing, they dashed through the pouring torrents to kill time amongst horses and grooms, dogs and whippers-in. But even these enjoyments found satiety; and at the first blast of the letter-carrier's horn, the whole party rushed into the house to search his bag, and snatch the welcome newspapers. The sleeper of the night before, who was also high-sheriff of the county, in right of his dignity, mumbled The Postman to himself; while Sir Anthony, with many bursts of applause, read The True

Briton aloud to the rest of the company.\*

<sup>\*</sup> This celebrated periodical of the time contained many anonymous papers by Duke Wharton.

As soon as Louis found the badness of the weather likely to prevent his uncle's guests from taking their usual excursions, he retreated from their noisy pastimes to the large solitary library. There, he knew he should be as safe from invasion as if he had hid himself in the vaults of the chapel. A few minutes absorbed his whole attention in the black-letter annalists of Great Britain; comparing their details with the chronicles of France, and losing himself in the admiration of the Condés and Montmorencies of the one country, and the Talbots and Percys of the other. He dwelt with particular delight on the chivalric characters of Froissart, feeling as if he conversed with them as friends; while the heroes of Cressy and Poictiers divided his heart between the triumphs of success, and the godlike moderation of the victors. While thus engaged, he was at times wrested from his fancied presence in the scenes he read by the smacking of whips, and the halloos of his uncle's guests as they passed through the hall in their visits to the stables.

"What descendants of the Mowbrays, the Lumleys, and the Nevilles!" cried Louis to himself. The uproar rose and fell in gusts, like the tempest; and, at last, dying away behind the miendly interposition of long passages and distant rooms, he forgot the existence of the noisy rout, and again found himself in the pa-

vilions of heroes.

Towards four o'clock the clouds had exhausted themselves; and a bright sun tempering the chilly freshness of the air, he looked from the library window over the woods and glades of his uncle's park, and felt inclined to steal out unobserved, and take an exhilarating race towards its boundary. The deer were issuing from the covert, glancing their antlers in the beam; and the rooks, speeding home in glad multitudes, were cawing, and wheeling, and flapping their wings, as they hovered over or settled on the tall elms of the ancient avenue. These sounds of grateful nature rather soothed than disturbed the tranquillity of the scene; and Louis lingered at the window reciprocating the happiness of these creatures,—free, careless, innocent, and full of blameless enjoyment.

In the midst of these musings, a new and an uncommon noise in his uncle's house startled his ear; opening and banging doors, along the adjoining gallery; the rumbling of trunks, the calling of servants, and a variety of female voices in constant command. Louis stood amazed. He had not heard that his uncle expected any unusual company, and least of all women; for, owing to the convivial character of Sir Anthony's meetings, none of the county ladies had honoured the castle with a visit since the departure of Mrs.

Coningsby.

In a few minutes Louis heard his name loudly vociferated by Sir Anthony himself. "Louis—Louis de Montemar! Where the devil have you earthed yourself?" and with the boisterous interrogation, the baronet burst into the library. His eyes sparkled with jovial intelligence as he advanced to his nephew. "Come, Louis, my boy! Here is metal more attractive than chess and backgammon, books or old parchment! Leave this musty place, and you shall see lilies and roses!"

Louis guessed, from these extraordinary transports, that some aecident had brought ladics to the castle; and while he allowed Sir Anthony to hurry him down a back stair to the drawing-room, he tried to learn something of the matter. But the baronet was in too great an ecstasy to speak common sense: he broke into extravagant thanks to the storm, eulogies on bright eyes and blooming eomplexions; and did not give Louis time to ask another question, before he ushered him into the presence of several elegantly dressed women. With manifest pride in the fine person of his nephew, Sir Anthony introduced him to the fair group; and they received him with compliments to the unele, which, being new to the young man, from female lips, deepened to crimson the colour on his glowing

eomplexion.

A little observation convinced him that these were neither his county ladies, nor the ladies of any other county in England. They were handsome; their habits eastly; and their deportment something like high fashion, though it wanted that ineffable grace of delicate reserve, which is the indispensable mark of a true English gentlewoman. As he looked on their eareless movements, and familiar ease, he could not but think how like the last harmonizing hue which a skilful painter easts over his picture, is the veil of modesty to a lovely woman. In short, he soon gathered from the rapid discourse of these unexpected visitors, that they were natives of different eountries, and belonging to the stage; which profession, he thought, might necessarily free their manners from the usual restraints of the sex, without in reality impairing their virtue.\* Two of the party were of the opera: the one an Italian prima donna, with a singularly beautiful figure; the other a French dancer young, pretty, and full of life; the rest, English aetresses of various degrees of theatrieal distinction.

It was the voices of these ladies' respective maids which had surprised Louis from the gallery; and he now stood contemplating the persons and manners of their mistresses, with the amused curiosity of youth. The pretty French dancer had just inquired when the spoke her language, and was expressing her delight at being answered in the affirmative, when Sir Anthony (who had quitted the room soon after the introduction of his nephew) re-entered with

the Duke of Wharton and the remainder of his guests.

Louis started at sight of the duke, instantly remembering his promise to his guardian. Wharton were the same eareless, animated air, as when he first fascinated the imagination of his young admirer; and springing directly from the dull mass which surrounded him, seemed to Louis like a sunbeam shot from a heavy cloud. The next moment he found himself in the duke's arms.

\* The reader is requested to call to mind that this is the description of the theatrieal profession, at that period of its history in this country when the plays of Farquhar, and others of the same taste, occupied the stage; and were performed by persons who too nearly resembled in reality the characters they represented. With Garriek, and revived Shakspeare, morals and propriety were restored:—and at the head of our present British actresses, who possess the grace of "delicate reserve, the indispensable mark of a true English gentlewoman," no one can fail to recollect Mrs. Siddons."—1818.

"My dear De Montemar! This is unexpected pleasure! I thought only of refreshing my horses, little dreaming your unele

had provided this feast for their master!"

Louis trembled and was silent. He wished his guardian had not exacted the promise, which, even at this moment, whispered he must not hearken to the captivating Wharton, but tear himself away. Louis did not reply; for he felt unable to say (what he was determined to do), that he must instantly return to Lindisfarne.

The duke took his arm, and drew him to a distant part of the room. "De Montemar, I could sacrifice a hecatomb of my best Cumberland steers for this blessed meeting! I have not seen anything so after my own heart since we parted; and yet I have been, lamp in hand, day and night, in search of one of your stamp. When all are gone to bed, meet me to-night in the old library. I have that to say to you, I would not have even a listening spider whisper to some of this herd."

"Not even myself must hear it!" replied Louis, making a strong effort to declare at once his intention. "Your grace must pardon

me, but I am this instant leaving the castle."

"Impossible!" cried the duke; "you would not go for the wealth

of Mexico, if you knew the matter I have to communicate."

"No temptation must detain me!" replied Louis, with a smile that spoke of sacrifice. "I am under an engagement that cannot be broken."

"That countenance," returned Wharton, laughing, "tells a different story! You know the old proverb! Where there is a will, &c.; and I cannot doubt yours, since we pledged ourselves,

heart to heart, on the bonnie braes of Glen Rannock!"

The duke paused, and Louis looked confused. He began to think his venerable uncle more than severe against this resistless pleader. Wharton resumed. "Come, De Montemar! I am here accidentally, and only for a short time; let me write man upon that blushing brow! The ink shall not be Squire Anthony's lees, nor the seal Saint Cuthbert's tonsure. My signet is of other impression."

"Your signet is too true a one," returned Louis, "to obliterate a word of honour! and I have given mine to my uncle of Lindisfarne to——" he hesitated. Could he tell the noble Wharton, that he had solemnly promised never to remain willingly under the

same roof with him!

Wharton observed the agitated embarrassment of his too well-

inclined friend.

"To what?" said he. "Have you pledged yourself to Mr. Athelstone to return to him to-night? But the promise was given under ordinary expectations. I know your uncle does not like the usual orgies of Sir Anthony. But as neither you, nor the good old gentleman, could guess that my happy stars would bring me to Bamborough to-day, you must allow me, as a true knight and grand-master in the courts of honour, to pronounce,—that change of circumstances releases you from your engagement, and him from the necessity of demanding its fulfilment."

Louis's heightening colour overspread his face when the duke concluded; but collecting all his powers of self-denial, "My lord."

said he, "you are very good; but I must go. The tide now serves,

and delay---"

Wharton released his arm with an air of pique. The resolution of Louis to depart, and without assigning his guardian's reason for insisting on his return, was enough for the ready apprehension of the duke. He at once comprehended that Mr. Athelstone foresaw a change in his nephew's moral and political principles, should he be permitted to cultivate an intimacy, which, it was evident, was the secret wish of that nephew's heart. The duke saw the struggle between inclination and duty. He saw that persuasions to stay, by causing Louis to summon more of his moral strength, to oppose his own desire to remain, only ensured his departure; therefore the moment Wharton perceived the real position of the enemy, he made a ruse de querre, and drew off.

"I shall not withstand your inclination, Mr. De Montemar," said he, as he turned away with assumed coldness. The words smote on the heart of Louis. Sir Anthony, who had caught their unusual tone, looked towards the duke and his nephew. He saw the former walk, with a grave demeanour, towards a window; and the latter gaze after him with an agitated countenance. The baronet approached Louis, and in a whisper asked what had happened.

"I must obey my uncle's command, to return to Lindisfarne."
This reply recalled to Sir Anthony his own promise to the same effect. He reddened angrily: "and you have told the duke Mr. Athelstone's monkish antipathy to his gaiety and good hu-

mour ?"

"No, dear sir, but I have told bim I must go; that I am pledged to go. And though he injures me by supposing I obey without reluctance, yet I hold my uncle's command too sacred to allow me

even to linger."

. With a hurrying step he was moving towards the door, when the baronet made one angry stride, and stretching forth his athletic arm, grasped his nephew's; and, with an enraged countenance, drawing him into an ante-room, waved his other band to the duke to follow. Wharton was too good a general to comply immediately; and Sir Anthony, as soon as he could speak without the observance of strangers, burst into a loud and violent invective on bis uncle's

unjustifiable prejudices against the duke.

What can he charge him with?" cried the baronet. "That he is young? The fitter to be your companion!—Tbat he is gay? If a man be not gay in his youth, when is be to be so?—That he is married, and does not live with his wife? What man of spirit would keep any terms with a woman, who wheedled him into wedlock before he was out of his teens?—That he is fond of wine? His thirst does not make you drink!—Tbat he is liked by women, and not ungrateful to their kindnesses? Why, Louis, your old unele had best shut you up at once with the dead bones in the abbey vaults! Then he calls him a rebel to his king? What of that? If the king himself does not fear him, but lets him go at large amongst his subjects; wby should the Pastor of Lindisfarne take more care for his majesty, than his majesty thinks proper to take for himself! I tell you, Louis, the cloven foot is under the surplice. It is

resentment of an old affront, that excites all this animosity in the

mind of Mr. Athelstone.

There was much in this speech, and more in the manner of it, that offended the best feelings of Louis. "Sir," said he, "I thank you for having recalled to me my uncle's arguments on this subject. He may be mistaken as to the extent of the facts; but till he is so far convinced of his error as to release me from the promise grounded on them, I must consider myself bound to abide by it."

The baronet's face now became purple. "Louis! am not I your uncle, as well as this domineering priest? I am your mother's brother; and from her I have rights he cannot claim. You respect his commands! By what authority do you disobey mine? You are my nephew; and, on your peril, stir not from this house, till it is

my pleasure to let you go.'

He turned with a look of defiance to leave the room; but the voice of Louis arrested him. "Sir Anthony," cried he, "when you command me as becomes my mother's brother, I have ever been eager to show you obedience; but no authority on earth shall compel me to stay where I am to hear words of disrespect coupled

with the name of my most revered guardian."

"We will look to that!" said the baronet, fiercely; and opening an opposite door, he disappeared, banging it furiously after him. The duke entered at the same instant by the one from the drawingroom. He stood for a moment, observing the countenance of Louis; then, approaching him with his usual frank air: "De Montemar," said he, "my ear caught something of what has just passed between you and your uncle: and I have heard enough to make me ashamed of the fool's part I played just now, when I turned from you like a jealous girl!"

Wharton laid his hand on the arm of Louis, and with a gay smile. which the affectionate seriousness in his eyes rendered enchanting. he gently added, "But friendship being the sister of love, we may

forgive her sharing a little of her brother's infirmities.

Louis could not guess how much of the recent offensive discussion had been overheard by its subject; but he was glad to be cleared in the mind of the duke from the implied charge of quitting him capriciously. "Chance," said he, "has communicated to your

grace, what I could never have brought myself to utter."
"And therefore," returned the duke, "I suppose you leave me to guess the good pastor's reason for excluding me from his fold? I see it in the sin of my youth. You have forgotten it; but, in my beardless days, I offended Mr. Athelstone in a way that deserved a cat-o'-nine-tails. Had he laid his horsewhip over my shoulders at that time, it would have been wholesome chastisement; but this interdict -

"It is not for that alone," exclaimed Louis; "but could my guardian know the generous character he so misjudges, I feel he would court that friendship for me he now so fearfully deprecates."

The duke shook his head. "Thanks, dear Montemar, for that

profession of your faith! But when prejudice gets possession of an old head, neither argument nor auto da fé can dislodge the evil spirit.'

"Indeed," cried Louis, "my excellent uncle is not fuller of years

than of candour! It is not one prejudice; but reports — slanders

"Ay," interrupted the duke, "Dan Bacon warns us, that Envy, like the sun, beats hottest on the highest grounds! But I could have spared this proof of my merit. De Montemar," added he, in a graver and more earnest tone, "shall I tell you, that you—with that guileless heart, that ingenuous soul, that maiden reputationwill one day be reported! slandered! made a pest, as I am, to be avoided."

Clouds collected over the duke's brow as he proceeded. He walked a few paces towards the opposite side of the room, and then turned round with his usual bright countenance. "De Montemar, my life has been a comet's track; therefore may astonish and alarm. It is not given to every man to know the point direct of that eccentric course. I tell you—it is the sun!'

Louis's heart glowed, as the duke thus animatedly delivered himself. "Oh, my lord," cried he, "why are you thus misapprehended? Or rather, why will that noble spirit give any licence to slander, by stooping to such associates as ——" He paused.

"We will not name them!" replied Wharton, laughing; "but such things are my toys, or my tools. Did men of our sort keep only with our likes, we should prove but useless animals. The world is a commonwealth, where every man must take fellowship with poor dependent human nature; or at once claim kindred with the gods, and post it to the moon!"

The castle bell rang for dinner; and with its last peal, Sir Anthony presented himself at the drawing-room door. He came haughtily forward. "My lord duke, the ladies await your hand to lead them down stairs. Louis, you are come to your senses, I

see, and will follow his grace."

The manner with which the baronet said this, showed he rather expected to intimidate his nephew into compliance than really thought he had made up his mind to obey. Louis answered with firmness, "I cannot, sir, transgress what I know to be my duty."

Sir Anthony's eyes flashed fire: "That is to say," cried he, "you know it is your duty to obey me!—and you will obey me!—or abide by the consequence."—"Nay, Athelstone," interrupted the duke, "this is shot and bounce with a vengeance! What man, with the spirit of a weazel but would grub through your very towers, to show you he despised such threatenings? Open your gates to the uncontrolled egress and regress of your nephew, or my free pinions will spurn them in a moment !"-"I am no jailor, Duke Wharton," replied the angry baronet; "but that boy should know his unele is not to be insulted with impunity. He presumes on my avowed affection for him, to affront my company before my face; and then mocks me with an apology still more galling, by deelaring that he must prefer the caprices of a selfish old priest, to all the gratitude he owes an uncle, who indulges his every wish, and has already made him heir to this castle and its revenues!"

"Athelstone! Athelstone!" exclaimed the duke, "am I to tell you that boy is one exception to Walpole's theory of mankind? Open your gates, and let him go."

Sir Anthony looked from the smiling rebuke of the duke, to the

perturbed countenance of his nephew. "Louis," said he in a more temperate tone, "you know how this has been wrung from me. Are there no terms to be kept with my affection for you? No middle way between outraging all respect to me, and breaking your extorted promise to this lord of penance?"

"How ean I listen, sir, to such epithets attached to the idea of

the most venerable of men?"

"He may indulge the boy's play!" cried the duke: "ill names

stick only to such sorry fellows as I am."

"Oh, sir," rejoined Louis, "I have only to represent to my guardian the candour with which the Duke of Wharton has just treated his unhappy prejudice, and I am sure he will instantly permit me to return to the Castle.'

"Then you persist in going to-night?"
"Now, sir," replied Louis, "the tide serves: and if I delay, I must remain till morning."

Sir Anthony walked the room in great agitation. Wharton looked at his young friend with a persuasion in his eyes to which he did not give words; and their beset object, unable to give a

favourable answer to such pleading, bent his to the ground.

At last the baronet stopped opposite to him. "Louis, you are not a generous adversary. You deal hardly with the heart you so well know is all your own. And there you stand, so silent, so stern, to compel your uncle—the man whose life you saved—to beg your pardon for his violence; and to entreat you, even with prayers, not to leave his roof in anger!" Sir Anthony caught his nephew's hand, and sobbed out the last words. Louis threw himself on his uncle's neck; and, quite overcome, hardly articulated, "I will stay to-night, but to-morrow morning-oh, my dear sir, do not urge me to forfeit my own esteem!"

Wharton took the arm of the baronet, who covered his face with his handkerchief; and while he obeyed the impulse which drew him away through the gallery-door, the duke bent back, and whispered to Louis, "You will follow us to the dining-room?" Louis bowed his head in troubled silence; and the baronet, with his

friend, turned down the gallery.

"A few hours, yielded to my uncle's feelings," said Louis to himself, "will, I trust, make no essential difference in the performance of my word to Mr. Athelstone. And, indeed, I am true to its spirit, for I stay not willingly. And yet, were it not for that pledged word. how great would be my delight in the society of this amiable, this

ingenuous, this generous Wharton!"

When Louis joined the party at dinner, the flush of his hardlysubsided agitation was still on his cheek; but his manner was composed, and his looks cheerful. The company were all seated; and the place left for him was between the lively Frenchwoman and Earl Warwick.\* The ruddy face of the baronet was burnished with smiles from his recent victory, which he hoped would prove a final one over any future influence of the pastor with his nephew;

\* This young dissipated nobleman was the son of the widowed Countess of Warwick, who subsequently married our classic Addison, and who, in his last moments, sent for the young man to see how a Christian could die.

and the pride of triumph did not a little inspirit the vivacity with

which he did the honours of his table.

For a little time the duke appeared thoughtful; and frequently turned his eyes upon Louis, rather as if he were the object of his thoughts, than of his sight: but the fair prima donna, who sat next him, rallying him once or twice on his portentous abstraction, he suddenly shook off a mood so little according with the company, and replying with answering badinage, warned her dramatic majesty to beware of forcing Æneas from his cloud. The lady dared his threats; and a dialogue of wit and playful gallantry passed between the two, which delighted the sportive fancy of Louis, and set the grosser spirits of the party in a roar.

In the first pause of this noisy mirth, the black-eyed Italian challenged the duke to bear his part with her in a new duetto of Apostola Zero. It was from the opera of Sappho and Phaon, and described the last interview of the lovers in the Lesbian shades. Louis loved music. He always listened with pleasure to his cousins, chanting their border legends, or giving utterance to the sweeter ballads of Scotland; but he had never heard Italian singing until now, and he was so rapt in ecstasy, that, lost to the objects around him, he sat during the performance with his hands clasped and his eyes rivetted alternately on the duke and on the signora, as they severally took up the thrilling melody; but when their voices mingled at the close, with all the harmonious interchange of height and depth, faultless execution, and exquisite pathos, the heart of Louis seemed dissolving within him; and as the last notes trembled and died on his ear, he leaned back in his chair and covered his face with his hand.

The momentary pause that followed, and which his throbbing heart would fain have prolonged, was rudely broken by an universal clapping of hands and cries of bravo! By a side glance, Wharton had observed Louis's attention to the singing; and now, seeing the disgust with which he pushed his chair back from the discordant uproar, he bent behind the Frenchwoman, and tapping

his young friend on the shoulder, whispered—

"This universal shout, and shrill applause, Seem to the outraged ear of listening silence. Strange as the hiss of hell, whose sound perverse Went forth to hail its sovereign's victory."

While the duke spoke, the cadence with which he repeated the lines recalled the strains which yet vibrated on the entranced sense of his auditor; and Louis, turning his eyes on him who had charmed him out of himself, expressed, in broken but energetie language, the delight he had felt, the wonder that such powers could belong to the human voice. "I have heard fine singing before," said he; "but this is more than singing! It is the voice of the soul—or, shall I say, it is the amiable murmur—the very ineffable language which Love breathed into the heart of Psyché?"

"Say what you please, my own dear Montemar!" cried the duke, his face radiant with animation; "you have the soul I want!—meet me to-night in the old library."

His seated companion, the actress, heard the last words, and gaily protesting against any appointment which tended to break up the present festivity, the rest of the ladies rapturously seconded her motion to close the night with a dance. Sir Anthony rubbed his hands with glee at the proposal; and when the ladies soon after ascended to their tea-table, he ordered the band, which usually travelled in the retinue of the magnificent duke, to take

its station in the great drawing-room.

The healths of the fair dames being drank on their departure, the native topics of the chase, races, justice meetings, and county politics, gradually gave way before the ascendancy of high spirits in the men of wit and genius, however few, who were present. Louis had insensibly drank more wine at dinner than was his custom. Its fumes, and the entrancing power of the music, united with the charms of the duke's ever-varying discourse, had thrown his faculties into a kind of enchanted mist, where all that is pleasurable played on the surface, all that was alarming remained hid beneath the cloud.

At a late hour they joined the ladies, whom they found seated at ombre and piquet; but the moment they appeared the tables were pushed aside, and the leading muse, rising from her chair, invited the duke to a minuet. He presented her his hand, while the violins obeyed the nod of his head, and then moved through the elegant evolvements of the dance with a grace the more charming from the air of gay indifference with which he approached and re-

treated from her gliding steps.

The pretty Frenchwoman showed the agile varieties of her art in a pas seul, which filled the northern squires with wonder, and a satisfaction more level to their apprehensions than had been the science of the fair Italian. Louis stood, leaning over the back of a chair, smiling, and nodding his approbation to the exhilirating time of the music. As soon as Ma'm'selle Violante had made her concluding whirl in the air, she tripped lightly forward, and gaily demanded his hand for the country-dance. He bowed delightedly, and obeyed her volant motion as she bounded with him down the room to join Wharton and his fair partner at the head of the set. The ball became general, and the jouissance so intoxicating, that the whole scene swam in delicious, delirious pleasure, with the newly-initiated sons of rough Northumberland.

When the party broke up as the sun rose, and Louis retired to his chamber, he hardly knew himself to be the same being who had left it the morning before. In that very chamber, four centuries ago, the gay and profligate Piers Gaveston was lodged—a prisoner! From that very chamber had Louis issued only the preceding day, censuring in his mind the vices of its ancient possessor; and marvelling how any temptation, addressed to the mere senses of man, could betray him into any act dishonouring to his

better nature.

With a whirling brain he now threw himself upon his pillow. The music still sounded in his ears; he yet wound, with airy step, through the mazes of the dance; the familiar pressure of the laughing Violante was still warm on his hand; and he yet blushed

under the soft glances of the fair Italian. Till that day he had never seen women mingle so unreservedly in the festive pleasures of men; he had never thought it possible that any behaviour freer than what he saw in the usual behaviour of the sex, could excite other emotions in him than those of the most repelling dislike. He had admired the magic painting of Homer, Tasso, and Spenser, in their Circé, Armida, and Adessa; and he had trembled for the constancy of their respective heroes before the allurements of such sorcery; but he never expected to find similar trials in real life. He believed the fair tempters in romance were indebted for the beautiful mask with which they concealed their mental deformity entirely to the spells of the poet's genius. Vice, in living woman, must be as odious in outward shape as loathsome within.

In short, in uncontaminated meditation, nothing is beautiful without goodness. The simple heart, speculating upon these subjects, never unites admiration with anything foreign to that character; and mistaking innocence for principle, when it comes to the proof, too often substitutes the approbation of virtue for virtue itself. The discourses of Mrs. Coningsby fostered in the mind of her nephew this natural idea of the indivisibility of goodness and beauty. She described the empire of vice to be absolute, when it takes possession of a woman; and that its immediate effects were to obliterate every feminine grace, and transmute her at once into a monster of sin and disgustfulness. Believing this, Louis was not prepared for the scene he had just witnessed. The pit he expected to behold yawning like the mouth of hell, and so, by its hideousness, warning him from its approach, he saw overlaid with a verdure brighter than all around: no wonder, then, his unwary feet touched the tempting spot, and found it treacherous.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

HE slept, and the scene was renewed with a thousand strange varieties. Imagination recalled, in fantastic vision, all that he had read of enchanted pleasures, or of descending goddesses, mingling their immortal nature with favoured man. He now lost his own identity in the person of Rogero, slumbering away life in the wiles of Alcina; and then became the indignant Rinaldo, cutting his way through the entangling thickets of Armida's wood. He awoke, heated and unrefreshed. His heart panted with his imaginary contest; and his fevered temples beat to agony as he sprang from his disordered bcd, and throwing open the window towards the breezes of the sea, inhaled their cooling freshness. His tremulous frame gradually recovered a braced tone; and wrapping his dressinggown around him, he stood gazing on the opposite rocks of Lindisfarne, with feelings as new to him as had been the spectacle of the night before. He blushed as he thought of rejoining the dear inhabitants of that sacred spot. A strange faintness seized on his heart—a sense of shame.

accusation? I have not broken my word with my uncle; I did not consent, willingly, to stay till this morning; I made the sacrifice to Sir Anthony's feelings."

Thus far his conscience acquitted him, and he breathed more freely; but still he could not say, My heart is lightened of its load.

"I feel myself polluted!" cried he; "I know not what was said last night to change me thus; but the wine I drank, and those women's looks and words, and my very dreams, seem to have contaminated my soul! Oh, holy Lindisfarne! My guardian, my sweet cousins, why did I ever leave your innocent presence!"

With this agonized invocation, he hastened to dress himself, that he might fly from the castle and all its now unmasked mischiefs.

Violante had informed him the preceding night how so strange a party came together, and why they had intruded themselves on the hospitality of his uncle. She described, with satirical pleasantry, a week's visit, which she and her Thespian sisters had been making to a noble amateur in Teviotdale. Lord Warwick was there; and soon after, Duke Wharton arrived in his way from the Highlands. At the time of his coming the whole company were on the eve of departure; but as he was moving southward, and they were to travel in the same direction, he complied with Warwick's entreaties, and joined the party. The storm caught them on the moors; and the women being frightened, it was necessary to seek some place of shelter. A minute's thought brought to Wharton's recollection that Bamborough was in the neighbourhood; and, without hesitation, he ordered the horses' heads of half a dozen carriages to be turned towards the mansion of the convivial baronet.

While Louis ran over these circumstances in his mind, and recalled the lively indifference with which the duke seemed to dally with all this youth, beauty, and female witchery, turning from one to the other with the gay caprice of the frolic butterfly, which flies from flower to flower, hovering and touching, and then to flight again!—"Happy Wharton!" exclaimed he; "yours is indeed the spirit which skims the earth, and does not soil its wings! while mine has only to approach its surface, to be made but too sensible that I

have touched the miry clay, and it has defiled mc."

In this mood he descended to the court-yard, and ordered a boat to be ready for Lindisfarne as soon as the tide should serve. But in returning along the terrace, from the eastle cove, he encountered the object of his meditation and his envy; the object which still made his heart linger about the spot he was so determined to leave.

"Ha, De Montemar!" cried the duke. "Well mct; before the constellations of last night arise to put you saucy, upbraiding sun out of countenance! But how long have you been making morn hideous with those rueful looks? Why, you are a different man from the ethereal son of joy who moved amongst us last night, like Ganymede dispensing the draughts of Olympus!"

Louis saw, in this gay hyperbole, only the spectre of a folly he was ashamed of. His disturbed countenance spoke what was passing in his mind; but trying to smile, "Indeed, my lord," said he, "you are right to laugh at my inebriated senses. I assure you I

despise myself."

"For what, De Montemar? That you have eyes and ears like

other men?"

He did not answer, but quickened his steps. The duke looked archly in his face and laughed: "I will answer myself. That fond little devil Violante has driven Saint Cuthbert out of your head; and you would exorcise the strange possession at the shrine of the

holy woman-hater!"

Louis started at this insinuation: it offended him, though so lightly uttered. Perplexed, and every way displeased with himself and his companion, he, however, tried to answer composedly: "Your grace is mistaken. I carry away with me no image from last night's revelry but that of my own weakness. I despise the facility with which I fell in with the fashion of the hour, to drink wine till I unsettled my reason; and I detest myself in feeling that I existed from that time until I awoke this morning without other consciousness than that which my besotted senses afforded." He stopped; then raising his before bent head, smiled scornfully, and added, "but the garden of the Hourii is not my paradise."

Wharton gazed on him a moment in silence. Louis did not perceive the astonishment he had created, but walked on with a

steadier pace and a calmer countenance.

"Well," thought the duke, as he put his arm through that of his companion; "Anteus rose the stronger, after he had touched his

mother earth! But Hercules tried another throw!"

"De Montemar," said he, "let us leave these unlucky Hourij to their slumbers, and resume the subject which they charmed to silence last night. An eavesdropper might be dangerous!—yon wood looks sure, and silent."

Louis glanced at his watch; and seeing that the tide would not be at full for yet half-an-hour, he allowed Wharton to turn his steps

towards the thickets of the park.

"Louis De Montemar, I am going to unlock my heart to you,—I

am going to put my life in your hands." "My lord !"

"I am. But I have weighed the trust. You do not know yourself. I do; and,—laugh at me for a coxcomb, if you please,—but I affirm, your character and mine are composed of the same materials. I recognise a brother soul in your breast. My course I have explained before; but the same will be your pursuits, the same your destiny."

"Oh, my lord," cried Louis, "if emulation could transform its subject, you might not prophesy in vain! But I will not think you mock me! Your own luminous nature surrounds you; and seeing through that, you fancy objects bright which only reflect your

beams.

"Prettily said, my ingenious friend," answered the duke; "but my position shall be proved by fact. Let us compare circumstances. You are not yet of age?"

"Just twenty."

"Young enough to be catechised! Will you answer me fairly?" Louis smiled,—"As my godfathers did promise and vow."
"Have you ambition?"

"As much as ever budded the brow of young Ammon."

"Have you enterprise?"

"Else my ambition had never been avowed."

"Can you dare the world's obloquy?"

"In a noble cause I would risk its hisses."

The duke caught him in his arms.

"By all the host of heaven, yours is a spirit with which mine shall have no disguises! You say, I am reported standered! I know it: the fool's arrows are in the eagle's wing? but what of that? The bird is Jove's, and they cannot stick the vital part! On your own principle, I laugh at the hooting mob. Mark my progress, De Montemar: you see in Warwick the worthy representative of nine-tenths of our nobility; distinguished from the crowd by nothing but their titles and insignificance. I would sooner hang like Absalom on a tree, than so pass away amongst the herd of my contemporaries! My father was neither king nor prophet; he did not understand my character; and when he died, bequeatheed me doctors of law and professors of humanity to give me examples of word and deed. They tried to crush the spirit they could not bend; and then, in very impotence, pronounced me an unmanageable colt!—taking the hint, the Bucephalus they could not tame broke from his bridle! and, wonder not, he scoured the field in very wantonness of liberty!"

Louis joined in the gay laugh of his friend, and Wharton pro-

ceeded.

"Hardly nineteen, I spurned the tedious tutelage of schools and colleges, and threw myself at once into the university of nature—the wide and populous world. I went to the Continent. But not to seek a garden of the Hourii! At Geneva I became the friend of philosophers; at Paris, the companion of wits; in Italy, the counsellor of princes. Do you mark me?"

"I do, with wonder and admiration."

"What I then dared to advise, I am now come to execute." He paused a moment: "De Montemar, there are objects at Avignon of more interest than Vaucluse!" Again he paused, and looked at Louis.

"I do not understand you, my lord."

"Expound my riddle! Your fate shall not be that of Œdipus."
"I should deserve no better were I to waste the time in guesses,
when I may profit by its exposition from yourself."

when I may profit by its exposition from yourself."

The duke did not like this dulness, but he proceeded: "De Montemar, what is your opinion of Montrose? He whom Cromwell

sent to the scaffold for attachment to his sovereign?"

Louis eagerly answered, "I consider his gallant patriotism hardly second to that of his immortal countryman, William Wallace; and could almost envy him his feelings when the executioner bound to his brave neck the catalogue of his victories over the regicides. What a consciousness of true greatness must have been in the smile with which he welcomed this intended badge of disgrace, and called it a brighter testimony to his honour than the star of Saint George which they tore from his bosom!"

"Well answered, my trusty catechumen!" cried the duke; "now for another question, and thou shalt have thy diploma. In what respect do you hold honest George Monk, who deserted the

blockhead chief of the Roundheads, and recalled the son of their

murdered king to the throne of his ancestors?"

"Monk does not fire my heart like Montrose," replied Louis; "I love direct paths, and honest George was most inclined to crooked ones. However, he walked straight at last, and for that I honour him."

"Then you love the Stuarts?"

"Their line is of mingled yarn! I revere, love, blame, pity them." "De Montemar, you must know the Chevalier de Saint George!"

"How?-where?

"At Avignon."

Louis met the powerful glance of Wharton. His ears tingled, and the words of his guardian seemed ringing there: -the wily duke will teach you to be a traitor! Hot and cold damps burst from every pore of his body.

"You do not answer me, De Montemar? I see you are discomposed. You are agitated:—and it is a cause to stir up every vital

spring in the breast of free-born man!"

Louis could not affect to misunderstand him. He recollected himself. "Duke Wharton," said he, "you did not always think, as this would tend!"

"Always!—Remember Montrose! Men change; principles, never. There is but one palladium for a British heart—the British Constitution!"

"My heart feels it," cried Louis; "therefore, to maintain its rescued liberty—"

"You would even cut my throat!" exclaimed his antagonist, smilingly interrupting him; "and, of a truth, Liberty is a fine rallying word. But a man ought to know its import."

Louis had never considered it but in its splendid abstract, better fitted for angels than for men; and, glad to change the original subject of discussion, with an answering smile, he replied,—" It is to be a free agent."

"Granted; and, according to the ancient and modern Gracchi, every man as his humour prompts! You admire the conclusion:"

Louis shook his head:—"Not so; for when men understand liberty, public virtue, and love their country—"
"Casualties, my friend," cried Wharton; "when the principle is to do all a man has will to do! and that, England has found before now, is liberty with a vengeance."

"There may be extravagance in all things," returned Louis; "but where do you ground liberty, if not in the freedom of the

human will?"

"In its restraint;" replied Wharton, who comprehended sufficient of his young friend's disposition to discern the fact that would give force to his argument. "In the wisdom of ages, converged to a point of law, which leaves man no power to injure his neighbour with impunity; a certain ancient book, of the best authority, tells us this is perfect liberty. Study as widely and as deeply as you may, you will not find political rights a surer foundation.

"I own it," rejoined Louis; "and your argument defends the

side I ought to reverence."

"I hope it may!" replied Wharton, firmly grasping Louis's hand, while he struck his own heart with the hilt of his sword; "let the maintainer be our lawful king, or my blood is ready to

follow the course of Kenmuir and Derwentwater!"

Louis had been taken unawares; and now, fully perceiving his companion's drift, was incapable of reply. He verified the remark, that no history is so little understood by young persons as that of their country, near their own times. The false lights of party have not been sufficiently subsided, to allow the regular public historian a clear view of events; and the prejudiced private memoirs of the day are too numerous and contradictory to be put into the hands of youth, without incurring a waste of that time which ought to be devoted to building up a future judgment, on a wellfounded basis of the collated experience of past ages. The subject proposed by the duke was therefore new to the reflections of Louis. He had never questioned nor confirmed his loyalty to the house of Hanover, by considering the change of succession with any reference to its individual merits, or his own peculiar opinions. He had never seen anything at the parsonage but peaceful submission to authority, not for wrath, but conscience' sake. At the Castle, another sentiment was often agitated; but the speakers were usually violent, unreflecting characters, whose praise or blame he knew to be equally worthless. However, he could not deny to himself, that he had shrunk in horror from recitals of acts passed ten years ago, with regard to the rebel lords; and he also could not forget, that his uncle of Lindisfarne had often lamented the severe policy of their execution, and wished the state had thought it possible to unite mercy with judgment. "Had his Majesty pardoned them," said Mr. Athelstone, "rebellion would have perished in their stead; for the honour of a British heart is stronger than death."

Much of this rushed confusedly to the recollection of Louis during his conference with the duke. His partialities, romantic associations, and generous cnthusiasm were all on the side of the suffering party; but his habits of submission had been directed by his best friends to the reigning family. He felt his own indecision; he saw the duke's advantage; and repeating to himself his uncle's warning, again determined not to linger another hour near the

dangerous contagion.

Wharton's observing eye perceived fluctuation in the mind of Louis; and as there was fluctuation on so portentous a subject, he boded a favourable issue to his argument, could he detain his intended proselyte a little longer from the island. Should Louis return thither before his faith were actually pledged to the Stuart cause, it could not be doubted he would impart his scruples to the pastor, and that true minister of the Reformation would keep him tirm to the house of Hanover. Full of this apprehension, and aware that Louis must soon be summoned to the boat, unless prevented by some unsuspected manœuvre, Wharton was not sorry when he saw Sir Anthony, and several of the party, advancing fast upon them from the house. The tongues of the ladies proclaimed their vicinity.

"Gird your loins, my friend!" cried the duke, resuming his usual merriment, and laughing at the stern air with which Louis turned to their voices:—"Delilah and the Philistines are upon you!"

"And if every hair on my head were a rope by which they held me," replied Louis, "I would escape them." As he spoke, he suddenly turned on his heel, and darted down a vista of firs towards the sea-beach. Wharton did no more than wave his hand to the light-footed Violante. She shot, as the action directed, by a cross path through the shrubbery, and at a curve in the avenue, met the flying object of her pursuit, with a force that struck her to the ground. The rest of the party were soon hastened forward by the cries of Louis for help; who, on raising her, and finding her insensible, thought she was killed by the violence of the shock.

But the ladies found the case not so desperate; and, by the help

of essences, soon restored the fair sufferer to animation.

Sir Anthony proposed her being taken into the house. But on attempting to rise, she sank back, almost fainting a second time, from the excessive pain of a sprained ancle. Wharton called for a settec; which being brought, the invalid was carefully placed on its cushions, and the gentlemen present insisted on being its bearers into the castle. As the couch was raised from the ground, Violante turned to Louis with a languid smile; "You will not leave me, Mr. De Montemar?" said she, and stretched her hand to him, with a look more persuasive than her words.

To disappoint the wish and natural expectation these words and action implied, he found impossible. He had no suspicion that she was running to intercept him when the accident happened; and therefore, in mere manly civility, turning with a respectful bow to her summons, he silently followed the couch into the breakfast-room. Her gallant bearers placed it by the fire, at a small distance

from the table.

Time rolled away, and he heard no tidings of the boat. It was an unusual iuattention in his uncle's servants, who always vied with each other who should be most prompt in obeying every wish of their beloved Mr. De Montemar. But Wharton had contrived to have the little vessel countermanded, without his appearing in the orders. Ignorant of this, Louis seized the first moment the invalid addressed herself to another person, and, in a low voice, asked the butler whether the boat were in waiting. The man, not aware of the commands which had been given one way or the other, simply answered, the tide had been at ebb two hours. Louis started from his chair. Violante, observing a sudden flush in his countenance with this disordered action, softly inquired the cause. It was no sooner explained, than casting on him a reproachful look, she burst into tears, and turned her head silently away. Louis felt himself in a very embarrassing situation; and, almost uneonsciously resuming his seat beside her, drew a vexatious sigh, as he said to himself,—"I am caught and coiled in spite of myself!"

Violante mistook the meaning of this sigh; and, withdrawing her hand from her eyes, gave him a glanee of tender gratitude. Though apparently engaged in gay badinage with the other ladies, Wharton did not lose an expression of his friend's countenance, while the alluring Frenchwoman continued to converse with him in a tone of mingled raillery and softness. "If he stand this," thought the duke, "he has even more ice, of a certain kind, in his composition, than he has forced me this morning to believe!"

Sir Anthony entered from the hall, calling aloud, "Who rides

this morning? I have ordered horses round to the court."
"De Montemar, what are you for?" said the duke. "I see victory is in the hands where I would always have it; but as the ladies may not wish to have their captive at their feet all day, are

you inclined for a steeple-hunt this morning?"

Louis eagerly embraced the proposal. Violante coloured; touched his arm; and, pressing it with strong emotion, whispered something in his ear. Wharton laughed, and turned on his heel. Louis believed himself turned idiot. Abandoned by his usual presence of mind, he knew not what to say, or how to look; though he felt perfectly resolved not to sleep another night in the castle while it contained its present extraordinary inmates. The seductive scenes of the preceding night seemed, by some good spirit, to be disenchanted before him; men and women—all were divested of their magic garments, excepting Wharton, and he still wore the vesture of light.

"Why will he mingle his noble nature with creatures base as these?" again he said to himself. "Are they his toys? his tools? -to what purpose?" He was gazing on the duke as these thoughts occurred to him. Wharton caught the look,—its expression went through him; but waving his hand, as if that would glance it aside, he shook his head sportively, and exclaimed, "You want me to pledge my guarantee to Violante, that there shall be no more desertions. Believe me, pretty one! For the bright Pleiades are not more inseparable above, than are your swain and humble ser-

vant below.

# " --- We rise and set together."

He spoke the last sentence without any reference to the subject which had at first suggested the idea; and having in the utterance as much forgotten Violante as though she had never existed, he put his arm through Louis's, and turned with him out of the room.

"De Montemar," said he, while they crossed the hall, "the conversation which was interrupted this morning must be finished. I have put a book into your hand which must be sealed this evening, else the vagrant leaves may follow the sybil's trick, and I know nothing of the gatherer till that doughty lictor, Jack Ketch, makes me his bow on Tower Hill."

"Surely, my lord, you cannot doubt my honour, if you could my heart?"

"I will doubt everything, till that heart is laid open to me. I vowed to have no disguise with you. Repay me in kind. Heart for heart, De Montemar, is the only true exchange!"

Louis did not immediately answer, for he felt, what he would not fairly acknowledge to himself, that a mist did sometimes appear to rise over this professed frankness of the duke, which often made it uncertain whether he had really shown his heart at all. In the midst of a sentiment that seemed direct from the soul, a sudden quirk of fancy would present itself to turn all athwart into whim, jest, and laughter; and the gravest disclosure would abruptly start aside into an appearance of nothing more than a fantastic figure of speech, or break off into irreconcilable fragments, without apparent aim or connexion; but for all this, an apology came to the breast of his friend. "He has embraced the desperate fortunes of a dethroned prince; and perhaps it depends upon this caution of that prince's ablest confident, whether they are to be

redeemed, or finally consigned to despair."

The horses were at the hall-door, and Sir Anthony and his male guests mounted. At sight of the friends, he called to them; and the grooms, bringing forward more horses, the duke vaulted into his seat, and Louis, with the sensation of a double release, gladly followed his example. As they turned merrily down the rocky pathway which led by the ancient fosse to the open country, every man had something to say, according to his own humour, of the late festive night; but all concurred in so overcharged an anticipation of the coming evening, that it might easily be foreseen the revelry of the past would be increased to an excess in the future. which would destroy it all, by drowning pleasure and consciousness in the same stream. Sir Anthony appeared to take it for granted his nephew had completely surrendered himself to the impulse which governed the rest; and, with redoubling distastc, Louis tried to make his uncle comprehend, that so far from intending to partake the projected festivity, he would not even return to the Castle after their ride, but cross to Lindisfarne immediately. Astonishment, remonstrance, raillery, entreaties, reproaches,—all were successively and successlessly brought against him. Louis found his spirit rise with the clamour of opposition. He was now steadily doing what he always knew was his only proper conduct: the padlock, which had seemed to chain down his faculties, under a sense of committing wrong, now burst asunder, and he was all himself again. Sir Anthony affected not to believe him serious; talked of Violante; and whispering the noisy sheriff and his next neighbour, a loud laugh pealed through the party, all of whom drew at once around Louis.

"What do you mean, gentlemen?" cried he, glad to be manually

opposed by others besides his uncle.

"To bear you as the Loves bore Adonis," cried Wharton, gaily,

and planting his steed also before that of his friend.

"Et tu, Brute?"\* cried Louis, and stuck his spurs into the sides of his horse. The high-mettled animal sprang through the foremost rank, dispersed the rest, and starting forward with the speed of the wind, was plunged by his determined rider into the flashing waters of the tide.

\* "Et tu, Brute?"—And thou, Brutus?—the words with which Cæsar reproached Brutus when he saw his dagger amongst the conspirators. These three Latin words having been mistaken in this text, by more than one intelligent reader, for misprinted French of a very different meaning, it has been deemed expedient to add this, otherwise impertinent note.

## CHAPTER V

#### THE PASTOR'S GARDEN.

While these events were agitating the dissipated circle at the Castle, the simple family on the opposite shore were engaged in far different scenes. Its pastor opened his pious views to the nobleminded Santa Cruz; and the young people obeyed the venerable man's commands, to enjoy the vernal hour of day with all the zest of their as vernal years. Cornelia conducted Don Ferdinand under the ivy-crowned wall which sheltered her uncle's flower-garden. He admired the disposition of its parterres, and wondered how such beautiful china-asters, balsams, and hollyhocks could bloom in so northern a climate. Alice led him to the aromatic spot where she had stationed her bees, and showed him the beds of thyme, lavender, and other sweet herbs she had planted for their food. A little onward, raised on a low mound, stood an old sun-dial. Its bank was covered with mignonette; and many of Alice's industrious favourites were loading their wings with its extracted honey. She gathered a cluster of the flowers and gave it to Ferdinand. Cornelia stooped to pluck a piece of sweetbrier, but the prickles prevented her. "I want my cousin's dexterous fingers here," said she, with a smile.

"Rather his rash ones," cried Alice, when she saw Ferdinand break off the bough and present it to her sister, leaving the thorns

in his hand.

"If he be as happy as I am in being wounded in so fair a cause," rejoined Ferdinand, "Mr. De Montemar is more to be envied than any man on earth."

"How so?" inquired Alice, with an incredulous laugh. "I see no pleasure in being pricked and scratched for the prettiest flower

in the world!

"But I do, sweet Alice," said he, with a gallant smile, while he presented another branch of the shrub to her. With a faint blush, she glanced at her sister; but Cornelia, thinking at the moment of the truant Louis, had not heard what was said; and Alice, seeing no surprise in her sister at the familiarity of the term, supposed it was a foreign custom; and, unlatching a wicket which led to the pasture-land, bounded with the lightness of a fawn to the top of an adjacent hillock. She stood in the midst of its heathy grass, calling on her sister to follow her; for that was the spot whence they might show Don Ferdinand the objects of the island to best advantage. Cornelia and her companion were soon by her side; and as the young Spaniard's excursive eye shot across the island's self to the surrounding ocean, he perceived a cluster of rocks to the north, shining in the noon-day sun, like gems on the belt of the horizon. "I have heard," said he, smiling, "that in days of yore, a band of wandering sages, sailing in these seas, discovered certain islands, encompassed with floods of light, and inhabited by blissful souls. These fortunate adventurers called them the Islands of Blessedness. Since that time no traveller has been able to find them. But, as I

am a kinsman of the great Columbus, I venture to hope, the happy rediscovery was reserved for me; and that,—there they are!"

Both sisters remarked the direction of his eyes; and, laughing at the compliment his fancy had paid to the most barren of their rocks, told him they were the Ferne Islands. "And so far from being blessed places," cried Alice, "my uncle would never allow Cornelia,

or me, to go near them, the landing is so dangerous."

"But Louis often visits them with the kelp-gatherers," rejoined Cornelia: "while their fires reduce the weed to ashes, he generally throws himself on a jutting rock over the sea, to command the view, and sketch the group. Were you to walk these shores on a fine evening, at that season of the year, you would admire the picturesque vapour from the kelp fires, as its wreathing volumes sail away, and mingle with the clouds. I have heard my uncle say, they remind him of the volcanic isles near Etna."

"But you would not mistake the kelp gatherers for blessed

spirits," returned the gay Alice.

"Nor run the risk of my life to draw their portraits!" replied

Ferdinand.

Alice sportively shook her head:—"Ah, poor Louis! He loves roaming about amongst odd places, and hunting strange out-of-theway things, as much as you may love a quiet walk or a pretty bunch of flowers," added she, observing the pleasure with which the young Spaniard was smelling to the mignonette, "and so we must forgive him."

Ferdinand was gratified at this playful reference to her fragrant gift. "I do not believe," cried he, "that Mr. Montemar can love rock or quicksand better than I could love and cherish some of the sweet flowers of this island, which he seems content to cast away; and, pardon me, if I a little doubt the taste of your adventurous cousin." The sisters did not quite understand this speech, which seemed to begin in sport, but certainly ended with a serious tone.

"You mistake my cousin," said Cornelia, "if you suppose he chooses perilous excursions from a vanity to show his courage. Courage is so natural to him, that he never thinks about it. The activity of his mind makes exercise necessary to him; and the fearlessness of his temper renders that easy to him, which might be difficult, if not impossible, to timid characters. But, indeed, his affection for us has been the most frequent cause of risking his safety; for he deems no attempt too hazardous by which he can gratify a wish of my mother, or a desire of my sister, or myself."

"My uncle will tell you, such have been his ways from a child," cried Alice; "and from the first of my recollection, I remember these frightful tokens of his love! Coming in with curious aquatic plants, torn from some hardly accessible rock, for my uncle's herbal; or making his appearance with shells for me, which he had swam for, and sought in the sand-bank, at the point-head. I am sure I have often admired their beauties through my tears; but he never would believe we could be frightened."

"Indeed," rejoined Cornelia, "after old fisher John's two sons were drowned, I have known Louis absent for hours on the open sea, in the poor man's boat, helping him to draw his nets. For

nothing is troublesome or dangerous to him that is connected with

affection or benevolence."

"Ah, those daring expeditions suit your taste, Cornelia!" cried Alice, with a shudder. "You, like Louis, love to ride the whirwind and direct the storm! I can never forget his absence one whole night, during a frightful tempest, when we did not know but that each horrid blast we listened to was that which was sinking him to a watery grave. My terrors cost me a fit of illness; and then my uncle made him see the cruelty, and even wickedness, of being rashly brave; for ever since, he has been careful not to put himself into needless danger."

Ferdinand's hilarity gradually sunk to his former melancholy, during these latter observations from the sisters. He felt a sense of feebleness in his own character, which made him envy the enterprising spirit of Louis; and as Alice ceased speaking, he murmured to himself:-"Here, indeed, is the fire of youth, the animating principle of future greatness; while that which burns in my veins withers my very vitals, and consumes every nobler element within me. Wretch that I am, reprobate and accursed!" His lips moved almost audibly, while his accusing spirit uttered the last words; and unconsciously turning from the sisters, he walked hastily down the hill towards the cliff. Cornelia and Alice, astonished, gazed on each other:—"That is very odd!" cried the latter; "did you observe his countenance?"

"Yes; he suddenly knit his brows, and, I thought, looked quite strange."

"Let us follow him," rejoined Alice; "if he go on at that rate, and not being aware, he may slip down some of the fissures into the sea." Alice hastened forward while she spoke; and not merely walking, but running, joined him as he had gained the top of the cliff. Cornelia came up soon after, and seeking to divert Ferdinand from whatever painful thoughts possessed him, she uttered the first idea that presented itself, and exclaimed as she approached, "You two stand there, your garments waving in the breeze, like Adam and the angel, overlooking the earth and its waters."

"To me," answered Ferdinand, "it might well be called the hill of paradise; if you, and your sweet Alice, would indeed be to me what the sister angels were to the erring father of mankind."

Alice looked from him to her sister with a tender pity that did not escape its object. Again he found a balmy warmth encircle his heart. The freezing hand of despair, which a moment before had obliterated all other impressions, was again withdrawn. I," said he to himself, "indeed interested this innocent creature? I, so unworthy, so self-despised?" He drew towards her, while she followed Cornelia, who turned through some broken crags, and crossing a ravine, brought her companions forth on a ridge that faced the west. At their feet lay the strait which divides the two shores. The tide was at ebb, and rapidly discovering the sands and sunken rocks which form the foundation of the stupendous cliff of Bamborough.

"What princely fortress is that?" demanded Ferdinand, surprised into exclamation by the commanding line of coast, and the magni-

tude of the warlike structure which crowned its summit.

"It is the castle of my mother's ancestors," replied Cornclia; "and under that parental roof, when my dear grandfather lived, she passed many a happy day. My sister Aliee was born there."

she passed many a happy day. My sister Aliee was born there." Ferdinand could not forbear looking from its regal grandeur to the two lovely beings by his side. The offspring of the barons bold, who in former ages had poured the storm of sovereignty from those embattled walls, were now content to pass their lives in an obscure parsonage, on an almost deserted island. Their garments were simple as their lot; but the air of the one still demanded the coronet of her ancestors, while the other, tender, sportive, and unaspiring, seemed ready to shrink from the threatening front of what had once been the stronghold of her fathers. "Bright Cornelia!" said he to himself, as he looked on the castle, and listened to her observations; "your lover may be he who courts the wonderful, the wild, on the dizzy steep, or the wide ocean! But my heart—had it not engendered the vulture which preys upon its vitals—would cleave to seclusion and bliss, in the bosom of your endearing, timid Alice."

Cornelia described the extent of the ground which the fortress occupied; enumerated its towers, and assigned to each the era of its erection. She pointed, with particular complacency, to the white walls of the formidable dungeon; and quoted archives in Durham Abbey to prove that its foundation was the work of a Roman emperor. She named the Saxon kings, from Ida to Egbert, who had raised their standard on its roof; and made Ferdinand distinguish a high-grated window, which yet went by the name of

Queen Bebba's chamber.

"But what is that in the sea, yonder?" asked her auditor, who had accidentally looked down to the dashing surges at the foot of the rock, while she was directing his attention along its summit. The eyes of the sisters followed his.

"It seems to be somebody swimming," said Cornelia.

"To me," cricd Alice, "it appears to be a man on horseback."
"Hardly possible!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "what human being
would be so mad? Or rather, how can any man and horse live on

such a surge as that!"

"It is, indeed, rashness, in the present state of the tide," returned Cornelia; "the sands are so shifting, and the sea so rough. But when it is more out, persons acquainted with the track may find safe opportunities of passing on foot, or on horseback, from the main land. We have it on record, that in the persecuting reign of William the Conqueror, a little army of monks brought the relics of Saint Cuthbert from Durham to the opposite shore, and crossed with them, dry-shod, to Holy Island."

"Our cockle-gatherers find the fords continually," cried Alice, but certainly never with the tide in the state it is now; so, most likely, that is some poor smuggler flying from the revenue officers."

While Cornelia expressed her pity, and her fear that this desperate violator of the law might, perhaps, perish in his crime, Ferdinand uttered a wish to see so hardy a cavalier come to land.

In descending to the beach, the young Spaniard was appalled by the terrible roaring of the waves, bursting, and foaming against the rocks, and rushing, with the rumbling of thunder, into the caverns beneath the island. A wide gorge in the cliff again discovered the sca, and the object of his curiosity. The element was rolling high and furiously, and he saw the raging billows break over the horse and its rider. The noble animal rose from the abyss; while his master appeared resolutely breasting the surge, whose lashing waters whitened his sides with their foam. In one of these fearful moments, a huge wave, rolling towards the island, raised the man and horse upon its immense bosom to a height almost level with the rock; and then, plunging with them into the depth, seemed to cover them for ever.

"Merciful Heaven, it is Louis!" cried Alice. In that fatal instant she had recognised him, and, with frantic shrieks, ran for-

ward, as if to meet him in the ocean.

Finding that the extraordinary swell of the last wave had not merely torn the footing of his stout hunter from the ground, but had exhausted his strength, Louis slid from his back, while he was yet overwhelmed by the weight of the surge; and, grasping the bridle, swam with him through the deep water. Coming to the breakers, he waded the rest; and having drawn his faithful horse on the shelving rocks, was patting his heaving sides, when he perceived the terrified party rushing down the nearest path to his assistance. Ferdinand had beheld the whole with wonder. And now that he stood apart, and saw the young De Montemar, with dripping garments and uncovered head, reining and soothing the alarmed animal, that he might not injure the sisters, the astonished Spaniard could not help exclaiming to himself—

> " Mounting, with springing step, the broad ascent, A buoyant form of matchless shape I spied, Attired like one whose ardent soul is bent To win in fleetest race by glory's side. Flinging its changeless splendour far and wide, From his bright forehead flamed the polar star: Through his clear cheeks the ruby-tinctured tide Shone with a healthful glow; while on the air. Back from his radiant eyes was blown the clustering hair."

"Louis! Louis!" exclaimed both sisters at once. Alice clasped her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Why, oh Louis, encounter all this danger?" cried Cornclia.

"I had no other way of getting to you."
"Hear him!" eried Alice, running back to Ferdinand, and grasping his arm; "I knew it was not his own will that detained him from us. Dear, dear Louis!" And weeping again with the excess of her joy, she unconsciously allowed Ferdinand to support her with his arm.

Louis called to a fisherman he descried among the rocks; and having given him his horse to lead to the parsonage stables, proceeded with Cornelia to join the trembling Aliee, and the young Spaniard, who, his cousin had told him, was their uncle's guest. "My sweetest Alice!" cried Louis, as he approached her. The moment she heard his footstep, and the salutation, she took her hands from her streaming eyes, and threw herself upon his breast.

Cornelia put her hand upon Ferdinand's arm, and impelling him gently forward-" Pardon me, Don Ferdinand," said she;

"but Alice is so weak in her nerves! Or rather, her tender nature is so alive to any danger threatening those she loves, that at such times she is hardly herself. She will soon recover, when left alone with our dear, too rash cousin."

"What could impel Mr. De Montemar to so extraordinary an act?"
"He has just told me: his word, given to my uncle, not to be a
willing inmate with Duke Wharton. His grace is at the Castle;
and he and Sir Anthony, finding Louis determined to return to Lindisfarne, would have made him their prisoner, had he not escaped
by this terrible expedient."

"But why did Mr. Athelstone require such a promise from your cousin?" asked Ferdinand; "has the gay duke offended your uncle?"

"As he has offended all virtuous men," replied Cornelia, with severity. Ferdinand regretted his inconsiderate question. He sighed deeply; "Happy De Montemar!" exclaimed he, "to be in this blessed seclusion, so strange to vice, that its first aspect causes him to fly with horror. In the wide, worthless world, Miss Coningsby, vice meets us at every turning; and, to our shame, familiarity with the object soon makes us indifferent to its deformity."

The young Spaniard again lost his self-possession; and with an almost convulsed countenance, and waving his hand for her not to follow him, he darted through a chasm into the crags, and by their intervening projections, instantly disappeared. Cornelia joined Alice and her cousin; and, as they walked homeward, gave to Louis a brief account of the visit of the marquis and his son. In answer, he much surprised her, when he declared this to be the first intimation he had received of their arrival. Alice was not sparing of her complaints against Sir Anthony for his concealment of her uncle's messenger; and then inquired how Louis had at last broken away from his detainers.

"That you shall hear by and by," replied he, in a lower tone; "but if Mr. Athelstone knew the Duke of Wharton was at Bamborough, what must he have thought of my neglect of his summons?

—of so shameless a breach of my promise?"

"No circumstance could have made him believe that any neglect came from you," cried Alice; "but we never heard of that frightful duke being there: so my uncle thought nothing about your stay, only as he regretted your losing so much of the society of these noble Spanish gentlemen." On the first intimation of their being Spaniards, Louis had eagerly inquired whether they came from his father; and Cornelia having answered, No; that their errand was the young man's health; he listened with benevolent interest to Alice's questions, of what was become of Don Ferdinand. Cornelia shook her head, and had just finished an account of his strange behaviour, when they arrived at the garden wicket. Louis entered the house by a side-door, that he might rid himself of his disordered clothes before he saw the family; and Cornelia went to communicate his arrival to her mother and uncle.

Being satisfied of the safety of her cousin, Alice felt her anxiety re-awaken for another object. She lingered in the garden behind her sister; she returned to the wicket and stood gazing through it; then stepping up the sun-dial mound, looked from side to side over

the boundaries of the garden. Ferdinand was nowhere to be descried. The treacherous footing among the rocks, the perpendicular cliffs, his abstracted eye, and hurrying step, again presented themselves to her thoughts; and, alarmed and agitated, she turned wistfully towards the hill beyond the little gate. "From that spot I might certainly see him. But if he were to see me, how strange he would think it! And Cornelia too, that I should absent myself from dear Louis, after such danger!"

Just as, with blush succeeding blush, she made these comments, the object of her anxiety appeared from the opposite, on the top of the hill, leaning on his father's arm. Joy, confusion, a sense of shame she had never felt before, overwhelmed her; and, springing from the mound, she ran hastily across the garden. She darted into the house, as if fearful of pursuit; and stopped, panting, before the door of her uncle's library. Supposing it vacant, and glad to recover breath unobserved, she opened the door, and found herself

in the presence of her uncle.

"My child," cried he, "come hither; and, with me, thank the Giver of all good for the virtuous firmness of your cousin! He has not only preserved that bloom of truth unimpaired, which, if once lost, never is regained, but he has risked his life this morning to avoid a man, whom I know he loves, but whose society he relinquishes, because I believe him to be as full of vices as of charms. Come, Alice, and bow with me before his Almighty Guardian!" Alice sunk on her knees by the side of her uncle. She bent her face upon his fervent hands, and pressed them with her lips, as her heart breathed with devotion the thanksgiving his eloquent piety pronounced.

Cornelia, having been the glad messenger to Mr. Athelstone, and afterwards to her mother, of the safe return of Louis, had accompanied Mrs. Coningsby to the general sitting-room. It was that in which they had welcomed the travellers the preceding night, and where they found them now. Ferdinand had east himself into a chair, fatigued and gloomy. His father stood by the window, gazing on him in anxious silence. Mrs. Coningsby had not time to address either, before the pastor entered. He advanced immediately to Santa Cruz; and, his aged eyes not discerning the peculiar sadness of his guest, "My lord marquis," cried he, "Louis De Montemar is returned. And I take shame to myself for having doubted the steadiness of his word."

"My son has told me sufficient of the manner in which Mr. De Montemar has kept it, to fill me with respect for his principles, and to inspire me with something more than admiration for the determination with which he has asserted them." Before the marquis had

ceased speaking, a quick step was heard in the passage.

"Here is my nephew," cried Mrs. Coningsby; and the next moment he opened the door; but perceiving the strangers, he checked the buoyant gladness with which he was coming forward, and, with a graceful bow, advanced into the room. Alice glided in after him, and took a seat behind her mother's chair. Mr. Athelstone immediately named to him the Marquis Santa Cruz, and Don Ferdinand d'Osorio. The marquis scanned for a moment the son of Ripperda,

and the comparison he could not but draw was wormwood to the heart of a father. Nature had given Louis a passport to almost every bosom; a countenance and a figure which needed no addition to complete the perfect form of youthful nobleness.

"Mr. De Montemar," said Santa Cruz, "you have this day proved how worthy you are of the name you bear. I shall be proud

of your friendship for my son."

Louis found himself pressed to the breast of Don Ferdinand, who indistinctly repeated his father's assurance of esteem. Praise, and even flattery, of dubious import, were fresh in the mind of Louis; but there was something in this encomium uttered by the marquis, an air of noble sincerity rather than of courtly politeness, that filled its object with a pleasure very apparent in the luminous countenance with which he bowed, in modest silence, to what was said. The marquis pursued the subject with a vehemenee not usual to him; and, still addressing Louis, spoke of the indispensable duty of maintaining mutual confidence between relations; and then expatiated on the honourable contest which man is commissioned to hold at all periods of his life with the ignoble impulses of sense, till the appetites are subdued, and the passions themselves become the agents of virtue.

"Few young men," added he, "would have made so bold an amendment as you have done on the story of Telemachus. He waited till Mentor thrust him from the rock; you cast yourself into

the sea."

Louis here lost the pleasure of being approved, in the embarrassing particularity of the language. He thought the marguis went further than delicaey need warrant, or real respect for the object of his praise would have dictated. What, had he then heard of the scene at the castle? How much was left for himself to tell his revered uncle? And whether did he indeed deserve praise or blame, for his tardy, yet desperate, determination to escape? While this passed in his thoughts, he looked down, disordered. But some were present, who read in the anxious face of Santa Cruz a dearer aim than paying a compliment to a stranger. Mrs. Coningsby observed that Ferdinand was discomposed by his father's remarks; and the marguis himself soon perceived the mischief he had done. He sought to excite a generous emulation in his despondent son; but he saw that his extraordinary eulogy of Louis had been received by Ferdinand as an insidious reproach to himself; and, resentful of the covert infliction, he stood distant, frowning and pale. A withering chill struck to the heart of the father, who became abruptly silent. Striving to shake off his embarrassment, Louis looked up, and met the haughty glance of Don Ferdinand. When their eyes encountered, the Spaniard's ashy check flashed scarlet, and he turned with a seornful air towards the window. This, by offending Louis, tended to restore his selfpossession. Whatever the father might intend by his excessive praise, the son evidently showed that he despised its object. Louis thought he could not mistake the looks of the young Spaniard, and a sense of self-respect immediately dispelled his confusion. Pleased with the truth of the marquis's remarks, the pastor had remained a gratified listener. But Alice, observing the gloom of Ferdinand, and half suspecting there was some reproving reference to him in what had been said, took advantage of the general pause; and hoping to change the conversation, or, at least, take it out of the marquis's hands, she whispered her mother to ask Louis for the particulars of his detention at the castle. Mrs. Coningsby nodded her approval. "It will interest our guests," said she,—"and I am anxious to know how Louis could be driven to so dangerous an alternative."

Louis felt new embarrassment at this request; and, in a low voice, he replied to his aunt, "I am sure, madam, you will excuse me if I do not relate circumstances in the presence of these gentlemen, which might seem to east some blame on a relation to whom I

owe gratitude, if not unquestionable respect.'

The marquis rose from his seat on overhearing this answer; and, taking Louis's hand, "Young man," said he, "I honour you." Louis could not doubt that look, that voice, that pressure; and blaming himself for having been inclined to take a prejudice against the father from the repelling manners of the son, he gazed long and silently on the closed door, after the marquis and Ferdinand had left the room.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE PARSONAGE LIBRARY.

UNDERSTANDING the delicacy of Santa Cruz, in thus having withdrawn, and to leave the room free for his return, the pastor retired with his family into the library, where they listened, without interruption, to a brief account of what had passed at the eastle. Louis only excepted Wharton's mysterious discourse, and a little softened his representation of the seenes with the female visitors. He did not mean to deceive in either case, but honour forbade his betraying the duke; and the modesty of a manly mind almost unconsciously threw a shade over descriptions, which confessed their

nature by shrinking from disclosure.

Mr. Athelstone scarcely spoke during the recital. He listened with an attention that considered every circumstance, and weighed every word. The ladies were affected differently. Mrs. Coningsby inveighed against Sir Anthony, and extolled Duke Wharton for his unexpected interference in favour of her nephew's return. Cornelia expressed her wonder that women of any respectability could bring themselves to share the boisterous society of the baronet and his companions. And Alice asked, as actresses must copy the best models, whether it could really be the fashion in London, and abroad, for women to be so very free with men?—"If it is," said she, looking at her sister, "how very unmannered Don Ferdinand must think you and me!"

Louis smiled, and thought, "Did you know all the freedom of those ladies, how little would you have sullied those pure lips with even the mention of their names." But he only answered, "My dear Alice, licence in your sex is more complimented than respected by ours. Modesty in woman must be the fashion, with men of

principle, in every country.'

When he closed his relation, Mrs. Coningsby rose from her chair in much indignation at her brother, who had thus sought to gratify a whim at the expense of his own honour, and the risk of his nephew's life. The sisters trembled at what might have been the fatal consequence of Louis's desperate escape. And to calm the three, by diverting their attention to what, he felt, they were all most inhospitably neglecting, Mr. Athelstone proposed their seeking the marquis and his son, while he would remain a few minutes with Louis, to make some necessary observations on what they had just heard. Louis foresaw that his uncle meant to inquire more particularly respecting the duke than he had thought fit to do before his nieces. When they had left the room, the good old man drew his chair close to his nephew, and, with earnest tenderness, asked him, if he had disclosed all? The cheeks of Louis kindled, and his eyes fell.

"My child," cried the pastor, "these answer for you. You have not! I guessed it from your manner, when you spoke of those women, and that dissembling Wharton. Fear not to confess to me. What is it that you have withheld from me?"

"Nothing, I trust, my dearest sir, to justify this extraordinary

agitation in yourself."

"Thank God! thank God! That open brow is still unmarked with consciousness of guilt. Oh, my child, may it be ever thus with thee! Hold fast that innocence so bright, so peace-bestowing; and never hesitate doing what you did this morning, risking your life in its preservation."

"I never will, my uncle: so help me Heaven!"

A solemn pause ensued. When Mr. Athelstone again spoke, the restored serenity of his mind was seen in the benign composure with which he proceeded to discuss the very subject which, a few moments before, had occasioned him so much emotion. He at once expressed his belief, that his nephew's contest at Bamborough had been of a more serious nature than he had yet allowed; and he hoped he was not uncharitable in suspecting that Duke Wharton had made those theatrical ladies his tools to detain Louis while he played the disinterested part of promoting his release. Louis would not admit this inference; but he acknowledged that his uncle had guessed right with regard to the share the ladies had in protracting his stay. He ingenuously told the whole relating to them; and did not even disguise his own excess in wine during the midnight revels.

The venerable pastor lifted up his clasped hands:—"Anthony, vilc Anthony!" were his ejaculations during the recital. "Oh, Louis," cried he, "the bane of your life was in that hour! The demon had tempted you to taste the poisoned cup; but you were saved. Alas! dear child of my sainted niece, how near were these grey hairs being brought with shame and sorrow to the grave!" He paused; then resumed; for Louis was too much affected to interrupt him:—"I cannot excuse the duke. I know him to be profligate; though to you he affects to despise the companions of his debasing pleasures. These women were in his train; and I

firmly believe he excited their practices on your inexperienced heart.'

"How ?-Why ?"

"That he might have you in his power."
"For what, my uncle?" He had no sooner asked the question,

than recollection of the park-discourse answered him.
"I know not for what," replied Mr. Athelstone: "probably he does not exactly know himself. But there is a principle in wickedness that delights in laying human virtue waste, merely for the sake of destruction! The prince of evil was a murderer from the beginning! and so are all his followers."

"But, my dear sir, taking it for granted that Duke Wharton had an object to gain with me, how would my subjection to the seduc-

tions of these women have put me in his power?"

"He would have been your master in the new science you began to learn. He would have governed your passions by the wiles of these wantons; and, self-abased, and dependent on him for the wretched wages of your sin, how abject would have been your

slavery! how omnipotent his control!'

Louis felt the cold damps of suspicion drop upon his heart. He turned pale; he gasped for breath. A thousand circumstances which might corroborate his uncle's suggestion, rushed upon his recollection. Though Wharton ridiculed the advances of these women, he did not repel them. Though he scorned the sensualist's pursuits, he boasted of seeming to share it, that he might turn such men to his purpose. And when Louis retreated in his sight from the temptations he feared, did not the duke rather laugh him into daring their strength than encourage his flying from their influence? Louis had never before doubted human being; much less suspected perfidy in the man who solicited his confidence, and whose irresistible persuasions had charmed him of more than half his heart. The pastor grasped the cold hand of his nephew.

"Louis, can you be thus disturbed by nothing more than my re-

presentation of what might have been?"

"My most revered, my best friend!" cricd he, straining the old man's hand to his breast; "there are some views of human nature that strike an honest heart with horror. But I cannot suspect Duke Wharton of such murderous treachery, when he had that very heart in his hand. Oh, my uncle, wrest from me the thought! It seems to cover the character of man with one universal blot.'

Mr. Athelstone allowed the violence of these feelings to exhaust itself before he made a reply. He saw something had passed between Louis and the duke, which the former still kept secret: and willing to show his nephew that he belived he might trust his integrity, the good pastor determined not to press a disclosure the

young man appeared so averse to offering voluntarily.

"I perceive, Louis," said he, "that you do think it is possible you might have been placed in the predicament I have supposed. I also perceive this subtle nobleman has got you so far into his power as to have obtained your confidence, and a pledge from you of secrecy. I do not require you to betray it; but I warn you again! You have put your heart into the hand of a man who is practised in deceiving; who has no value for your deposit but as it suits his purpose to make you his toy or his tool. These are his words, as you repeated them to me; and let them be his judge."

Louis was shocked to find this accusation lodge, and not rebound from his heart. He acknowledged that the duke did engage him in a conversation he would rather have avoided; but no pledge of secrecy had been demanded, yet it was implied; and he trusted his uncle would think the word of honour he had given ought to be respected.

"Your uncle, my child, will never induce you to violate that fidelity of word which he has ever taught you to regard as one of the most sacred bonds of society. But, without committing yourself by any answer to what I may say, you must allow me to speak to the subject on which I believe your honour has been given."

"Speak freely, sir, and I shall be grateful; but on your own terms I make no answer." He prepared to listen, looking down, that Mr. Athelstone might not read, by the consciousness in his

eyes, how true or false was his guess.

The good pastor had no difficulty in fixing his suspicions on some confidential communication respecting the expatriated royal family: and he enforced upon Louis, that Duke Wharton was not always so firmly its friend. At his first appearance in public life, he wore a sword with Magna Charta engraven on its hilt; and defended the cause of liberty, and the Hanoverian succession, with all the charms of his eloquence. But the unfortunate Lord Derwentwater (a near relation of the duke) was put to death by the new government, for adherence to the old. About the same time, too, the constitutional periods of parliaments were suddenly abrogated; and other clouds rising on the political horizon, the young statesman became alarmed; publicly avowed his resentment at the severe execution of his kinsman, and scrupled not to announce his indignation against acts, which, he affirmed, revived exploded means of oppression, and put the nation into the hands of strangers. The consequences were, his open quarrel with the ministry; and whispers at court, that Duke Wharton was more than suspected of assisting to maintain the interest which the expelled James Stuart still preserved in some parts of the kingdom. Mr. Athelstone knew that Jacobite hopes were now reviving, which, it was supposed, had been finally crushed six years ago on the field of Glenshiel. But "THE NEW DYNASTY" seemed still only a vision. There were features in the personal character of George the First which, when become known, rendered him unpopular with high-spirited and intelligent nobility. He was haughty, reserved, and severe. But all sincere members of the reformed church, and friends of rational liberty amongst the middle classes of the people, had the good sense to compromise the defects of the individual for the general benefit of possessing a Protestant king and a limited monarchy. A large proportion of the nobility also were of this opinion; while others merely followed the stream of power: and the remainder rather endured than rejoiced in the changed succession. Though the principle of the nation at large was thus firm to its own measure of faith and of loyalty, yet parties ran high in the English metropolis; and the court at St.

Germains, mistaking the rage of faction for public discontent, conceived new hopes of being recalled to the seat of its ancient glory. Elated with these expectations, the widowed queen of James the Second, in one part of the continent, and the prince her son in another, drew around them all whom personal devotion, fancied interest, or a spirit of adventure, could stimulate to try again the oftendisputed cause. The policy of Europe contributed to keep alive these pretensions; for, whenever any new circumstance of national jealousy excited a country to disturb the peace of England, the rival power had only to exchange ambassadors with St. Germain's, and make the restoration of its family a pretext for hostilities. Such had been the ease in 1715, and also in 1719, when Spain assisted the Chevalier Saint George in his descent on Seotland. But with new ministers came new systems; and it was now whispered that Philip the Fifth was veering round to the side of the house of Hanover.

Mr. Athelstone ran hastily over these preliminaries, to meet the inference he meant to draw; for having observed their unconscious eommentary in the face of his nephew, he believed, that in guessing the subject of the duke's discourse, he had also discovered its motive. His morning's conversation with the marquis had furnished him with an aneedote which he thought would bear upon his present surmises. During the preceding Christmas, the Spanish ambassador at Paris had met Wharton at a diplomatie dinner, given by the French minister. Flushed with wine, half-jest, half-earnest, the gay duke interrupted a discussion on the desperation of the Stuart eause, by declaring himself its champion. "The whole has been mismanaged!" cried he. "Perth, and two or three other old women, like Maebeth's witches, have met together under the portal of St. Germains, to prophesy of crowns, and produce halters. James wants men, and veritable action. I bring a seisin of these in my own person; and am ready to run a tilt with the Knight of Hanover, and Squire Walpole to boot, whenever your good kings will open the field to me!

"My dear Louis," continued the pastor, "here, I doubt not, this zealous champion has come to barrier his lists; and you would be a second to gain him a triumph."

Louis turned his eyes on his uncle.

"Yes, you—as a promise of your father."

"My father, sir!—how could I engage for my father?—and how could my father serve the cause you suspect the duke has at

heart?"

"Your father was the energy of Holland; and, I understand, is considered to be the wisdom of Spain. We knew that he was respected by the Spanish nation, and possessed the confidence of its monarch. But I was not aware of the extent of his power in that country, till I learnt it yesterday from the Marquis Santa Cruz. He tells me, that since the removal of Cardinal Alberoni, others may have the title of prime minister, but your father dictates the measures. 'Indeed,' added the marquis, 'in any state, he must ever have proved himself an influential man; but Spain is his country; and restored to that, he flourishes like a prime tree in its native soil.'"

Louis knew that his family was originally Spanish. That his grandfather, Don Juan de Montemar, Duke of Ripperda, had retired from Spain to his estates in the Netherlands, in a pique against his sovereign. On further provocation, he joined an insurrection in those provinces. The king retaliated, by confiscating his patrimouial estates in Andalusia, and degrading him from the rank of grandce. Separated for ever from his native country, and loathing its very remembrance, he laid aside his Spanish title with disdain, and became a citizen of Groningen. On purchasing large estates in that province, he derived the rank of baron; and soon after married the beautiful heiress of the late Prince Casimir of Nassau. The prince had been killed in battle against the Spaniards, and the proud and resentful Ripperda gave his hand, with peculiar complacency, to his daughter. A son was the fruit of this marriage, whom its happy mother named after her uncle and cousin, both so famous for their patriotic virtues; one, the then existing Stadtholder of the Netherlands; the other, winning, by his valiant deeds, the future distinction of being made King of England. Never having any more children, the illustrious parents lavished every species of care upon this only child; and with a pride, which all the adopted republicanism of the father could not subdue, he saw his boy grow up with the best proofs of noble ancestry—a courteous, brave, and emulating spirit. While he was yet a youth, he fought for Holland and for England under the standard of his kinsman, the great King William; and particularly distinguished his name at the celebrated siege of Namur. But the elder Ripperda did not long enjoy his son's fame; he died before the young hero returned to Groningen. His mother, who inherited the intellectual ambition of her princely house, exerted all her persuasion to turn the passion of her son from military glory to political honours. She effected her purpose, for nature seconded her views. The young baron was born to be a statesman. By an extraordinary intuition, he had only to turn towards a subject to comprehend it; and the energy of action instantly followed the conviction of its utility. He early became the confidant of leading men; and, as the great element takes its level, soon found his proper sphere, as the suggestor and impelling agent of their boldest plans. Professing the religion of his father, which was Roman Catholic, he could not appear openly in the councils; but his mother's church being that of her country, and the bigotry of her deceased husband not having been imbibed by his son, she found no difficulty in conforming him to the simplicity of the Hollander's faith. The only obstacle being thus removed, the next assembly of the States-general saw the young baron seated amongst them as representative of the province of Groningen. His civie honours were quickly succeeded by his illustrious mother's death. Two years after that event, he married the daughter of Sir Headworth Athelstone. But his lot was not to be a domestic circle. His young baroness died in the first year of his nuptials; and he relin-quished her only child to the prayers of its maternal grandfather. Thus, separated from every object that might have had a near elaim upon his heart, Ripperda gave up his soul to the common-

wealth. He travelled throughout Europe to study the characters and politics of its rulers in the seats of their governments; and he returned with an extent of information, which rendered his judgment on general policy almost omniscient. His influence, too, was not less far-reaching; for he never forgot the gracious courtesies of life in the stern pursuits of the statesman. In him was mingled a strange, but imposing union; the republican independence of a citizen of Holland, with the chivalric gallantry and feudal grandeur which distinguish the grandee of Spain. His house was a palace; his retinue superb; and his table open every day to the first men in the States, and to all noble strangers who visited the country. His thoughts, his time, his fortune, all were dedicated to the republic; but he would, bestow that all according to his own humour. Nor by a covert, silent channel, but openly, bounteously, magnificently; as he thought became him who made the dedication, and the great people by which it was accepted. With this profusion, he was no prodigal. His estates in Groningen and the adjacent provinces, were immense; but they were not his only means. His expansive genius had grasped the various resources of commerce; and the treasures which poured in to him from every point of the compass rendered his expenditure exhaustless. Thus absorbed in a wide-spreading vortex of public duties, which secmed, by each successive movement, to separate his thoughts still further from domestic recollections, it is not surprising that he almost ceased to remember that he was a father. Indeed, the image of his absent son never presented itself but when occasional letters arrived from Mr. Athelstone; and then the thought once or twice occurred to him, to have Louis to Holland; but the next public despatch dissipated the idea, and it never crossed him again till some other letter recalled the wish—to be as speedily forgotten. Meanwhile, the great events of Europe were operating an unlookedfor change in the destiny of Baron de Ripperda.

When Louis the Fourteenth of France died, his descendant Philip the Fifth of Spain, felt himself released from a yoke which had pressed on him more of the despot than the parent. And, in consequence of certain political changes, which he immediately proposed, the States-general found it necessary to confide their affairs at his court to some man of a diplomatic genius, capable of coping not only with the recondite policy of Alberoni, but to parry the variety of talent possessed by the other foreign ministers assembled at Madrid. Universal suffrage named the Baron de Ripperda, and without demur he undertook the embassy. During a long and complicated negotiation at Madrid, he became the object of general interest and curiosity. His fine person, and exquisitely polished manners, were themes of amazement and admiration with the queen and her ladies. Such graces of mien, and eloquence of discourse, could hardly be native, or acquired by a Hollander! But when it was understood that his father and all his paternal ancestors were Spaniards, the enthusiasm of the queen was excited to re-unite so much talent to the service of its original country. His favour with the royal Isabella was no trifling object of observation to the foreign ministers. But the jealousy which his acute

benetration and alert turns in diplomacy might have kept on the alarm, was beguiled of its vigilance by the suavity of his manners and the ability he possessed of winning confidence, while he gained his point. He knew how to wear his triumphs with discretion; for, content with victory, he never displayed its ensigns. Thus he noiselessly pursued his diplomatic advantages; and had subdued the whole field before his adversary even perceived his banner on the ground. The object of his mission being obtained, he returned to Holland. The States-general received him with public testimonies of satisfaction; but he found his former sway in their councils traversed by a number of new representatives, impatient of dictation, and jealous of his former supremacy in the State. Though he had brought in his hand a treaty that proved his unswerving fidelity to Holland, these turbulent men affected to suspect he might hereafter be too well inclined to favour a country which had just invited him, with every maternal persuasion, to return to her bosom. Despising the juvenile demagogues, who presumed to insinuate suspicions against his public faith, and indignant at the timidity of his colleagues, in suffering the utterance of such slanderous insults, he boldly declared that the ingratitude of the States-general now determined him to re-unite himself to the land of his fathers. "But," said he, "the unchecked obloquy of these novices shall not provoke me to forget, when returned to my mother country, that Holland, until this disgraceful moment,

was my affectionate nurse!" Whilst disposing of his estates in Groningen, and turning the tide of his commercial affairs to the coast of Spain, new revolutions were taking place in the political theatre of his future action. Alberoni was dismissed the kingdom, in consequence of a trifling accident, which had the momentous effect of discovering his longsuspected plans to the eyes of alarmed Europe. It developed a scheme to aggrandize Spain at the expense of all other nations; and had not Philip sacrificed his too daring minister to the indignation of the monarchs, he must have felt their resentment on every side of his kingdom. The cabinet of Madrid was in tumults; and the king and queen, looking around with dismay for some hand to which they might safely commit the helm in so dangerous a storm; at this juncture Ripperda returned, and was received with open arms. Besides his acquaintance with foreign courts, his eminent situation (some years before) at the congress of Utrecht, by bringing him into diplomatic contact with the most efficient statesmen of the different nations, had informed him so thoroughly of their individual characters, and general views for their respective countries, that he found no difficulty in presenting his now acknowledged sovereigns with a chart by which they might navigate the vessel of the state out of the perilous track into which the adventurous Alberoni had plunged her. All this was transacted in the private boudoir of her majesty. To the inconsiderate part of the world, Ripperda appeared to have strangely resigned himself to a life of merc amusement; for to the inconsiderate all is what it seems. His fine person was excuse enough to them for the high favour in which he stood with the queen; for, though no lip of slander had ever moved against her honour, all knew that, like the royal Elizabeth of England, she was fond of the attentions of

handsome and accomplished men.

Ripperda purchased a villa near Segovia, and a superb mansion at Madrid. His household establishment and equipages were not less magnificent than when he was one of the merchant princes of Holland; and his table in like manner was surrounded by the best company of Spain. The gayer part believed that his evening attendance at the Buen Retiro was to play piquet with the queen, or chess with his majesty; but the graver sort were fully aware that whoever were the ostensible ministers of Philip, Ripperda was the one in fact. They could trace to his suggestion and covert execution various changes in the constitution to consolidate its power and augment its resources. Plans of commerce were devised and put into practice; and manufactures introduced at Segovia and Guadalaxara which threatened the staple trade of Great Britain. Considering the immediate instruments of national greatness to be wealth, and the power of defending it, he formed a design for rendering Cadiz one of the noblest ports in the world; and to establish around the coasts docks, and arsenals, and every other means for constructing a formidable navy. This was the internal policy of Spain, under the secret influence of the Baron de Ripperda. With Alberoni's dismission its external measures also took a new aspect; and with regard to the disputed accession in England seemed meditating a change. A few years ago, Philip had assisted the Chevalier Saint George in his descent on Scotland; but he now resisted all applications to the same effect, and openly professed a growing respect for the house of Hanover. Notwithstanding similar repulses from the French minister, the irrepressible hopes of James Stuart were kept on the alert by repeated assurances from his partisans in England; the sum of which was that a schism in the parliament had aroused corresponding jealousies amongst the people, not likely to be quelled by an unpopular king and an heir apparent avowedly hostile to each other.

"At so critical a juncture, as the cabinet of St. Germains supposes this to be," observed the pastor to his nephew, "it is not surprising that Duke Wharton should grasp at any means of averting the absolute secession of Spain from his master's cause. He is aware of the Baron De Ripperda's power with King Philip; and by seeking to involve you, his son, in a project for a second rebellion, he hopes to engage your father's pride, or his fears, in the same

adventure."

The mind of Louis was powerfully excited during a discourse which embraced so many topics, and all connected with himself, by means of a father, whom he knew by fame only; but such a fame as filled his bosom with an admiration only to be equalled by the emulation which broke at once over his heart. While listening to the enumeration of the baron's patriotic acts for Holland, and for Spain, he contemned the airy pretensions of any brilliant, but inferior aim to celebrity: all but substantial worthiness vanished before him, like the bursting of light upon darkness. He had heard of his father; but now he seemed to feel his presence: and he sat with his hands clasped, absorbed in the immensity of the subject.

Mr. Athelstone observed the workings of his countenance, the flashing brightness of his complexion, as his thoughts darted from Lindisfarne to Holland, and from Holland to Spain. He had not heard his uncle's last observation with regard to Wharton's views on his father and himself. Mr. Athelstone understood the abstraction of his mind. He was too well read in the human character not to guess what was passing there. He gazed on him a few minutes in silence, contemplating with the anxiety of parental affection, what might be the issue of that emulous passion he saw

was then conceived in his ingenuous and ardent mind.

"But it must not be for treason!" cried he to himself; and gently shaking the arm of his nephew, he repeated his last remark on the duke. The good man perceived, by the start Louis gave in recalling his diverged faculties, that his attention had long wandered; and the indulgent teacher gently recapitulated his arguments. At their conclusion, he added, in a solemn voice, "You know, my child, I require no reply to this head of my discourse. But, I beseech you, weigh well the true nature of things, before you act. In no case allow imagination to mislead you. To be on the suffering side of a contest is generally sufficient, in the judgment of generous youth, to make it the just one. And it is a beneficent disposition of nature, to prompt man to the immediate succour of distress. Oh, that our judges would consider this, in causes of rebellion, before they condemn the young enthusiast, who would as readily raise his arm for exiled Brunswick as for banished Stuart! It is the circumstance that draws the sword of unreflecting youth; thought and principle unsheath that of age; and their trial and sentence should be accordingly. But let not such reflections be your apology, Louis! Another time I will give you the experience of my seventy years, by a full explanation of why England changed the character of her ruler; and then, if you err," added the old man, with a melancholy smile, "it will be against knowledge; and not even my partial indulgence can excuse you." He rose as he spoke, and pressing the hand on which his nephew was thoughtfully leaning his head, the worthy pastor left him to meditate on what had passed.

### CHAPTER VII.

### THE PASTOR'S CHURCH.

MRS. CONINGSBY found the marquis and his son seated amongst some pine-clad rocks, on the southern side of the parsonage. When she appeared, the latter rose, and turned into another path. She made an apology to the marquis for the length of her absence, and the continuation of Mr. Athelstone's, by relating to his lordship much of what her nephew had communicated. Meanwhile, Cornelia and her sister joined Ferdinand, and sat with him in a recess of the cliff which fronted the sea. Its genial airs, warm from the south, suggested the more balmy ones of Italy and Spain to the imagination of Alice; and she soon saw all vestiges of gloom pass from the brow of the young Spaniard, as, with increasing animation, he answered her various questions on the scenes of his travels, and

of his country. Cornelia inquired about the remains of ancient Rome, the eruptions of Vesuvius, and of who amongst the celebrated living characters of Italy and France, he personally knew. Alice paid little attention to his replies on these subjects, but made him describe the gardens of Naples, and the luxuriant landscapes which double their beauties in the translucent waters of its bay. She then talked of the orange-groves of his own country; and asked whether it were true the Spanish ladies reposed every day after dinner by the sides of fountains, under the shade of these delicious arbours. He listened to her questions with delight. It was the ingenuous curiosity of fifteen, seeking information with the confidence of innocence; and he answered her with a minuteness that showed his pleasure in dwelling on themes congenial to her taste.

Cornelia perceived that the share she wished to take in the discourse was almost wholly disregarded; but pleased to see their guest restored to good humour, and Alice interested in such improving conversation, she cheerfully moved towards her mother and the marguis, and soon became equally absorbed in their discussions.

The dinner-hour of the parsonage once more assembled its family and guests around the social board. Peace had resumed her sway in every breast. The voice of unconscious tenderness had soothed the jealous irritability of Ferdinand, and his smiles diffused a complacency over the seriousness of his father, that harmonised with the beneficent serenity of their host. Mrs. Coningsby discoursed with the energy of an imagination whose first fires still glowed in their embers. The equable Cornclia looked around with satisfaction on the general cheerfulness; while Alice, whatever might be her velatile changes of place, always found herself settle by the side of the entertaining Spaniard. Gay as joy itself, and vibrating in every nerve the happiness she bestowed, she sported, like the young halcyon, on waves of sunshinc. Louis was not less animated. His heart no longer upbraided him; and, in his own element of blameless enjoyment, with unchecked delight, his eyes followed the movements of Alice, as Ferdinand instructed her emulous curiosity in the native dances of his country. The young Spaniard seemed to have passed through the cave of Trophonius, so completely was he transformed from the reserved, frigid being of the morning. His late sallow complexion now flashed with the tints of health; and the vivacity of his conversation almost obliterated from Cornelia's remembrance the moody wretch who had rushed from her presence only a few hours before. Alice hovered round him, like one of the zephyrs which fanned their evening festivity; and at her desire he took her mother's lute, and played and sung to it several Spanish ditties. He reclined on a low settee, beneath the open ivied window, through whose gothic interlacing the breeze entered with the soft light of the stars. The tender melancholy of the airs shed a similar influence on the spirits of the youthful party; and while they listened with pensive delight to the last stanza of a plaintive seguedilla, the church clock struck twelve.

From the distant quarter of the room where Mrs. Coningsby sat with her uncle and the marquis, she had observed the amusements on the opposite side. On hearing the hour strike, she rose from

her chair, and telling the young people it was not merely the witching time of night, but that the Sabbath morning was begun, she broke up their revels, and dismissed them to their pillows.

Cornelia alone found uninterrupted slumber; Ferdinand did not sleep that night; Alice wondered why she did not close her eyes; and Louis lay meditating on the last four-and-twenty hours, till day dawned, and wearied nature sank into repose. The morning brought him a letter before he had quitted his bed. Its seal was Wharton's manche and ducal coronet. Louis held it some time unopened in his hand. What new contention might it demand of him? Was it to upraid him for his flight? or was it an apology from the duke for his attempt to detain him? Whatever were its errand, the sight of the letter recalled to him all the fascinations of its writer, and with trepidation he broke the seal. His heart clung to every line, while that of the volatile writer seemed winged, and lightly skimming the surface he professed to dwell on. The letter ran thus:—

"Et tu, Brute! was a mighty dexterous Parthian bolt; but it whistled away I know not whither. Would Cæsar have been so bad a marksman, as not to have distinguished his own Anthony from the wretch who played the brute part in the eapitol? Why, De Montemar, you are as much like the lantern-jawed Cassius, as I to that nose-led Stoic! You are too profound in eanonization not to have read of a certain saint, no matter his name, who, with a pair of convenient red-hot pincers, clutched the devil by his feature of honour, and so dragged him roaring round the world, Cassius was no saint, whatever he might be of a conjuror; but I never hear your king-killing demagogues vaunting their prince of patriots, without seeing the pincers at his nose. So, prithee, my dainty Cæsar, no more misnomers, if you would not have me—with that name, remember yet more deeply, I am Pompey's friend!

"And so, you even took the flood! I would not, for happier hours than even those your stubborness wrested from me, I would not have lost that proof of your substance. You know I am a being of vapour! People who say so must not wonder that I should be glad to play the atmosphere round something worth my while. Louis! had you not believed them, would you have fled

me like a pestilence?

"Being of a gentle nature, as full of ruth as, perhaps, I ought to be of ruefulness, I will not bristle the grey locks of your venerable uncle this Saturday night, by likening him to any old woman on earth or in heaven. But I have a shrewd guess that he pretends to dream; and, on the evidence of such whimsies, will report you my orisons!

Da mihi fallere, da justum sanctumque videri."

Oh, wizards, how little do you know the mettle of Philip Wharton! In the face of day, and of these darkling augurs, I avow, that it is my object to make you my own! My true spirit, wearied with the tricks of men, and their sordid chemistry,

<sup>&</sup>quot;Delights to quaff the yet untasted spring, And pluck the virgin flower!"

"Is there a cloak over this dagger, my panic-struck Cæsar?

"However, that there may be no more alarms in Saint Cuthbert's sanctuary, tell the holy man I have met Romulus's fate. If you look for me to-night, it must be amongst the stars; for, after this despatch, neither Bamborough nor England will hold your faithful-

"Bamborough Castle, Saturday night."

"Gone!" cried Louis, pressing the letter between his folded hands; "neither Bamborough nor England now holds its noble writer!" He turned towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea. The distant waves were sparkling beneath the beams of the morning sun: "Beyond those he is sailing away, far from dark suspicion, and ungrateful De Montemar. Ah, if he indeed knew I had so readily imbibed my uncle's belief—that he is deceitful, and seeking to betray me to treason and to vice!—would he thus subscribe himself, my Faithful? Does he not, by that single word, avow his trust in my honour, and his own disinterested

attachment to me?"

Again he read the letter: it contained nothing which he might not show to Mr. Athelstone. There was not a word in it, excepting the declaration of reciprocal fidelity in that of the signature, which implied a confidence; and this implicit trust still more affected Louis. "Noble Wharton!" cried he; "this is Alexander drinking the suspected bowl !-- and you shall find that I am faithful also!' He sprang out of bed, and hastily dressed himself. But, just as he was hurrying out of the chamber-door, with the letter in his hand, he paused: "Why should I be thus eager to put myself into purgatory?" He returned into the room. "My dear, good, but precise uncle," continued he, "cannot understand this man. He will find an argument to blame in all that I admire in this open. daring spirit. But at least he must acknowledge that here he is no

hypocritical designer. I will show it to him.'

Louis continued to fluctuate amidst a variety of reflections and resolutions, till the bell for family morning prayers roused him from his indecisive meditations, and, putting the letter into his breast, he descended to the library. When the duty was done, and he arose from his knees, he found the young Spaniard by his side, and rising from the same posture which he had taken between him and Alice. Louis looked surprised: Ferdinand smiled; and, without waiting to be questioned, said, "that the preceding night he had inquired of Miss Coningsby what was meant by the vesper and matin bell, which rang after he and his father had withdrawn to rest, and before they appeared in the morning. She was so good as to explain it to him; and he had thus taken the liberty to join the family devotion." While the domestics were making their reverential bows to the pastor as they retired, Mrs Coningsby observed her young guest. She expressed her pleasure at meeting him in so sacred an hour; "but you are not of the church of Calvin, nor of

Luther?" asked she.
"No," replied he; "but I am of the church of their Master; and that, I trust, does not exclude me from yours!"

"That plea will open the gates of heaven to you!" cried the paster, with a benign smile, as he passed from the reading-desk into the breakfast-room.

It was some time before the marquis came from his chamber; but when he did join the morning group, being ignorant of his son having mingled in what he would have deemed an heretical rite, he contemplated that son's renovated appearance with comfort unalloyed. He could not account to himself how such a change from languor to activity, from despairing melancholy to gay cheerfulness, could have been wrought in the short space of two days; unless he might attribute it to the influence of the saint before whose defaced shrine he had knelt the preceding day, when he had wandered alone to the solitary abbey. While he sat absorbed in these thoughts, Mrs. Coningsby mentioned to the younger part of the circle what had been discussed the evening before between herself and Mr. Athelstone.

As the season approached when the family usually migrated to Morewick Hall, it was now proposed they should move earlier; and, accompanied by their guests, make a tour through all the interesting scenery in its neighbourhood. "You will find the Hall a more comfortable residence than this lonely rock," continued she, addressing the marquis; "but Lindisfarne is my uncle's Patmos; and when here, he loves to live like a hermit in his cell."

"Rather," returned Ferdinand, with an answering smile, "like

the privileged saint, emparadised with angels."

Louis guessed that one view in this scheme was to take him out of the way of the duke; and, with something between a sigh and a smile, in thinking the precaution was no longer necessary, he warmly seconded his aunt's proposal. The eyes of Alice and Ferdinand met in pleased sympathy. And Cornelia, addressing the marquis, soon awakened an interest in him he did not expect to find in the projected excursion. She talked to him of Alnwick; of its chivalrous trophies; and of the stone chair of Hotspur, which still overlooks its battlements. She then passed to the castle of Warkworth; and spoke of the anchorite's chapel, dug in the heart of its rock.\* As she discoursed of the hero of Holmedon, and narrated the sorrows of his friend, the devout penitent of the hernitage, her share of the Percy blood glowed on her cheek, and in her language; and the marquis, aroused to all his military and religious enthusiasm, often grasped the cross of his sword, and mingled a prayer with the aspirations of a soldier.

Meanwhile, Alice enumerated to Ferdinand the charming variety of their walks at Morewick; particularly along the meandering banks of the Coquet, and in view of the very hermitage Cornelia was describing to his father. Ferdinand accepted with delight her pro-

<sup>\*</sup> Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the chapel and dormitory of the hermitage, are still to be seen the remains of a small building, used for hospitable purposes by the hermit. This consists of a lower apartment and a sleeping chamber over it, both of which are entirely in ruins. But the chapel and its vestibule being cut in the solid rock, are perfect as when first excavated.—The writer has often visited the spot.

mise of conducting him to the cell, by her own favourite path—a rough plank bridge, that joined the Morewick grounds to a little woody island. In former times, one of its objects had formed a scene for the peneil of Verrio—an old romantic mill, standing amongst the moss-grown trees, and dashing the foaming waters of its wheels over the pendant branches which swept the flood beneath. A little further on, behind the islet, the river ran clear and tranquil; and there, a boat, paddled by the miller's son, she said, would soon convey them, under as deep a shade, to the opposite shore. From thence, by a winding walk (traced in the wild wooded scenery by the hermit himself!), she would lead him over the rocky heights to the cell; where, for sixty years, the mourning lover of murdered beauty had fed upon his tears day and night! "I know the pleasure with which Louis will accompany us," added she; "and if it be moonlight, he will like it better; for he often tells me, the garish hour of sunshine is no time for visiting the hermitage of Warkworth.

Louis did not hear what was passing, for he had chosen the opportunity of his uncle's guests being engaged in conversation with his cousins, to inform Mr. Athelstone that Duke Wharton had left Bamborough. When the good old man had read the duke's letter, he pressed his nephew's hand as he returned it, and said, with a playful smile. "It is well; and we will not grudge him his

apotheosis!"

The remainder of the Sabbath passed in the pastor's family as became the purity of its master's faith and the simplicity of his manners. At the usual hours for the public celebration of divine worship, he and his little household, all excepting his Roman Catholic guests, repaired to the parish church. Towards the close of the afternoon service (while the marquis had again absented himself, and was retired to the interior ruins of the abbey), Ferdinand placed himself at the window of his bed-chamber, which commanded a view of the church path, to watch the reappearance of the only saint which now engaged his idolatry. With what pleasurable curiosity, excited by his sentiments for Alice, which gave him an interest in all that concerned her, did he see the massy oaken doors unfold from under the low Saxon arch, and the island train issue forth in their clean but coarse Sunday attire. Four generations in one family first met his eye. A hale old fisherman, with grizzled locks, and a ruddy, though weather-ploughed cheek, supported on his sinewy arm the decent steps of his dame; who, dressed in a camlet gown of her own spinning, and a linen cap of spotless white, looked smilingly behind on the group that closely followed;—her athletic son and his comely wife, each restraining the capering steps of a chubby boy and girl, as they led them forth from the house of God. The aged patriarch of the race, his head whitened by the winters of nearly a century, closed the procession; one hand leant on a staff, the other clasped the arm of his youngest grandchild, a pretty young woman, whose downcast eyes showed how cautiously she was guiding the faltering steps of her venerable grandsire. Of such simple and sincere worshippers as these was the congregation of Lindisfarne; and as Ferdinand observed their

composed and happy countenances, he felt that theirs must be the

religion of peace.

"Yes," cried he, "where innocence dwells, there must be genuine piety. Nothing is there to impede the free communion between earth and heaven. The purified spirit does not fear to lift up its eyes in the presence of its Creator; it is clothed in the brightness of His beams. But the guilty wreth—polluted—bereft!—oh, what can hide his nakedness from the Omniseient eye? Not the unction of man—I have had enough of that. What breath of mortal absolution can still this raging fire?" He smote his breast as he

spoke, and tore himself from the window.

Mrs. Coningsby and her daughters had prepared tea in the drawing-room, a long time before the different members of her little circle drew their chairs around it. The pastor was paying his customary Sabbath visitations to the infirm from age, sickness, or sorrow. Ferdinand remained yet in his chamber, struggling with an agony of soul more grievous than any penance priest had ever inflicted. And Louis, having accompanied his uncle to the door of one of the fishers' huts, instead of returning home, walked on unconsciously till he found himself in the cemetery of the old monastery, and saw the marquis approaching him from the western aisle. Supposing his lordship had come there merely from being an admirer of antiquity, Louis did not hesitate to join him; and entering into conversation on this idea, he began to point out the most perfect specimens of its ancient architecture, and to name the periods of British history they commemorated; showing the times of the abbey's erection, enlargement, or repairing. As he was master of his subject, and spoke of the abbey's founders, Oswald and Aidan, with not mercly historical accuracy, but reverence for their holy zeal, Santa Cruz pressed the hand of his companion, and attended, with questioning complacency, till he almost forgot he was not listening to a good Catholic. He could not comprehend how a disciple of heresy could have more toleration for the professors of the Roman ereed, than they had for heretical infidelity; and, therefore, with a hope that the Catholic faith, which Baron de Ripperda had abjured, was latent in his son, the marquis willingly gave way to the predilection he had conceived for him, and followed his explanatory steps through the whole ruin. The devout Spaniard was now shown the place where the mortal part of the exemplary Saint Aidan reposed; and he bowed with his soul's homage, to the vacant spot at the right side of the high altar. which had once contained the storied shrine of the holy Cuthbert. Louis conducted him to a cell, now choked with docks and nettles, which had once been the penitentiary of a Norwegian prince. Near this half-buried vault, lay several flat crosiered tombstones, of different dates; and amongst them two mitred brothers, of the barons of Athelstone and of Bamborough.

"You are nobly descended, Mr. De Montemar!" observed the marquis: "By your mother's side, from these powerful Northumbrian barons; by your father's, from the princely house of Nassau, and the more illustrious Ripperda of Andalusia. These were all faithful sons of the Cross; but now that their posterity have

embraced the schisms of infidelity—oh, my ingenuous young friend, are you not at this moment ready to exclaim, How am I fallen!"

"No, my lord," returned Louis; "I have too British a spirit, to regret the feudal power which was founded on the vassalage of my fellow-creatures. And though my father may have forfeited all claim to the restitution of his paternal rights in Spain, by having become a proselyte to the religion in which I have been educated, I cannot deem any depression of rank a debasement, which is incurred

in so sacred a cause."

Santa Cruz drew his arm from his companion. Such adherence to principle, had it been on his side of the argument, would have filled the marquis with admiration; but in the present case it gave his growing partiality for the son of Ripperda so severe a shock, that he sunk into stern silence, and turned out of the abbey. Not a word was spoken during their walk homeward. And when they entered the Parsonage, the marquis bowed coldly to the pastor; while, with a similar air of reserve, he accepted the seat

presented to him by the side of Mrs. Coningsby.

The whole party were now assembled; but an embarrassing gravity pervaded them all. None knew exactly how to explain it; but it arose rather from the several individuals thinking too intensely of each other, than from indifference to each other's society. Louis alone had straying thoughts; and they were wandering far and wide:—sometimes with his noble friend, throwing himself, in loval gallantry, at the feet of a dethroned queen and her son. Then the image of his father, and of Spain, would occupy his mind. He seemed to be present with him in that country, where, though denied the honours of his race, the fame of his services proclaimed, that he did more than possess them—he deserved them! "I am not fallen," said Louis to himself: "when sprung from such a What is there in mere title, or station, to render a man father! truly great? It is action, that makes the post one of honour or disgraee.—And, Hope of my fathers! give me but the opportunity to serve my country, and no man shall say the name of Ripperda has suffered degradation!"

Louis started from his chair, in the fulness of his emotion, and hastily crossed the room. He chanced to approach a recess near

the bookcase.

"You are right to remind Cornelia of her duty!" cried the pastor; "open the door; and she will then recollect, that nearly an hour has elapsed since she ought to have given us our Sunday's evening anthem."

Louis immediately obeyed, and throwing open a pair of small folding doors, discovered an organ, with the oratorios of Handel on its music-stand. Cornelia did not require a second command—she took her seat before the instrument, and, with tones that might

#### "Create a soul under the ribs of death,"

sang the divine strains of "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

As the pealing organ swelled the note of praise, the marquis almost imagined himself in his own oratory, and that he heard the seraphic voice of his daughter Marcella, chanting her evening hymn to the Virgin. Tears filled the father's eyes: he drew near the instrument; and, crossing his arms over his breast, with the silent responses of the heart he re-echoed every word and every note of the holy song. When Cornelia struck its last triumphant chords, and was rising from her scat, he entreated her to prolong strains so well suited to the vesper hour and the feelings with which he listened. Mr. Athelstone joined in the request; remarking, that as he loved a peculiar consecration of the instruments of worship, he never permitted this organ to be opened but on the seventh day, or other holy festivals; and that when it was once touched by his Saint Cecilia, his greatest pleasure was to hear its sounds till the hour of night closed them in prayer. Cornelia recommenced with the overture of the Messiah; and the evening ended, in unison with the piety of her uncle and his guest, in hymns to the great Author of universal harmony.

## CHAPTER VIII.

#### A BORDER EXCURSION.

THE morning of the 1st of October, if it were piercing as a flight of arrows, was as dazzling too; for the elearness of the atmosphere gave an unusual splendour to every object: and the larks that carolled high in the heavens seemed exulting in the brilliancy of their course. The exhibarating property of the air had its effect upon the party from the parsonage, who gaily stepped into the boat that was to convey them to a creek on the opposite shore, a little To touch at the castle was out of the quesbelow Bamborough. tion; for no second flag of amnesty had yet passed between the angry baronet and his quietly expectant nephew. On landing, they found horses, which the pastor had sent forward at dawn; and mounting in full confidence of the animals being accustomed to the rough roads in prospect, the happy group commenced the day's excursion. Nearly a week's sojourn in the island had blunted most of the marquis's prejudices against the amiable followers of Luther whom he found there: and the familiar companionship of minds not essentially discordant had mingled them all into an intimacy almost amounting to friendship. They proceeded along the minstrel banks of the Tweed, and by the romantic borders of the Till, to the falling towers of what once was royal Norham! Much food was there for memory and meditation. The friends wandered for several hours amongst its legendary ruins; and then pursucd the debateable stream to Flodden Field. Another train of thought arose in the mind, on that solitary track. Two centuries before, it had borne the bannered host of two hostile brother nations! It now lay a desert, as if cursed by the kindred blood then spilt upon its soil.

Having treated the marquis with a rustic dinner at a farm-house in Branxton, a pretty village,\* which stands a little to the north

<sup>\*</sup> This place has a milder interest attached to it, in the minds of persons who know it to be the birth-place of the late Rev. Percival Stockdale; an

of that memorable field, Mrs. Coningsby and her highly gratified party, re-embarked at the mouth of the Tweed. Before them lay a magnificent setting sun. As the little bark tracked its way through a flood of molten gold, Ferdinand leaned behind the bench that supported Alice, and in a soft under-tone pursued the subjects which seemed most congenial to her youthful taste. Cornelia reclined near them, contemplating the receding shore, but listening to the marquis, who sat between Louis and her mother, comparing with them the strange coincidence of the fates of James the Fourth of Scotland, Sebastian of Portugal, and Roderick of Spain; all of whose deaths were as doubtful, as their disappearance was certain, in the fields of battle, where each lost his crown and existence to the world. In these discourses time passed lightly, till the breeze wafted the happy group, under the rising moon, into the sheltered cove of Lindistarne.

On entering the Parsonage, Mr. Athelstone presented a packet to the marquis; and its contents put to flight all their ready plans for future rambles. It had been forwarded through Holland, and contained despatches from Spain, requiring the Marquis Santa Cruz's immediate return to Madrid, on an affair of great national

importance. Ferdinand turned pale at this intelligence.

"Oh, that your lordship would take me with you!" exclaimed Louis impetuously. Mr. Athelstone interrupted him with a look. "Pardon me, sir," cried he; "but my father!—am I never to see my father?"
"When he wishes to see you, my son! But you must not break

upon his presence."

Louis said no more, but, bowing to his uncle, with his heart full, hurried out of the room. The marquis looked after him in silence.

Ferdinand had turned his despairing eyes on Alice, and saw her head bent on her bosom, with tears trickling down her cheeks. Those tears acted on his soul like dew on the parched earth; and, unconscious of the intention, he found himself at her side: he had taken her hand, he had murmured some indistinct sounds in her ear; but they suffused her face with blushes; and, confused and agitated, she withdrew her hand, and glided out of sight, to a seat behind the window-curtain. Ferdinand followed her with his eyes; but while he exultingly felt that her pure image possessed him wholly, he shrunk from the recollection of how unworthy his transgressions had made him of aspiring to the possession of so spotless a being. Nay, were it possible that penitence could so wash his stains away, as to restore him to the self-respect which is indispensable to the manly character, and, above all, to the consciousness of him who takes upon himself to be the protector, and the happiness of a virtuous woman! was he not aware, that even this blessed regeneration could not avail him here? He well knew that his father's principle would sooner see him die, than allow him to

author who united poetic genius with just criticisms, in his beautiful work on the great poets of England. His remains lie in the chancel of the church of Branxton, by the side of his venerable father, who died its vicar. reverend son was himself the vicar of Lesbury, in Northumberland; and when he died, was taken by his mourning parishioners to share his father's grave.

perish, soul and body; which he would suppose must be the consequence, should he permit him to marry a daughter of the church of England. To acknowledge his sentiment, for Alice to the marauis, would be to call down his malediction on their object. And, under these circumstances, to reveal more of them to herself than his surprised heart had already betrayed, seemed to him a base sacrifice to his own immediate gratification, at the expense of his honour and her own future peace. He was not so ill read in female character, as to be ignorant that he had made an impression on the heart of this artless child of nature. No one present appeared to suspect what was passing in the bosoms of either. Could he, then, knowing that the bar was in uperable between him and her. could be act the double treachery of fastening affections that must be hopeless, upon him; and make so ungrateful a return to the hospitality of her uncle and her mother, as to devote the youth of their beloved child, to tears and disappointment? "No," said he to himself, "I will not load my already burdened soul with the guilt of rendering her unhappy; of having come hither on a demon's errand, to lay waste all that paradise of smiles! I deserve to go hence, as I came, a lonely, unregretted wretch."

While these thoughts were occupying the mind of Ferdinand, the marquis was explaining to Mr. Athelstone that he must abide by the letter of his sovereign's commands; and not only relinquish the pleasure he had anticipated in visiting Morewick Hall, but take his leave even of the island the following day. Finding this decision was not to be questioned, Mrs. Coningsby withdrew to give some necessary orders for her guest's early departure; and Alice, taking the opportunity of the opened door, hastily quitted the room. Cornelia, having expressed her sincere regret to Ferdinand, that they must lose his father and himself so soon, in a few minutes followed her mother. The gracious spell of tranquil enjoyment, which an hour before had encircled them all, was now broken. Mrs. Coningsby hurried from place to place, in hospitable bustle, ordering all kinds of travelling comforts to be put up for the service of their departing friends. The marguis and the pastor sat till a late hour. conversing in the library? but the young people continued dispersed, rather as if some cause of discord had fallen amongst them, than an order to separate hearts so well inclined to join. Once Alice had summoned courage to descend to the drawing-room; but,

come down again till summoned to supper.

The ensuing morning's meal was passed, like that of the preceding evening, by the younger part of the group almost in silence. But when breakfast was over, Louis drew a letter from his pocket, and presenting it open to Mr. Athelstone, told him he had written that to his father; and he hoped the marquis would have the goodness to take charge of it to Madrid. Santa Cruz bowed his acquiescence, and the pastor perused the letter. As he ran his eye over its contents, he could not but admire the generous submission which had withheld the writer from even hinting the wish which so thoroughly possessed him.

on entering, she saw no one there but Ferdinand, who was resting his head upon her harpsichord; and, hastily retreating, she did not "You have written like an affectionate son," said the pastor, when he returned the letter; "but you have not dropped one word of what is so much at your heart. Why do not you ask your father's permission to pay your personal duty to him?"

"And you give me yours, dearest sir, to express that wish?"
"Certainly; and when the baron's leisure will allow him to pre-

side over his son's introduction to this perilous world, then, I doubt

not, he will grant your petition, and I must resign you.

Louis gladly retired, to add as a postscript to his letter what he had found so much difficulty in preventing himself making its primary object. The ladies had already withdrawn; and Ferdinand, seeing their waving gowns through the distant shrubbery in the garden, believed that, without any breach of his resolution, he might once more cool his feverish pulse, with the breeze at their side; and for the last time soothe his disturbed soul by fecling

himself near Alice, and listening to her tender accents.

The wish had no sooner formed than he found their path. Mrs. Coningsby did not appear. Cornelia was calmly gathering flowers to replenish her beaupots; and Alice was walking pensively towards the wicket that opened to the hill. Ferdinand followed her, and, with a bound of joy he could not conceal from his better reason, saw her open the little gate, and pass through. A few sheep were cropping the grass on the pasture, and her favourite lamb frolicked before her. She did not notice the animal, but turned to the base of the hill. Ferdinand heard her draw a deep sigh, as she seemed to think herself removed from observation; and in an agitated voice she ejaculated his name. He required no more to be at her side,—at her feet. What he said, he hardly knew; but he felt all his high resolves vanish, and that words failed under the impetuous declaration of his heart. Surprised at so unthought-of a disclosure, and alarmed at a language and vehemence she had never known before, Alice would have fled; but he detained her with her hands clasped in his; and while he wept upon them in the wild emotions of his soul, her tears flowed also; and he wrought her to confess, that she had retired alone, to weep at his departure.

Ferdinand forgot all the wretched past in the transport of that moment; and amidst the burning blushes of a timidity that trembled at every word she uttered, he drew from the guileless Alice all the secret of her heart. His dominant passion had again seized the rein; and clasping her hands to his breast, he ardently implored her to pledge him her faith before the Supreme of Heaven—that, however long might be his absence, she would never be persuaded to become the wife of any other man. Then growing in his demands on the tender girl, he conjured her to promise not to continue that "exquisite softness of manner to Mr. De Montemar, the sight of which had already more than half maddened him." With a glance which shone like a shooting star over the dewy night, she innocently gave him the solemn pledge he asked; and smiled when she made a promise she deemed so unnecessary. But both engagements were hardly pronounced by her ingenuous lips, before his ungovernable selfishness smote upon the

conscience of her lover.

"Alice," cried he, "I am unworthy of your angelic nature. I know I do not deserve that you should even look upon me. But I cannot bid you retract your vow. It is that alone which saves me from despair; it is that alone which can support me in life till we meet again. Oh, Aliee, you saw the wretch that eame to this island, at war with himself, and sinking fast to an untimely grave!—You recalled me to existence!—You regenerated, and healed my broken heart! But my father, should he know I love you, he would separate us for ever."

Alice raised her eyes, drowned as they were in tears, and looked

upon him aghast. "Is his rank so very great?"

"That is not my fear," returned Ferdinand; "his rank is not higher than your own illustrious blood. But he is so rigid in his faith: I too well know he would rather see his whole race extinct,

than one of them married to a Protestant."

Poor Alice was now seized with a violent trembling, and turning deadly pale, leaned for support against a tree. Ferdinand pressed her cold hand. "But I am no bigot, my beloved Alice; and there is a circumstance connected with my family, which may have power to influence a happier fate. It shall be tried; and it is of such importance, I hardly doubt its success." She revived at this assurance; and with deepened tenderness he resumed. "Meanwhile, as we hope to be blessed hereafter in an union as indissoluble as our love, forbear to disclose what has now passed between us to any of your own family. They would communicate it to my father; and the consequence I seek to avert might then inevitably follow:—our absolute separation."

The arguments of love, and the pleadings of despair, at last prevailed upon Alice to make this promise also. Her head was in a whirl of distracting thought. She had never known such distress, as she felt overwhelm her when, in making this second vow, she became conscious she had at once relinquished all her claims on the affection of her nearest relations; and saw the being, for whose sake she had made this boundless sacrifice, on the point of leaving her for an unlimited time, perhaps for ever! Ferdinand beheld the agony of her soul, and too well guessed her apprehensions. Now he felt the mischief he had wrought; now he saw the ruin he had begun in that so lately happy bosom. He had not only awakened a passion there, to feed upon her heart, but he had introduced the scorpions of an accusing conscience, where, only a few moments before, all was innocence and peace. "Wretch that I am!" cried he to himself; "to repay the blessing of thy tenderness with all this evil!" But striving to soothe and to cheer her, he vowed to see her, at all events, early in the spring; and, at the feet of her mother and her uncle, implore their pardon, and consent to an indissoluble union. When she became a little composed, he besought a ringlet of her hair, to console him in his lonely absence; and having pressed the trembling hand that bestowed it to his heart and his lips, he allowed her to break from the clinging arms that vainly tried to withhold her. She rushed through the garden into the house; and locking herself within her own room, gave way to the anguish of her soul.

Ferdinand turned towards a remote winding of the cliffs, fuller

of self-arraignment than of satisfaction; yet, though he detested the selfishness of his recent conduct, the headlong impulse he had yielded to his passion was too strong to allow him to make the only restitution in his power—to release her from both her yows.

At noon the boat was announced that was to bear the travellers to their carriage on the main land, ready to convey them to the place of embarkation for Spain. In the hurrying moments of departure, the absence of Alice was remarked by none but the heart of Ferdinand; and it yearned towards the sensibility which prevented her sharing these last adieus. He touched the cheeks of her mother and sister, with an emotion they did not expect. He hastily embraced Louis; and putting the hand of the pastor reverentially to his lips, hurried down the rocks to the beach. The marquis's farewell was more composed; but as he crossed the sands to the boat, he stopped, and gathering up a few of the entrochi, (he had heard called "Saint Cuthbert's beads,") he bent his head to the grey towers of the monastery, and turning towards Mr. Athelstone, said with a smile, "These shall be my rosary, in grateful remembrance of this holy isle!" The venerable pastor answered him with a benediction. He saw the father and son embark: then stood with his silvered head bare to the wind, while he waved his handkerchief to the diminishing vessel; and breathed a prayer for the safety of its freight, in every movement of his uplifted hands.

If Louis ever felt a touch of envy, it was at the moment when the distant sail disappeared from the horizon; and as he slowly followed the homeward step of his uncle, he sighed to himself, "They will soon see my father!—They will understand all his glorious plans for the service of his restored country!—They will witness his honours! While I—down, my rebellious, my ungrate-

ful spirit!"

## CHAPTER IX.

#### MOREWICK HALL.

The remainder of the autumn was passed in Lindisfarne by the different members of the pastor's family with no change in the tranquil routine of their occupations, and little apparent alteration in themselves. Sir Anthony had made ample apologies to his nephew, and concessions to his uncle, to justify a renewed reconciliation. He pleaded surprise and infatuation; and as the eccentric planet whose influence created both had some time reached its perihelium, it was hoped the attraction there would be too powerful to allow of its return. Mr. Athelstone, therefore, permitted his nephew to visit as usual at the castle, till the closing in of winter rendered the shores dangerous, and commanded the emigration of his family to the more sheltered regions of Morewick Hall.

Louis's elastic mind, like the principle of life shooting into every faculty of vigorous manhood, recovered all its spring; and allowing himself to think no more of his father, nor of Duke Wharton, than what was sufficient to keep his emulation in active career to attain the patriotic talents of the one, and the disinterested enthusiasm

of the other, he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the perfect acquirement of every branch of study which could possibly promote the great ends of his ambition. Accustomed to labour, the buoyancy of his spirit never admitted the touch of fatigue. Bodily exertion could not weary his practised limbs, nor diversity of mental pursuits distract nor overstrain his faculties. In the full power of health, and of a mind which care had never traversed, all things were easy to him. One hour he was absorbed in mathematics, history, or languages; and the next saw him in the chase, with his gun on the moor, or bounding along the icicled heights of More-

wick by the side of Cornelia.

Alice alone had exhibited a change in her looks and manners, since the visit of the noble Spaniards. She who used to be the most constant companion of her cousin now hardly ever joined him in his rambles; and always refused to be his partner in the evening dances, which usually diversified the amusements of the Hall when any of the neighbouring families made a part of its winter fire-side. Her spirits and her bloom were gone; and Mrs. Coningsby at length became so alarmed, that she scriously talked with the pastor about taking her in the spring to some milder climate. Louis was not insensible to the alteration in his cousin. But those anxious attentions, which, in any former indisposition, she had always received from him with grateful affection, were now not merely avoided, but repelled with evident dislike. At first he attributed this strange conduct to some unintentional offence on his part, and he tenderly asked her if it were so. She burst into tears while she hurryingly replied in the negative, and left the room. On mentioning the circumstance to Mrs. Coningsby, it only confirmed her opinion of her daughter's illness being a latent consumption; and that her present distaste to what before gave her pleasure, was a symptom of that fatal disorder.

Such was the state of the family, when, about four o'clock, one dreadfully severe day in December, a person of middle age and a gloomy aspect alighted from a chaise at the door of Morewick Hall, and, almost speechless with cold, was ushered into the presence of Mr. Athelstone. The pastor was alone in his library; and the stranger, in brief and broken English, announced himself as the Señor Castanos, confidential secretary to the Baron de Ripperda, and a messenger to the guardian of his son. While he spoke, he presented two packets; one from the baron, the other from the Marquis Santa Cruz. With his accustomed hospitality, Mr. Athelstone bade his guest welcome; and was inquiring after the health of the baron and the marquis, when Louis entered the room.

"My child," said the pastor, "I believe you are near the goal of your wishes. This gentleman comes from your father."

The secretary bowed to the son of his patron; and Louis, looking first at him and then at his uncle, exclaimed, "My father! and does he——?" He hesitated—he stopped: the eagerness of his hopes interrupted his articulation.

"We will open this packet, and see," returned the pastor, taking that from the baron into his hand. But, glancing at the shivering figure of his guest, who had drawn near the fire, he did not break the seal; but desiring Louis to ring the bell, requested the senor to permit the servant, who instantly appeared, to show him to an apartment, where he should have proper attendance, after so in-

element a journey.

As soon as the Spaniard had withdrawn, Mr. Athelstone opened the packet: it presented one for himself, and another for his nephew. Never before had Louis received a letter, directed to himself, from his father. Though he always persevered in the duty of addressing his only parent, yet, until this moment, the answers were never more than acknowledging messages through his guardian. It was, therefore, with a peculiar feeling of recognition,—a conviction of being now owned by his father's heart as a son,—that Louis opened the first letter he had ever received from his hand. Its contents were these:—

"My dear Son,—I hear from the Marquis Santa Cruz that you are worthy the name you bear; that your acquirements do eredit to the liberality of your education; and that you are not deficient in ambition to bring these implements to the test. I offer you an opportunity. Accompany the bearer to the Continent. He is my secretary, and has my commands to present you to a person there who will put your talents to the trial. Should the result be to your honour, you shall not be long withheld from the embrace of your father.

"WILLIAM, Baron De Ripperda."

" Madrid, November, 1725."

Louis pressed these welcome commands to his lips; then turning to communicate their happy tidings to Mr. Athelstone, he saw the eyes of the venerable man still bent on the other packet, while the spectacles which he held in his hand, bore tearful proofs how little was his sympathy with the joy that beat in the heart of his nephew. Louis took that trembling hand, and kissed it without speaking.

"I know, my child, that you are going to leave me;—I know that you are glad to go; and it is natural: but an old man's tears

are natural too.'

Louis grieved for the grief of his uncle. He anticipated his own pangs in the moment of separation from so paternal a friend,—from an aunt and cousin so beloved: but he did not feel a wish to escape those pangs an hour by delaying the journey that was to draw him nearer to his father, and to the indistinct but, he hoped, sure objects of his long-cherished ambition. He was, indeed, drawn by two attractions,—the one tender and persuading, the other powerful and imperative; and his soul leaped to the latter, as to its congenial element.

In a few minutes Mr. Athelstone recovered his wonted screnity. "The time is now come," said he, "when I must put forth from my bosom the sacred deposit I have so fondly eherished. Yes, Louis; your spirit, more than your years, demands its active destination; and I will not murmur, that the moment for which I have educated your mind and your body is at last arrived." He then read aloud, and with composure, the letter which the baron had addressed to him; but it was not more explanatory than the other, of the circumstances in which he meant to place his son.

The secretary re-entered. On Mr. Athelstone putting some civil questions to him, respecting his present fatigue and his late long journey, he abruptly answered, "That as his arrival had been delayed by contrary winds, and the severity of the season did not promise a more propitious voyage in returning, it would be necessary for him and Mr. De Montemar to take leave of Morewick Hall the following morning."

The baron's letter to Mr. Athelstone told him that Louis must yield implicit deference to the arrangements of Castanos; and in reply to some remonstrance from the pastor for a less hasty departure, the senor coolly observed, "That at Ostend he and his charge were to meet their order of route; and should they arrive there a day later than the one fixed by the baron, the consequence might peril their safety. Indeed, that no appendage might encumber their progress, his lord had commanded him to deny to Mr. De Montemar the indulgence of taking a servant from England."

Mr. Athelstone made many inquiries, to gather something of the object of so peremptory a summons; but he received no satisfaction from the secretary; who, with even morose brevity, continued to affirm his total ignorance of what was to follow the introduction of his charge to his new guardian. His own office went no further than to conduct Mr. De Montemar, by a particular day, to the Continent; but who he was to meet there, or how he was to be employed, future events must explain. The frank-hearted pastor became uneasy at this mystery; and the more so, as, from the secretary's hint (which he appeared vexed at having dropped), it seemed connected with danger. "Yet it is his father who summons him into such circumstances," said the good man to himself; "and surely I may trust a father's watchfulness over his only sou!"

Louis's imagination had taken fire at what chilled the heart of his uncle. That there was a demand on his courage in the proposed trial, swelled his ardent breast with exultation. "As yet," thought he, "I have tried my strength like a boy only, in exercise or in pastime!" He wanted to grapple with danger, with the heart and the arm of a man, and for a cause that would sanctify the hazard of his life. "And to something like this," cried he mentally, "my father calls me! He calls me, as becomes the son of his race, to share the labours, the perils, of his glorious career! I am now to prove my claim to so noble a birthright; and I will prove it. O gracious Heaven! give me but to deserve honour of my father, and I ask no other boon of the world's honours!"

Mr. Athelstone saw that strong emotions were agitating the occupied mind of his nephew; and reading their import in the lofty expressions of his countenance, he did not check their impulse by recalling his attention to present objects; but proceeded in silence to open the packet from Santa Cruz; hoping that its contents might cast a light upon the destiny of Louis. The letter was short; chiefly thanking the pastor and his family for their kindness to himself and his son during their visit at Lindisfarne. Writing of Ferdinand, he added that his health was materially improved, though his spirits continued unequal. To cradicate these remains of indisposition, he meant to engage him in active service, should

the present dispute between Austria and Spain (commenced on a question of commercial prerogative) lead to open hostilities. The marquis concluded his letter by saving, that he enclosed three packets from Don Ferdinand, as offerings of respect to the ladies of Lindisfering.

Mr. Athelstone believed he had now found a clue to the affair of danger, to which Louis was to be introduced. He did not doubt that the baron meant to engage his son also, in the anticipated warfare between their Catholic and Cæsarian Majesties. The halting at Ostend seemed to corroborate this surmise; its new commercial company being the very subject in discussion between the rival powers. But still the immediate peril which threatened any delay in arriving there, remained as little explained as before.

When Louis perused the marquis's letter, he also supposed he was called to a military life; and as that was the point to which he had most wistfully directed his glory-attracted eye, the intimation at once fixed his vague anticipations; and rising from his seat, while his thoughts flashed on Wharton's gay demand to write "man" upon his brow, he glanced on Prince Eugene's mailed portrait over the fire-place; and smiling to his uncle said, "This is the toga virilis, that has ever been the object of my vows!"

"God grant," cried the pastor, mournfully returning his playful

smile, "that it may not be steeped in blood!"

"And if found in the bed of honour," replied Louis, "I should

not rest the worse for it!"

"You sport, my child, with these gloomy suggestions; and may you ever have the same cause for smiling at the advance of death! I know the passion of your soul to be always in the path of duty; and that in such pursuit, the rugged and the smooth, the safe or dangerous, are to you alike. Nourish this principle, as that of your part in the covenant of your salvation. But keep a clear eye in discerning between duty and inclination. Remember, that no enterprise is great that is not morally good; that war is murder, when it commences in aggression; and that policy is villany when it seeks to aggrandize by injustice. In short, in whatever you do, consider the aim of your action, and your motive in undertaking its accomplishment. Be single-minded in all things, having the principle of the divine laws, delivered by the Son of the Highest Himself, as the living spring of every action throughout your life. Then, my Louis, you may smile in life and in death! You will be above the breath of man, beyond his power to disappoint you in your reward; for it will abide with you, in the consciousness of peace with God, and a sure hope of eternal glory.'

While the pastor was yet speaking, Mrs. Coningsby and her daughters entered from a Christmas visit they had been paying in the neighbouring town of Warkworth. They started at sight of a stranger dozing in the great chair by the fire. Overcome with fatigue, Castanos had fallen asleep almost immediately after he had given his last unsatisfactory reply. The entranee of the ladies roused him, and he got up heavily from his seat, when Mr. Athelstone presented him to his niece, and briefly told his errand. Surprise at the suddenness of the summons, and dismay at parting with a companion so dear, overcame Mrs. Coningsby, and she sunk

into a chair. Tears stole down the cheeks of Cornelia: and Alice stood motionless, pale, and silent. After these first emotions had a little subsided, Mr. Athelstone, anxious to divert their thoughts, presented Don Ferdinand's three packets; and repeating the young Spaniard's request, that each lady would inspect her present alone. he added his own wish, that they would indulge the donor now. The hint was immediately adopted, for Mrs. Coningsby understood its purport; and, divining her uncle's tenderness for the sensibility of his nieces, she left him to discuss with Louis the many arrangements necessary to a separation, which might be final to most of the party The remainder of the day was hardly long enough for the preparations each inmate of the hall was solicitous to produce, to render the journey and voyage of their beloved Louis as free of privations as possible. In the consequent bustle, no time was allowed for dwelling on its occasion, or giving way to the regrets which often turned the heart faint in the midst of the body's exertions. "To-morrow, in the hour of parting, we will indulge our sorrow. We will then show our Louis our love, and our grief at the separation?" With these thoughts Mrs. Coningsby and Cornelia stilled their often-rising emotions; while Mr. Athelstone, reading in the feverish activity of their services what was passing in their minds, meditated how to spare them and his nephew the agitating hour they anticipated.

When the family parted for the night, it was settled that Louis and his foreign conductor should not leave the hall the next morning until after breakfast; and therefore they should all meet again round that dear domestic table, and there exchange the dreaded word, "Farewell." Mrs. Coningsby observed, that before she slept she must write a few lines to thank Don Ferdinand for the fine Moorish shawls his gratitude had presented to herself and her daughters; and she would give the letter to Louis in the morning. Then, as was the custom in this affectionate family on retiring to their rooms, he touched the cheek of his aunt with his lips, and shook hands with his cousins, when he bade, "God bless them."

With a body unwearied, and a mind too excited to admit of any sleep this night, he was passing to his apartment, when his uncle opened the door of his own chamber, and beckoned him in. The  $\hat{\mathbf{v}}$  enerable man there informed him that he alone of all the family would bid him farewell the next morning. That he feared the fortitude of Mrs. Coningsby and his nieces, in so severe a trial; and had therefore made arrangements to prevent it. Louis listened with gratitude, though with brimming eyes, to the good old man's account of his having ordered the travelling chaise to be at the lodge-gate by daybreak; and that he had prepared Señor Castanos to be ready at so unexpected an hour; and to permit his charge to see his maternal uncle before they set out. In the usual routine of his movements, Sir Anthony had been some time at Athelstone Manor, where he always opened his Christmas hospitalities. As that mansion was on the banks of the Tyne, not far from Neweastle. where the travellers were to embark, his nephew would thus have an opportunity of paying his parting duty, without impeding his journey by going out of the way.

Louis left his kind guardian, with a promise of attending to the

first tap at his door next morning, and in a more pensive mood proceeded to his dressing-room. On opening the door, he saw Alice seated by his table. Her lamp stood beside her: and its faint light gleamed upon her pallid features. He started with astonish ment; for she had so long estranged herself from his slightest attentions, that Alice was the last person he could have expected to find at such a moment in his apartment. However, he approached her tenderly. On seeing him, she buried her head in the cushions of the chair, and evidently wept, though silently; for as he spoke, and soothed her (though vaguely, as he could not guess the reason of this solitary visit), he felt the tears trickle through her fingers on his hand. At last she was able to command her speech, though she still concealed her face; and when she did find utterance, it was some time before she dared touch upon the secret that preyed upon her peace and her life. She told him she was miserable; that her health was consuming under a sense of her deception to the best of mothers, of sisters, and of guardians; and unless she did seize this, her last opportunity, perhaps, of unburthening her soul to the only friend to whom she could do so, without breaking a fatal vow, she felt that she must die; she could not exist much longer under the tortures of her conscience, and the miseries of her heart. Amazed and alarmed, Louis listened to her, tried to calm her, and encouraged her to repose a full confidence in him. At length, amidst paroxysms of tears and agonies of shame. she narrated all that had passed between herself and Don Ferdinand, adding, that since she had made him the guilty vow of concealing their attachment from those who ought to know all her thoughts, she had never known a moment's happiness.

Louis was struck dumb with this recital. The brevity of her acquaintance with Don Ferdinand might yet have been long enough to allow his accomplished manners and interesting state to make an impression on so young and sympathizing a heart; she therefore found a ready excuse with her cousin. But what was he to think of Don Ferdinand? of the advantage he had taken of her tender and guileless nature, to betray her into a confession and a yow so sure to sacrifice her peace; and which, from his acknowledged situation, could bring no gratification to him, but the dis-

graceful consciousness of a triumph to his vanity?

Louis's fixed silence, while occupied in these thoughts, struck Alice like the voice of condemnation. She gazed distractedly in his face, and exclaimed in despair, "You think I am unpardonable. You think I deserve to die, miserable and unforgiven! Oh, wretched, guilty Alice! break, break your heart, for there is none to pity you!" As she uttered this, in a hardy articulate voice, she threw herself back into the chair, sobbing and wringin her hands in bitter anguish. The violence of her emotions recalled Louis to recollection; and soothing her excessive remorse with every palliative that affection could suggest, he at last succeeded in restoring her to some degree of composure. She told him that her purpose in revealing her wretched story to him at this time was not merely to unburthen her loaded soul, but to prevail on him to convey a letter to Ferdinand, in which she had implored him to

release her from her guilty vow of concealment. "I have warned him," continued she, "that if he hold me to this impious pledge, it will not be for long; for I cannot live in my present selfabhorring condition. But, should my life be lengthened under these circumstances, to be my punishment, I will never consent to see his face again, till he has released me from so sinful an engagement."

Louis warmly applauded her resolution.

"Do not praise me," eried she; "do not call it resolution. I am unworthy of approbation for anything. I do not resolve; I only feel that I can know no happiness, endure no person, but continue to detest myself, till this guilt be taken from my mind, by a

full confession, and prayer for my mother's pardon.'

Alice showed a letter, which had some in the packet directed to her by Ferdinand, and which he had secured her receiving free from observation, by his apparently whimsical request, that each lady should inspect her present alone. The letter contained protestations of inviolable attachment; petitions for her constancy; and exhortations to keep their secret, till the success of the plan he had in view brought him again to her feet. He had enclosed a miniature of himself in the shawl which was his ostensible present to her. "I will never look on it again," said she, "till he remove from himself the guilt of holding me in this wicked undutifulness to my

family."

Louis engaged, should they not meet at Madrid, to send forward her letter to Don Ferdinand; and to enclose it in one from himself, giving his thoughts on the subject, as became his near relationship to her, and fraternal regard for her happiness. He assured her he would write with a scrupulous eare not to irritate the feelings which had excited her lover to deprive him of her sisterly affection. And aware that her self-acensing state of mind could not bear up against the representation he would fain have made of Ferdinand's entire selfishness in so binding her, Louis contented himself with advising Alice (as some restitution to her family for all the misery her melancholy and illness had made them suffer) to dismiss as much as possible all painful retrospections; and to console herself with the conviction that she was now re-treading her steps in the path of duty. "Cheer yourself with this thought," said he, "till the tidings shall arrive which will take the seal from your lips. Then confess all; and, reconciled by a tender pardon, to your family and to yourself, you will again become the happy Alice."

She wept while he spoke. But it was no more the stormy grief of despair; she shed the balmy tears of penitence and hope. It was the genial shower upon the thirsty ground. "You have spoken comfort to me, Louis. I have not been so happy since the dawn of the fatal morning, when my impious adjuration called down these months of misery upon my wretched head. Oh, if Ferdinand could have guessed this, would he have denied me such a comforter?"

Louis gently reminded her that she must seek a comforter in a Superior Being, and in the exertions of her own mind: "You have ever, my Alice," said he, "been the idol of your family; and even to this day they support you with a watchfulness, as if you were

still in infancy: yet, you see, how inadequate has been all this anxiety, to preserve you from error, and its consequent sorrows. By experience you must now feel that the care of the tenderest relations can be of no permanent effect, unless you assist it with your own circumspection and strength. Look not for comfort from one side or another, till you have found its principle in your own bosom; that is to say, till you resolve to act according to your duty. And this is, not merely to grieve over your fault, and yearn to confess it and be forgiven; but to lay a restraint upon your sensibility and the violence of your regrets; and from this hour to devote the whole of your mind to the re-establishment of happiness in your family. Return to your former occupations. Meditate less upon Don Ferdinand and yourself; and think more of your mother, your sister, and your guardian. For their sakes try to be cheerful, and you will be so. In one word, my dearest Alice, remember, that to perform our duty in this world we must sustain our own virtue by self-exertion and prayer; and not habituate ourselves to the uncertain support of others."

"Why, my dear Louis, have I never heard these sentiments before? With such forewarning I should never have erred."

"You might have heard them often; for our revered uncle has frequently talked to me in this way in your presence. But my sweet Alice was not then awakened to such subjects. You regarded them as grave discourses, in which you could be as little interested

as in the map of a country you never intended to visit."

"And I went astray in that very country!" cried she; "simpleton that I was; always to turn away from everything but the pursuits of a child!" She was anxious to engage Louis to correspond with her; but as he could not write anything to her that would not pass under the eye of the whole family, he told her she had best rest satisfied with his exertions for her release; and when he had obtained it from Don Ferdinand he would then write openly, and tell her all his thoughts on an affair so momentous to her present and future happiness. The hall clock struck one. Alice rose: she put his hand to her lips, and smiled through her tears:—"I cannot be at this morning's breakfast!—But now—dear, dear Louis—best of friends—farewell!"—Her head dropped upon his shoulder, where she struggled with two or three convulsive sobs. He pressed her to his heart, and in vain tried to repel the tears which started to his eyes: they flowed over her face as he supported her trembling steps to the door of her apartment. When he had brought her to the threshold, she uttered a breathless God bless you! and, breaking from his arms, threw himself into the room. The door was closed:—he heard her sob:—but tearing himself away, he returned, with a heavy load at his heart, to his own chamber.

# CHAPTER X.

#### THE EASTERN COAST OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE silver gleams of a winter morning streaked the horizon, as the chaise which conveyed Louis De Montemar from the friends of his youth, mounted the heights of Warkworth, and gave him a last glimpse of Morewick Hall, lying in its shroud of mist at the bottom of the valley. The smoke of his uncle's chimney, beside which he had just received that venerable man's parting embrace and blessing, was mingling its grey volumes with the ascending vapours. A bleak and gusty wind tossed their shadowy billows around the ancient pinnacles of the building; but no smoke arose from any other chimney. There was no opened window-shutter; no sign of any other of the dear inhabitants being awake. The good old man was, then, weeping alone, and chastening his tears with an earnest prayer for the preservation of his beloved nephew!

"And 'the prayer of the righteous availeth much!" said Louis to himself, fixing his eyes on the golden disk just peeping above the distant rim of the ocean: "Separated lovers have preserved their constancy, by a promise that each would remember the other, when the sun set or rose! and when I look on you rising or setting orb, shall I not remember, that at those hours, my venerable uncle is on his knees to Heaven, for the conservation of my constancy to a better love than that of woman?" As the turning of his carriage down an abrupt declivity snatched the whole of the vale of Coquet from his view, Louis thought of his aunt and Cornelia; how, in another hour, they would be looking in vain for his entrance into the breakfast-parlour; and, what would be the burst of their grief, when they should be told that he was gone; that he had found the heart to leave them without one affectionate farewell! He almost regretted that he had spared himself and them a pang which, he began to think, would have been more tolerable than the idea they might entertain, that a passion for novelty had rendered him neglectful of their parting tenderness. The wan countenance, and piteous accents of Alice, next presented themselves to his imagination; and, painful as were many of his thoughts connected with her recent disclosure, he could not but rejoice that her timely remorse, and as critical a resolution, had afforded him an opportunity to make his last act in the home of his youth, one that might repay his vast debt of gratitude to her mother. These reflections accompanied him over many a moorland track, tenanted by black game, or caverned beneath with coal mines; and at night the gleaming fires round the pits, with their wandering vapoury lights, lit him along moor and fell, till the sulphurous cloud which usually canopies the city of Newcastle, received his vehicle. It then whirled down the steep hill into the town.

At Athelstone Manor, a few miles south of the city, he met his uncle Sir Anthony; and, as he expected, had to listen to many a rough remonstrance, against obedience to so abrupt a summons. Louis did not use much argument in his replies, the reasoning of which, good or bad, he knew would be equally disregarded; but with assurances that neither distance nor time should lessen his affection for the friends he left behind, he sought to dissipate his uncle's thoughts from the subject of debate; and so far succeeded, as to pass the remainder of the day with him in tolerable cheerfulness. But when the master of the vessel, that was to convey the trayellers to Ostend, appeared at the manor, to announce that the

wind served, and the ship was ready to sail, the newly restored good humour of the baronet was put to the proof: and it did not stand the trial. He burst into invectives against the baron, for reclaiming his son; against the pastor, for admitting his authority; and poured forth a torrent of reproaches on his nephew, for so readily consenting to quit relations who loved and honoured him, to become dependent on the caprices of a father, who seemed to consider himself rather the patron than the parent of his son.

Louis sawit would be vain to reason with his violence; and that all he could do was to take a grateful and steady leave of his uncle. Sir Anthony clung to him, mingling entreaties for his stay with upbraidings for his departure. And, amidst vows of entailing on him all he possessed if he would remain, and oaths to cut him off with a shilling if he persisted to go, Louis tore himself away; leaving his uncle, in an agony of grief and exasperation, in the arms

of his servants.

Distressed by the outrageous emotions of Sir Anthony, so different from the chastened feelings of the pastor, whose profound affections smoothed by their fulness the rising sorrow of the parting moment, Louis found a refuge, though a dreary one, in the solitude of his cabin. He sat for some hours, alone and silent, in the increasing gloom. The evening gun fired from the fort at the mouth of the harbour; and in a few minutes Castanos appeared with a lamp. He set it on the table, and without remark threw himself into the berth appropriated to his use. Louis was not in a mood to desire companionship; and with little more than a gracions word or two of thanks to the civilities of the master and his mate, as they stepped in at intervals to inquire how he fared, he passed most part of the night musing in his chair. Next morning, at dawn, when he pressed his repeater, and counted the hour, he calculated that if the breeze had continued, his vessel must now be far from the coast; and fearing to lose a last look of the shore where he first remembered consciousness of being, and where he had imbibed, from friends dear to his heart, all the valued impulses of his soul, he sprang from the cot on which he lay, and stepped upon deck. The lonely helmsman was at his post, gazing at the stars, and steering slowly to windward. To leeward stretched darkly along the horizon the embattled cliffs of Northumberland.

"Majestic England!" said he, as he turned towards them; "how do thy lofty rocks declare thy noble nature! There liberty has stationed her throne; there virtue builds her altar; and there peace has planted her groves! I leave thee, to prove myself worthy of being thy adopted son. I go far away, to send a good report to the dear friends slumbering behind thy promontories. England, beloved, honoured! Where shall I find a country like thee? Will gorgeous Spain be to me what thy simple glades have been?" He

smiled at his own soliloguy.

"I go not to luxurious groves, to gorgeous indolence," cried he; "my errand is to the arena of populous cities; to win or lose myself in the Olympic struggles of man with man."

Louis forgot the receding shores of his country and its beloved

inhabitants, in the idea these images suggested; and, forgetful alike of the wintry blast, he only drew his thick closer around him; and, cradled in the coiled cable of the anchor, with his eyes half closed, he continued to meditate on what might be his future destiny; dreaming of martial achievements, and a succession of visionary triumphs, till the bright phantoms were lost in the chaos of a sound sleep.

## CHAPTER XI.

#### OSTEND AND VIENNA.

A PROSPEROUS voyage brought the travellers pleasantly to Ostend. Castanos found the instructions he expected, and he informed his charge, that his lord's commands were, they should proceed immediately to the metropolis of Germany; for there Louis was to meet his father's friend. Surprised, but not displeased at so extraordinary a route, when he had expected to go direct to Spain, though a little disappointed, he checked his impatience, and cheerfully set forward; not indeed permitting the curiosity natural to his thirst for knowledge to detain him a moment in any of the countries

through which he travelled.

On a dark evening in January, Louis and his guide arrived at Vienna. The streets were in so profound a gloom, he could not have guessed he was now in one of the most magnificent capitals of the world, had he not received some intimation of its greatness, by the extent of pavement he went over, from the point of the town at which he entered to that which was to be his destination. While driven along, he perceived some other proofs that he was indeed in the modern Cæsarean metropolis. He passed noble houses, whose open gates showed they were superbly illuminated, and whence proceeded strains of gay music, that gave sign of life and festivity within. Castanos remarked, that these were palaces of the nobility. Exhilarated by the splendour of the lights, Louis inquired whether the house he was going to promised as much consolation after a tedious journey. "But I flatter myself it will," added he, "from what I understand of the general rank of my father's friends."

"As the Baron de Ripperda is a nobleman of an universal acquaintance," replied Castanos, "he has friends of every rank in every country."

In this instance, as in others, Louis saw he could get nothing satisfactory from his companion; and aware that a little forbearance must explain whither he was going, and what was to be his errand, he asked no more questions. When his carriage passed out of the brilliant halo, which surrounded the immediate vicinity of these palaces, it seemed to enter the regions of tenfold night; so severe was the contrast from full illumination to rayless darkness. After an intricate drive of another half hour, the wheels no longer rattled on pavement, but turning abruptly down a narrow turfy lane, the leafless branches of its trees brushed across the earriage windows, while it jolted onward over a very rough road. A speck

of light appeared in the extreme distance. As the heavy vehicle rumbled forward, the light seemed to increase in size, and Louis soon after perceived it to be a flambeau, held in the hand of a man. When the carriage approached, this person opened a pair of large iron gates, under a high archway, through which the travellers im. mediately passed. All around was dark, vast, and dreary; not even a single lamp chased the deep shadows from a court-yard of immense extent. The man mounted the steps of a huge black building, sufficiently capacious for a palace, but gloomy enough to be a prison. Louis followed Castanos and the flambeau-bearer across a large cold hall, up a wide staircase, mildewed and crazy, and through a long echoing gallery, into a saloon, the distant extremities of which, like the outer court, were lost in deep shadow. A pair of wax lights, flaring in the wind, stood upon a great clawtable, whose once gilded surface was now browned by time and neglect. Little more furniture was visible than a couple of chairs of similar fabric, two or three gigantic pier glasses, reflecting the persons in the apartment, in ghost-like obscurity, and a brasier of newly kindled fuel, sluggishly glimmering on the hearth.

Louis started at a reception so different from the cordial comforts of Morewick Hall;—so different from the social welcome of Athelstone Manor;—so dismally different from the anticipated magnificence of a palace at Vienna, and the hospitable greeting of his father's friend! He paused at the threshold; then, smiling at the effeminacy of his disgust, entered, light of foot and of heart, saying to himself, "Do I shrink at so poor a trial of my spirit? My father has guessed the sin of my breeding; and thus disciplines the

spoiled boy."

Louis might have been wearied, body and mind. He had travelled since the moment of his landing, without other sleep than that he had caught by snatches in his indefatigable vehicle. He might have been hungry, for he had tasted nothing since the break of day. But he felt none of these wants of nature, in his eagerness to meet, if not his father, his father's representative, and to receive from him that father's commands. When Louis entered the saloon, and so far took possession of its dismal hospitality, as to lay his hat and sword upon the table, Castanos called his attendant by the name of Gerard, and, whispering to him, they withdrew together. Louis sat for some time, expecting the re-entrance of the Spaniard, but no one appeared. He looked at his watch; it was near ten o'clock. From the hour, he supposed the taciturn secretary was staying away, in his usual care for his own supper; and that he would presently return. Louis sat composedly ten minutes after ten minutes; but at last his impatience to know why he was brought to so deserted an abode, and who he was to see there, got the better of his determination to quietly await events, and he rose to ring the bell. He took one of the candles to seek for this indispensable piece of furniture; but in no corner of the grim-visaged tapestry, could he find even its remains. He opened the door and called Castanos. No voice made answer but the dull vibration of his own from the numerous vacant apartments. With the candle in his hand, he retraced his way to the great hall, still calling on Castanos, and then on Gerard; but with as little success. Determined to find somebody, he turned down a paved passage to the quarter that seemed to lead to the offices. Not a living creature presented itself; and all doors which appeared likely to open to the air were padlocked, and beyond his attempts to force. He returned to the hall to examine the great door; and found it unbolted, but locked, and the key taken away. He now comprehended that Castanos, and the only apparent inmate of the house, had left the place; that he was alone, and fastened in; but for what purpose he was thus betrayed into solitary confinement time only could declare. To quell the vague alarm that rose in his breast, he had again to recollect he was brought into these circumstances by his father's orders.

"but at any rate," thought he, "whether I am to meet friend or foe, there is no harm in keeping my sword at my side. It is just possible that Castanos may not be honest. He may not hold the rank in my father's establishment to which he pretends: he may not be the very Castanos; should he be a menial domestic, instead of a confidential secretary (and from his avoiding my presence at all opportunities, and being so unwilling to converse when obliged to be with me, it does not appear very doubtful), then I may, indeed, be in the hands of a villain. He knows the generosity of my two uncles has made me a no contemptible object of plunder; and—in short, I do not like appearances!" With these ideas he hastily re-ascended the stairs to the saloon. He found his sword safe, and lost no time in returning it to his belt. "What," cried he, "would be the reproaches of Sir Anthony, could he guess my present situation? What the distress at dear Morewick did they know that their Louis, for the first time in his life, now feels the touch of fear?"

Murder in this loneliness—to die under the hands of ruffians, and be no more heard of by the beings he loved best—haunted his imagination while he walked to and fro, examining again and again the locks of his pistols. He had one in his hand, when he heard the rumbling wheels in the court-yard. Shortly afterwards steps sounded in the gallery, and the saloon door being open, Louis saw Castanos approaching with his usual slowness. He

entered the apartment, and laid a letter on the table.

"For me?" said Louis. "From whom?"

"Its contents will tell you, senor."

When Louis glanced on the superscription, he saw it was the handwriting of his father. While he broke the seal, Castanos disappeared again! The letter was as follows:—

"My dear Louis!—This welcomes you to Vienna; and, if you conduct yourself as I hope, it welcomes you also to me and to the world! It was the dying injunction of your mother to her father, that you should be brought up to honour me with a double duty. You can never forget the contents of the letter which she wrote to her infant son, from her death-bed; and which your uncle Richard was to open to you on your twelfth birth-day? It told you to love your father, as she had done! and to commit yourself in all things to his guidance.

"You are now called upon to act by this sacred exhortation. To be obedient in love and in fear to a parent, who received her legacy of tenderness for you, into his own bosom, and who will hereafter

pay it with interest from his heart.

Now that she is gone, you are the only creature existing with whom I can identify my own being; that is, communicate my thoughts and my actions without reserve. Your interest is my interest: and till time and experience have given you judgment to guide your own proceedings, my judgment must be yours. You are yet a boy in years; though a manly person, and, I understand, a mind of no common eapaeity, give you at twenty the appearance of maturity. But, remember, it is appearance only. Talents and good dispositions are the implements of wisdom, not wisdom's self; she is born of time and experience; and shows her proof, in hard probation. The scenes in which you have hitherto been an actor amongst the simple inhabitants of a remote province in England. are child's play to the parts you may now be called to perform. I am about to present you to the world, to aspiring, subtle, treacherous mankind. You must be instructed in every movement, prompted. and supported. I have provided means to these ends; and all you have to do is to resign yourself with doeility to the masters I set over you. Should impertinent euriosity, or refractory wilfulness. or any other perversity in your conduct, traverse my present trial of your character, we never meet! You shall return whence you came; and only as one dead, hold a place in the memory of your father. The child of my spotless wife shall not be denied an ample provision, but I will never cherish as my son one who is an alien to my spirit.

"On the night of your arrival at Vienna, Castanos has my commands to introduce you to a person who will give evidence of coming from me, by showing you a duplicate of that picture of your mother which your grandfather bequeathed to me. Being so assured, you must revere and obey that person in word and deed, as you would revere and obey me, and ever hope to behold the face of your father.

your tatner.
"Madrid."

"WILLIAM, "Baron De Ripperda."

There were family references in this letter, which affected the heart of a son; and though the style was generally severe, yet there was also a promise of such full future confidence, that Louis could not but press it to his lips as the earnest of a fellowship with his father he was determined to deserve. The first sight of the letter had removed all suspicion of his guide from his mind; and having read it with a beating heart, he walked up and down the room, impatiently awaiting the introduction of his father's friend. Again he heard the approach of steps; but it was now of two persons. He stopped in the middle of the floor, his eyes rivetted to the door, which in a few minutes was thrown open by Castanos; and a man of commanding stature, wrapped in a cloak, and with a large hat flapped over his brows, entered alone into the chamber. The door was immediately closed. He stepped a few paces forward;

and putting up the projecting brim of his hat, over which hung a heavy black plume, that threw a yet deeper shade over his eyes, still their piercing glance shot at once through the soul of Louis.

The stranger stood; and, without speaking, continued to look steadfastly on his future charge. With a progressive movement of his powerful eve, he perused the lineaments of Louis's face and figure from head to foot. Louis gazed on him in turn; and wondered at the awe he felt of an unknown being, whose haughty port and unceremonious investigation rather announced the future tyrant than the guardian of his conduct. Hitherto his independent spirit had been wout to start like fire from the flint, at any touch of oppression; and he could not but marvel within himself. why he should both fear and respect the stern aspect of this extraordinary man. The loftiness of his mien was well adapted to the countenauce, which the raised brim of the hat disclosed. Dark mustachios and a pointed beard marked his lip and chin; while the marble hue of his commanding features seemed to turn even luridly pale, as the brightness of his deeply-set eyes flashed from under their shadowy brows upon his immoveable companion. Louis could not withdraw his rivetted eye from the searching gaze of the stranger; and he said to himself, "I am thus struck, because it is the representative of my father that stands before me—it is he whom that father has commanded me to reverence as himself!" While he ended this short soliloguy, he unconsciously obeyed the sentiment of his mind, and respectfully bowed his head. This action seemed to recall the stranger from the abstraction with which he was scanning his future pupil; and approaching him with a step which mingled a prince's dignity with the firmness of a soldier, he took Louis's hand, grasped and wrung it as if with some sudden sting of mental anguish; and then, abruptly relinquishing it, threw himself into a chair, and pulling the beaver of his hat over his face, sat for some time leaning his head upon his hand, and preserving the silence which had not yet been broken. Louis stood opposite to him, contemplating with interest and expectation the futher development of this friend of his father. At last the strauger spoke.

"Louis De Montemar," said he.

At the sound of his name, ejaculated by one who had continued so portentously silent, Louis started; and his heart laboured in his breast. He was now going to be told the secret of his destiny; what it was his father demanded of his strength of mind or bodily exertion; and how he was to prove himself worthy to be received as his son. The stranger had paused on uttering his first address. But it was only for a moment. Again the lightning of his eyes flashed upon the face of his auditor, and he resumed; and what he said was in French language.

"Louis De Montemar, you have read the letter which I conveyed

to you from your father the Baron De Ripperda?"

"I have."

Again the stranger bent his head on his hand. The long plumes covered his face from observation; but Louis perceived that his whole frame trembled. After another, and a longer pause, he

spoke again.—"And you are prepared to obey your father's injunction, contained in that letter?"

"I am. For I believe my father would not so entirely commit the temporal, and therefore eternal, welfare of his son, to any man

who is not worthy of the charge."

The stranger rose from his seat. "I am the man to whom your father has consigned this awful trust; and I accept your obedience. Know me as the Sicur Ignatius; and whatever else I may seem hereafter, it is not your interest to seek into. Your duty is to know of me no more than what I tell you; and to obey me, as if you knew me, without reserve. To-morrow, at noon, your task shall be appointed. Meanwhile, stir not honee Refresh yourself from the fatigues of your journey, and rest confident in me and your father. There is my pledge."

Before Louis could find words in a foreign language to answer

Before Louis could find words in a foreign language to answer satisfactorily to himself so extraordinary a speech, the Sieur Ignatius had laid the promised miniature of the late baroness upon the table, and disappeared from the room. Louis took it up—it was a clasped ease—held it for a moment, and then put it in his bosom. He was too exhausted in body and mind to venture to look upon it.

## CHAPTER XII.

# THE OLD CHÂTEAU, AND THE WINTER DANUBE.

HAVING partaken of a slight refreshment, which the solitary domestic of the mansion set before him, Louis desired to be conducted to his bedehamber. The man opened a door at the further extremity of the saloon, and the weary traveller followed into an apartment even more desolate than the one he had left. The dull cold light of a winter moon, shrouded in snow elouds, gleamed through the mouldering remnants of what had been once damask curtains. These perishing relies of departed grandeur were all the furniture which presented itself to the eye of Louis, while he looked around for a place of rest. At last, in a distant recess, deep in darkness, the candle he held in his hand showed a mass of something heaped together. He approached, and found his own travelling palliasse on the floor, and his baggage so disposed, as to supply the place of chair and table. In recognising even these poor necessaries to the repose he needed, Louis cast not a thought on the comforts he did not see; but, thanking God for the good provided, stretched himself upon his hard bed, and soon was wrapped in a balmy slumber. After a night of profound sleep, the bright smile of the awakened sun played on his eyelids; and starting from his pallet, with his usual morning spring of joy, he hailed the brilliancy of the open day. In an apartment close to his chamber, he found that luxury of the Continent (which even this deserted mansion retained), a bath; and having enjoyed its refreshment, with spirits ready for whatever task might be assigned him, he prepared to meet again his mysterious visitor.

On re-entering the saloon, the gloominess which had appalled him the preceding evening was no longer there; it had disappeared before the chaser of shadows, and he advanced to a window, to see what evidence of neighbourhood would present itself without. A view as novel as it was gay and picturesque burst upon his sight. Under the windows stretched a high balustraded terrace, with broad stone steps leading down to a garden, intersected with parterres and long vistas, foliaged with glittering icicles. The ground was white with snow, which had been falling all night; and nothing having tracked the deserted walks, it lay in shining smoothness, as far as to the low wall which bounded the garden. Beyond its parapet, trees of loftier growth stretched their ample arms over a plain that banked the mighty waters of the Danube, now arrested by the

mightier hand of winter into a vast substantial causeway.

At this early hour in the morning, and on that long line of ice whose limits were lost in the horizon, all Vicnna and its surrounding country seemed assembled. Carriages, of various forms and colours, elevated on sledges, and filled by their owners, of as various quality and habits, swept along in every direction. Men and women, mounted on skates, darted past each other with the velocity of light; some with baskets of merchandise on their heads, and others simply wrapped in their bearskins—speeded forward on errands of business or of pleasure. Many of the sledged carriages took the direction of a beautiful island, in the midst of the river. It was crowned with cedars, and every other tree of perpetual green. They parted their verdant ranks to give place to a sloping glade, on whose smooth bosom stood a splendid but fantastie mansion. A thousand strains of music pierced the distant air, while the gay traineaux advanced in succession before its gilded colonnades.

Louis gazed and listened. How different was this unexpected, this brilliant scene from the sombre-suited winters of Northumberland! There the black and sterile rocks frowned borribly over the frozen stream, which lay in deathlike stillness under their leafless shade. But yet that awful pause of nature was dear to his contemplative and happy mind; it filled him with impressions of the gracious voice, which had spoken the world into existence out of the sterner solitude of chaos. And then, when his mood for such reflections changed, he had only to quit those caverns of cold and silence, to emerge at once into the warm, social circle of endearing kindred and animating friends! While, with a fixed eye, he was thus musing on the present and the past, Gerard entered the room, and placed a tray with breakfast on the table. Louis inquired for

Señor Castanos; the man answered, he was engaged

"With whom?"
"I do not know."

"Then I am not to expect him at breakfast?"

"He went out at sunrise."

Louis asked him no more questions, seeing that all around him

were under the same law of La Trappe.

His lonely meal was soon despatched; and as he found it impossible to fasten his attention to a book, or even to writing to the friends he loved, until he knew when he was to be removed from his strange situation, he left the table, and returned to his contemplations at the window. He was standing with folded arms, his

eyes rambling over the ever-varying scene on the river, and sometimes wishing to be one in the animated group, when, hearing a step on the floor, he turned round, and beheld his expected visitor. He wore the same enveloping dress as before; and, as before, shook aside the overhanging plumes of his hat as he advanced into the room. Louis was recovered from the amazement into which the mystery of his new guardian's address had thrown him on their first interview; but he did not attempt to dispel the awe impressed by his deportment, and his character as the Baron De Ripperda's friend; therefore he greeted his visitor's re-appearance with a collected, but profoundly respectful, demeanour. The Sieur Ignatius approached him.

"I need not inquire of your health this morning; you look well and cheerful; and these are signs of a constitution indispensable to

the fulfilment of your future duties."

Louis answered, with a grateful smile, that he had to thank Heaven for a vigorous frame, and for a destiny which, hitherto, had not afforded him an excuse for being otherwise than cheerful.

"The cheerfulness of a life in rural pursuits," observed Ignatius, "being the effect of active amusements, rather than of active duties, is a habit, and not a principle; and must be re-moulded, with stouter materials, to stand the buffets of the world. Louis, you are called from the happiness of self-enjoyment to that of selfsacrifice. You are called upon to toil for maukind."

"Point but the way, sir," cried Louis, in a subdued but earnest voice, "and, I trust, you shall not find me turn from it."

"It is in all respects different from the one you have left. Fond old age, and female partiality, have hitherto smoothed your path. In the midst of this effeminacy, I know you have meditated on a manly life—on the career of fame, its triumphs and its crown. But between the starting-point and the goal there is a wide abyss. The imagination of visionary youth overleaps it: but, in fact, it must be trod with strong, unwearied feet—with wariness, privation, and danger."

The eyes of Louis, flashing the brave ardours of his heart, (and which, he believed, were now to be summoned into licensed excrcise,) gave the only answer to the sieur's remarks; but it was

eloqueut of the high expectations the speaker had raised.

"Young man," coutinued his austere monitor, "I come to lay open this momentous pass to you; and once entered, you are no longer your own. You belong to mankind; you are devoted to labour for them; and, above all, I repeat, to sacrifice the daintiness of a pampered body, the passions of your soul, the affections of your heart, to the service of the country which was that of your ancestors, and to which your father is now restored.'

"I am ready, sir," exclaimed Louis, "to take my post, be it where it may; and I trust I shall maintain it as becomes my

father's son.

"At present," replied the sieur, "it is within these walls."

Louis looked aghast. The animation of hope, springing forward to military distinction, faded from his countenance. "Within these walls!—How?—What can be done here?—I believed—I

thought the army——." This incoherent reply was suddenly urrested by the steady fixture of Ignatius's eye. A pause ensued, doubly painful to Louis, on account of the shock his expectations had received, and because he had so weakly betrayed it. With the tint of shame displacing the paleness of disappointment, he stood before his father's friend, looking on the ground. At last the sieur spoke.

"What army do you speak of?"

With increased embarrassment, Louis replied, "The Spanish army—that which the Marquis Santa Cruz gave my nucle to understand might soon march against Austria, to compel the Emperor Charles to fulfil his broken treaties."

"And to meet that army in the heart of the Austrian capital," said Ignatius, "you thought was the object of your present summons?" Unable to speak, from a humiliating consciousness of absurdity. Louis coloured a deeper scarlet, and again cast his eyes to the ground. "No," continued the sieur; "there are ways of forcing sovereigns to do their duties, besides that which the sword eommands. If it will soothe your disappointment, to think that you labour in one of these, believe what you wish, and rest satisfied."

"I am satisfied," returned Louis; "and ready to be confined within these walls, at whatever employment, and for whatever time my father may choose to dictate.'

"Follow me."

While Ignatius pronounced his command, he opened the saloon door; and, crossing the gallery, stopped before another door at its extremity. He unlocked it; and Louis, who had obeyed his peremptory summons, followed him into a large solitary room, panelled with oak blackened by time and neglect; but in many parts elaborately earved. It was furnished with an escritoire, and a large table, covered with implements for writing.

"This, Louis de Montemar, is your post," cried the sieur, closing the door and bolting it. "Here you must labour for Spain, and your own destiny; and here," added he, in a decisive voice, "you must take an oath of implicit obedience, and of inviolable secrecy, that neither bribery of wealth, nor honours, nor beauty; nor threats of ruin, nor torments, nor of death, shall ever induce you

to betray what may be confided to you in this chamber."

Appalled at this demand, Louis did not answer. The sieur examined his changing countenance.

"You cannot hesitate to give me this guarantee of honour!"

"Honour does not need such a guarantee," replied Louis, turning on him the assured look of conscious worth; "trust me! and you shall find that, in no case where duty commands obedience or hononr enjoins silence, death itself can compel me to derelietion."

Ignatius shook his head. "This will not do in an affair like the present. When the interests of millions may hang upon a yea or nay, he who has it in his power to prononnee either must be bound, on the perdition of his soul, to atter that only which ensures the general safety." He paused for an answer. But Louis remaining silent, as if still unconvinced, his stern monitor resumed with augmented asperity. "I do not like this mineing nicety. It savours more of effeminate dreaming than of manly purpose to observe and to act. At a word take the oath I proffer; or prepare to set out this night on your return to England, to the absurd people who have taught you to pant for glory, but to start from its coming shadow."

The sieur turned haughtily away. The reasoning faculties of his pupil became confused. Was he doing right or wrong in resisting this demand? It called on him to stake his salvation on the performance of actions, and the preservation of secrets, the nature of which he neither knew nor could guess at. It seemed to him more than just that a stranger, however sanctioned, should, at so early a stage of acquaintance, expect that perfect reliance on his virtue as would warrant a man to take so awful a venture, as that of vowing to adopt all that stranger might propose. But the authority with which he pronounced the sentence, which should follow persisted refusal, struck Louis with astonishment. Who was he, that durst so fearlessly take on himself the responsibility of banishing, without appeal, and with disgrace, the son of the Baron de Ripperda? When Louis looked up with something of this question in his cyes, he met the searching glance of Ignatius.

"Young man," said he, "you think your honour insulted by the mention of an oath!—your honour, which is yet untried! which has passed through no ordeals but those presented by fantastic imagination! What must the Baron de Ripperda think, when he hears of a son who so insults his father's approved honour, as to doubt whether he ought to pledge his faith on that father's virtue? And, after all," added the sieur, "what more is demanded of you, than the surety which is offered every hour by the rest of mankind, on the slightest requisition, and on the commonest

occasions?"

"What is slightly assumed," returned Louis, "may be as slightly relinquished. And I trust that my father will not condemn, nor his friend continue to misjudge a hesitation, which springs from the inexpressible awe in which I hold the nature of an oath. By that most solemn of appeals, I have never yet called upon the presence of my Creator; therefore, I tremble to do it now. But," added he, "as it is the will of my father, who, through your agency, demands it of me, I consent: yet with a reservation I will yield to no man:

—The Law of God still to be my umpire! And I am ready to swear."

The sieur looked at him steadily, but not sternly. "It is well;" and opening his breast with those words, he took out a paper, and laying it down before Louis, said—"Subscribe that paper with your

name.'

Louis took it, and read a form of words in the Spanish language, which claimed his allegiance to Spain? by the privileges and pledges of his long line of ancestors, born in that realm; by the re-union of his father to that realm; and by the restitution which the king and council had made to him, of the Ripperda territories in Andalusia and Granada, forfeited to the crown in the year 1673 by the rebellious conduct of Don Juan de Montemar, his misled father, last

duke of that name. In just return for this grace from the land of his ancestors, William, the present Baron de Ripperda, had taken an oath of fealty to Philip and to Spain. And Louis de Montemer, his only son, and heir to all his possessions, honours, and civic duties, was called upon to devote himself, by the same solemn rite, to Spain as his country, and to Philip as his liege lord. At the end of this official document, a postscript was written in the baron's own hand, demanding of his son to add to the signature required, an oath to perform all that might be appointed him by his father, directly or indirectly, through the Sieur Ignatius, for the service of the king; and to hold all secrets confided to him for that purpose, inviolable as his Christian faith.

Louis, on reading this paper, saw nothing in these bonds (which his father's hand-writing had sanctified, and which he had scaled with so holy a measure of fidelity at the close) to suggest further hesitation; and without reluctance he set his name to the document, and pressed to his lips the sacred volume presented by the sieur.

"Now, Louis," said he, "your task is easy. Will is a conquering sword!" While he spoke, a smile played for a moment on his austere lip; but, like a sunbeam on a dark cloud, it suddenly disappeared, and all was gloom again. He opened the escritoire, and took from the shelves two thick scrolls, written in strange characters. Louis continued to gaze on the face of this mysterious man as he arranged the sheets on the table. The smile which had just lit up those lurid features, with the nameless splendours of mental heauty, was passed away; but the impression remained on his pupil's heart. Louis congratulated himself on the assurance that it gave him, and said inwardly, "I shall never forget that magic smile, so eloquent of every inward grace of mind and spirit! It is a pledge to me that I may love as well reverence its possessor."

Ignatius placed the papers before his attentive pupil, telling him they comprised his duty for the day; that he must copy them stroke by stroke; for the inaccuracy of a single curve might produce a train of evils, to the extent of which no guess could assign a termination. The sieur then sat down to give minute instruction respecting the execution of these momentous documents. The task was complicated, and of a nature totally different from anything Louis had ever practised, or could possibly have anticipated. However, he cheerfully engaged in its performance; and his employer, having seen the precision of his commencement, rose to withdraw. Before he quitted the room, he turned and said, that he supposed it was hardly necessary to enjoin the propriety of always keeping that chamber locked, both when it was occupied and when it was vacant. On Louis's bowing to the implied command, the sieur added, that Gerard would strike on the door when dinner was served in the saloon; and that, before midnight, he would himself return to the château, to inspect the papers, and affix his seal to their contents.

Louis continued from noon till the shade of twilight at his laborious penmanship. He knew nothing of the particular purport of any one of the numerous sheets he was transcribing. The characters were unknown to him; but he was assured by Ignatius, all were directed to the service of Spain; and, with alacrity and exact-

ness, he had completed half his task before the duskiness of the hour and the promised stroke of Gerard gave him a short respite.

Solitude was again at his temperate meal. He had heard enough from the sicur to warn him against the imprudence of putting un! necessary questions; and, determined to allow all unimportant circumstances, at least, to pass by him unnoticed by oral remark, he said nothing to his taciturn attendant about the continued absence of Castanos. His dinner was dispatched in a few minutes; and. taking the candles in his hand, he returned to the locked chamber to finish his work. At the appointed time Ignatius re-appeared. The several heaps of papers were arranged for his inspection, and, with a nod of approbation, he examined them one by one. He approved what was done, and, turning to the escritoirc, sealed them, and affixed to each packet its appropriate address. What were the names on these superscriptions, Louis had no guess, though he did not doubt they were all to be consigned to the Baron de Ripperda; and (as he observed by the proceedings of the sieur, they were ready to be put into their last envelope) he ventured to ask, whether he might not add one packet more to his father. Ignatius remained silent. Though Louis saw the reverse of encouragement on his contracting brow, he would not be so repulsed, but steadily repeated his request; adding, that he was particularly anxious to dispatch this letter, as it was not only to assure his father of his devotedness to his commands, but to beg him to forward one on most urgent business, which he had enclosed to Don Ferdinand d'Osorio.

"Your father will have sufficient assurance of your obedience in the execution of these papers," returned the sieur; "and as to promoting a correspondence with Don Ferdinand d'Osorio—in your situation, that is out of the question. Your residence here is unknown to any one, and must continue so till the affair that commands your service is made or marred. Your packet, therefore, cannot go." During this speech he opened the leathern bag that was to be the travelling case of the dispatches.

Louis sighed convulsively while he put his letter back into his bosom. Ignatius took no notice of this heart-struck sign of disappointment, but calmly continued packing the papers. Louis thought of the unhappy Alice; of the tears she shed on his neck at parting; of his vow to restore to her her peace of mind; and he could not endure his own cowardice, in having been overawed to the appearance of giving up her cause, even for a moment. He resumed in a firmer voice—"I seek no correspondence with Don Fordinand, sir. But that letter is to demand from him an act of justice to a lovely woman whose happiness he has destroyed. And to do this, I have solemnly engaged myself to her, and to my own heart."

"Louis de Montemar," replied the sieur, "you are entered on a course of life that will not admit of romantic trifling. There is but one direction for all your faculties,—the public good. Private concerns must take care of themselves." He closed the leathern ease over the dispatches, and covering its padlock with wax, stamped it with his scal.

"I repeat, sir," cried Louis impetuously, "I have pledged my honour to the forwarding this letter to Don Ferdinand; and the public good will not deem it necessary to make me a private deceiver!"

Ignatius turned on him a look of haughty reproof.

"Young man, you know little of your duty towards the public good, if you can put its smallest tittle into competition with the adjustment of an amour. The girl's folly must be her punishment."

The indignation of insulted virtue burnt upon the cheek of Louis. "You mistake me, sir! She for whom I am interested, is as pure from unchaste weakness, as my father's honour from a stain. Her soul alone pines under a vow extorted from her by this ungenerous Spaniard; and to release her from the wretched load, is the sole purport of my letter to him."

"You love the girl yourself," said the inflexible Ignatius, taking

no visible notice of the increasing agitation of his pupil.
"I do love her," returned he, "but not in the way your observation would imply. I love her as becomes the son of the Baroness de Ripperda to love the daughter of her sister; that sister who has been to him in the place of the mother Heaven took from him at his birth! Alice Coningsby is the person to whom I have bound myself to release her conscience from the bonds of an artful man. And after this explanation, I cannot believe that the friend of my father will longer withhold my letter!"

The sieur listened with his eyes bent to the ground. He looked up when Louis ceased speaking, and saw by his proud indignant air, that he rather expected occasion for further braving a refusal, than to receive the permission he affected to think could no longer

be denied.

"Louis," said he, "I see what is passing in your mind, but I will not be rigid to your present feelings. Your letter shall go to Don Ferdinand. But you must expunge from it all reference to where you are; and tell him to send the acquittal of your

imprudent cousin direct to herself."

Surprised and thankful, Louis readily undertook to rewrite the letter according to these injunctions. A few minutes put it into the form required; and enclosing the irresistible appeal of Alice herself, to her ungenerous lover, he sealed the packet, and delivered it to the sieur. The dispatches being fastened up, they were to be committed to the particular charge of Castanos, who was to carry the bag which contained them to Madrid. Louis's grateful heart was again going to pour itself out, but Ignatius cheeked the ingenuous effusion, by turning severely round while he moved to the door.

"This time," said he, "I have yielded to your request, in consideration of its pious motive. But you must fully understand that you must never presume more on this indulgence than the rigorous spirit of your recent oath will sanction. Here not only ends your correspondence with Don Ferdinand, but closes your communication with every person beyond these walls, until our iffair be terminated; not even the inhabitants of Lindisfarne must know of your being in this country."

"I lament my ignorance of the necessity for such precaution,"

replied Louis, "for the interdicted intimation is now beyond my recall. I wrote to both my uncles from Ostend, and twice during

my journey to Vienna."

"Such an accident was provided against," answered Ignatius; "Castanos had the Baron de Ripperda's orders to destroy all such letters in their way to the post; so be at rest on that head. Your father himself will take care to let Mr. Athelstone and Sir Anthony know that you are well, and conducting yourself to his satisfaction."

"I am in his hands, and in yours," said Louis, bowing his head, while, struck by so strange an act of precaution, he had not power to utter a word more. The sieur drew his cloak over the dispatches,

and without further observations left the apartment.

# CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE LOCKED CHAMBER.

NEXT morning's rayless sun found Louis passing from his lightly pressed pillow, to the prosecution of his appointed duty for the day. Ignatius had laid before him new papers of a totally different character from the former, and much more difficult to transcribe. While he continued to write he heard the furious beating of a snow-storm against the windows, which, in this apartment, were not only grated, but too high in the wall to allow of outward view. The heat of a well-filled stove excluded the increased cold of the season, and the fierceness of the elements made him the less regret the exercise he must relinquish, or lose all hope of reducing the immense piles before him.

The sieur appeared at his former nocturnal hour, to receive what had been finished, and to leave other manuscripts to which he desired duplicates. Day after day Louis was kept to his desk, and every night he delivered to his unrelenting task-master the labour of the day. At the expiration of a week, the sieur told him he should not see him again till the first of the ensuing month; but that he had a correspondence to leave with him, which he must completely transcribe by the time of his return. Louis received his orders in respectful silence; and when he was again left to his solitary toil, he found that his voluminous task was in the Sclavonian and Turkish characters. Neither of these languages had been parts of his studies, so he pursued his monotonous employment each succeeding day from morning until midnight, without the accession of one new idea, or a moment's leisure for the retrospection of any former acquirements.

The sun rose and the sun set, the weather, foul or fair, gloomy in storm, or gay with the scintillation of exhilarating frost—all found Louis de Montemar close at his desk. The iron-bound windows had never opened to the air; and the charcoal fumes which warmed the apartment having no egress, hung in narcotic vapours on the vaulted roof. A heavy languor fell on its lonely inhabitant and grew on him from day to day, till it left him hardly any other consciousness of being, than the act of moving his now habituated hand perpetually over the infinite reams of paper which lay before

him. The returns of Sunday, alone, brought cessation from toil to his overwrought faculties, but no rest to their excited pulses. The Sacred Book, the last gift of his revered guardian, was indeed a soother to his soul; but his prostrated frame could not so readily

partake the influence.

On the night of the 1st of February, according to his promise, Ignatius entered the prison-room of his unrelaxing secretary. The piles, which were all completed, extorted from his unbending loftiness an exclamation of admiration at such faultless execution and indefatigable perseverance. Louis's face no longer lighted up as it was wont at the voice of praise; he bowed, yet bowed gratefully, though in silence. Had Ignatius spared a glance from the laboured heap to its unrepining artificer, that face would have told the tale his tongue had not uttered. The bloomy crimson of his cheek had perished under the withering breath of stoved confinement; and his eyes, before so luminous in health, so bright in youthful alacrity, were sunk in languor under his darkening brows. So thoroughly was the sieur absorbed in the business of his visit, he might not have observed these changes, had he not accidentally come in contact with the hand of his pupil in taking one of the packets. He started, as the touch seemed to scorch him.

"How is this?" cried he, eyeing Louis from head to foot. "You

are ill!"

"Perhaps the confinement, sir," returned he, "may discompose me a little. But custom will inure me to it; and, meanwhile, it is

of no consequence."

"No," said Ignatius, "your diligence has been too severe: you must have air and exercise. To-morrow you shall try their efficacy. I will send a respectable servant of my own, to attend you over

the city.'

Louis thankfully embraced the proposal. The morrow's sun rose brilliant, as on the first morning he had hailed its beams from his chamber at the château. Louis dismissed a breakfast for which he had no appetite; and with a spring of joy he could not have conceived it possible to have experienced at merely stepping forth into the open air, he followed Martini (the promised attendant from the sieur) out of the great gates of the building. The man was an Italian, and possessed none of the taciturnity of his mysterious master. With the respect due to a superior, but the garrulous selfconsequence of his nation, the gay foreigner freely uttered his remarks on every object of sight, while conducting his companion along the hoar-frosted avenue, to the extensive glacis before the fortified walls of Vienna. Martini led the way through the Wieden-gate. Louis followed, but paid no attention to street nor square, palace nor cathedral; he was all occupied by the reviving aspirations he drew at every breath from an atmosphere the ethereal quality of which seemed to penetrate every pore, and, by an enchanting inebriation, to restore him at once to his wonted elasticity of spirits.

Martini brought him through the finest parts of the city, and along the most magnificent mansioned quarter of the suburbs (the residences of the chief nobility), towards the open aspect of the frozen Danube. It was now the hour of high gala. The noise and

bustle of a countless multitude, passing and repassing in a thousand different directions, soon summoned the concentrated senses of Louis to regard outward objects. The beams of the sun played over the landscape; hues of light blue, intermingled with bloomy purple deepening into shade, chequered the hills on the horizon. A waving line of shining snow marked the heights of Calemberg; and a sky of the purest azure canopied the scene. At the distance of his windows from the river, he could only view a various and interminable mass of human beings moving on its surface; but now he could distinguish the peculiar dress and aspect of each individual of every nation assembled on that universal theatre. Turks, Tartars, Greeks, Italians, Muscovites and Swedes, English and French, all appeared as if travelling to some vast senate of mankind; or rather, so gay were their habits, so gorgeous their equipages, it

might be taken for a pageantry in fairy land.

Delighted to see the attention of his charge at last aroused, Martini became silent, and allowed him for some time to gaze around in pleased amazement; then resuming his office of Cicerone, with augmented eloquence he particularised the objects most worthy observation, and explained them with the accuracy of an itinerary. The Asiatic structure raising its gilded domes over the cedars of the island, and which Louis had noticed from his window, Martini informed him was the Favorita; the favourite palace of the Imperial family. It was now their temporary residence; and in that direction he saw numerous carriages, of strange shapes, and capricious magnificence, shoot along the ice. Fancy scemed to have exhausted all her varieties of form in the construction of these whimsical vehicles. Some were fashioned like triumphal cars, others like the fabled shells of marine deities, and many of shapes so fantastical and grotesque, that the incumbent seemed lying, in the grasp of some sea or land monster. All were garnished with gilding, emblazoned with armorial bearings, or gallant devices; while the master, wrapped in sables, guided with silken reins the flying horses, which, caparisoned in glittering housings, flashed by the spectator like steeds of fire. In some of the gayest traineaux, formed like scallop-shells, and bedded with ermines, beautiful women were seen reclining; while gentlemen sat on the sledge behind, managing the trained vehicle, and conversing with the ladics.

Louis was delightedly struck by the singular beauty of the animals which drew these carriages. They were evidently of the Arabian breed, slight of limb, and carrying their branching necks with the grace of an antelope. The peculiar airiness and freedom of their pace suited well with the Eastern magnificence of their trappings. An equipage with four of these fine ereatures stopping near him, had just engaged his attention, when he found himself hurried forward by a crowd of foot passengers rushing to meet a cavalcade which preceded the empress. At the moment of general clamour he thought he heard his own name suddenly ejaculated. He listened,—it was repeated, and in the voice of Duke Wharton Louis's heart leaped to the sound. He turned towards it, and saw the duke standing behind the car of one of the arch-duchesses

Another gentleman shared his post of honour, and guided the reins, while the duke's eyes met the eager recognition, and outstretched arms of his friend. The carriage shot swiftly onward; but Wharton also extended his arms to Louis, and, as he was snatched from his sight, pointed to the Favorita. Louis understood that it was there he must seek him; and thither he determined to go, when he should walk out the following day.

The sight of the duke not merely recalled the enthusiastic feeling with which he originally regarded him, but presented to Louis the image of England, and all that it contained dear to his habits and to his heart! Tears rushed into his eyes: they seemed to overflow his soul, while he inwardly exclaimed, "England! beloved land of liberty and tenderness! renown may be sought in other countries,

but happiness is to be found in thee alone!"

For the first time since his arrival at Vienna, did he allow his heart to acknowledge even to himself that he was unhappy! That he had exchanged the generous freedom of the home of his youth, for harsh imprisonment in a foreign land! That he had parted with relations who loved and honoured him, to become dependent on a

stranger's will, and bound to the toil of a slave!

"Is such to be the purpose of my life?" murmured he to himself, as, with eyes blinded by emotion, he turned from the gay scene; "is such to be the oblivion of all that I took so much pains to acquire? such the grave of talents my too partial relations cherished with so many hopes?—My boasting ambition!—where has it led me? Oh, Wharton, what will you see me now? Crushed in spirit; bowed with servitude; cheated into vassalage; and chained to an employment that any hireling might perform as well, as honourably as myself. For what trust is put in me? I copy arbitrary ciphers, from whom, and to whom I am completely ignorant. No, it cannot be the will of my father thus to degrade and sacrifice his son!"

With these thoughts vibrating on his fevered nerves, rekindled by irritating regrets, rather than again depressed to the languor of a hovering illness, unnoting the way he went, he hurried from the Danube. By accident he took the path to the château; and his guide, marvelling at the fitful humours of the young secretary, followed in silence. With a pulse in every vein, and feelings exasperated at the present, from immediate comparison with the past, and yearning for the moment of throwing himself into the arms of Wharton, as if that one embrace could restore him at once to his liberty, his country, and his friends, Louis did not recover his attention to visible objects till he found himself again within the dreary walls of the château. He locked himself into the room of his labour, and, throwing himself on the floor, gave way to the memories that overwhelmed him. At beloved Lindisfarne, he had wept in tenderness and in sorrow; he had known the pangs of parting, and given the tribute of his tears to that racking moment; but he had never felt completely unmanned till now.

Hour passed over hour; Gerard kocked at the door, to announce that his solitary meal was prepared; but he knocked unheeded. At last, the deepening glooms of evening, enclosing him in darkness, reminded him the day was past, and that his demanded task of the morning was yet to begin. Aware that the man whom he was required to revere as a guardian, but whom the pangs of recollection made him now abhor as a tyrant, would exact it from him at midnight, he started from the ground. At that moment of self-recall to labour, the yoke of bondage pressed with insupportable weight

upon his soul.

"I will not endure it!" cried he. "Why should I immure myself like a condemned wretch? Shut up in solitude; fastened to the duty of a machine; without sound of human voice. but that of my hard task-master; without breathing the free air of heaven, unless accompanied with lackeys! is this a fate chosen by the Baron De Ripperda for his son, his only son? It is mockery, and I will not endure it. I have been cheated into an oath of suicide!"

The fever in his blood exaggerated to his perturbed mind every mysterious circumstance in his situation. He might be now the unconscious instrument of treason, or the beguiled agent of political treachery. His father's confidence might be abused by the impenetrable Ignatius; and he be ignorant alike of his son's being at Vienna, and of the illiterate drudgery to which he was consigned.

All this seemed the strange effect of Louis having seen Duke Wharton. But much sprung from a distempered imagination and disordered nerves, the consequences of loneliness, want of exercise, and long confinement in a deleterious atmosphere. However, the sudden appearance of Wharton was certainly the circumstance which at once awoke all his sensibilities to the perception of his changed state; of the liberty, he had been persuaded to relinquish; of the liberty he might, perhaps, regain by the duke's interference! The last idea was a vague one, but still it was visible: it had a shadowy existence, between hope and despair, and Louis clasped at the delusive shade. A prey to these confused phantoms, he could not command either the desire or the power to resume his labours. Leaning his throbbing head upon the table, he allowed the gloom of black night to surround him, without even the wish to dispel it, by going into the adjoining room for one of the candles, which had been for many hours burning to waste. As the old clock of the mansion struck ten, he was aroused from his moody position by a gleam of light. He looked up, and saw the Sieur Ignatius standing before him with a lamp in his hand. Louis started from his chair. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the sieur, in a kindly

voice; "I fear you are seriously ill."

Louis, in attempting to speak, was disordered to suffocation.

Ignatius fixed his eyes on his haggard countenance.

"Your zeal has over-wrought your strength. Health is as necessary as will to the completion of your duty. In these respects, you must learn to be an economical, as well as a generous servant to your country; for that is the only way to be an efficient one. I see you have been too ill to prepare this night's papers."

The unusual interest in his feelings, which this address intimated, and the perfect confidence in his will to perform what he had not done, smote on the heart of Louis; and, embarrassed and

miserable, he bowed in silence.

"Sit down," continued the sieur, evidently struck with the

changed appearance of his charge; "I was improvident not to calculate on the ardour of your character, and give you orders to make pauses in your work, and take daily exercise in the garden. I ought to have thought on the garden before; for your walk of today, beyond the walls, has already been productive of vexation. You have been seen, and, to my great embarrassment, recognised. Have you any idea by whom?

"By the Duke of Wharton," returned Louis, with all the recoltions of that moment flushing his cheek; "I saw him on the Danube."
"And you sought his recognition?" demanded Ignatius.

"No," answered Louis; "I turned to a voice calling on my name through the crowd, and then I met the eyes of my noble friend."

"And he showed that he recognised you; and you him?"

"We did."

"Mischief upon mischief!" ejaculated the sieur, striding across the room in much discomposure. He turned suddenly upon Louis. "So thoroughly did I believe you incapable of conduct so inconsistent with your awful engagements, that I have absolutely contradicted the mutual recognition. On being told of it to night by the Emperor's confessor, and the inferences drawn from the fact, I empowered him to affirm that he knew from an authority he could not dispute, that Louis De Montemar is not in Vienna; and that, whoever had occasioned the report, must have mistaken some other person for the son of the Baron De Ripperda. Think, then, faithless boy, into what a dilemma your recognition of Duke Wharton has brought the friend of your father! into what a danger you have precipitated the cause in which that father has embarked his fortunes and his life!"

"Sir," said Louis, with the agitated dignity of conscious probity, answering a man who had so recently put his affirmation to a falsehood; "my office here is inconsistent with my awful engagements. I bound myself to the dedication of all my talents, all the energies of my mind and heart, to the service of my father's country, now become mine; and to be obedient to him as its agent. But I find myself, and all these talents, few or many, which have been the labour of my life to cultivate, chained down to the one mechanical act-of writing on this table, in characters unknown to me, and on subjects concerning which I am as ignorant as the messenger that carries them to and fro! I am not treated with the confidence of a son, but the suspicion of a slave; and I have my doubts, that

I am really so degraded by the commands of my father."

"This is new language, Louis De Montemar! You have spoken with the Duke of Wharton. He knows all that you know; and he has put this complexion on the affair! Well he knows how to sap and to overturn—and a fit agent for a father's ruin he has found in the son of the Baron De Ripperda."

While the terrible Ignatius delivered this, he approached close to Louis, and, seizing his arm, fixed on him his powerful eyes, as

if to look into his soul.

"I can bear your scrutiny, sir," said he, "were you to rip open my breast with the poniard your hand rests upon. It is not in me to betray any man. I have not spoken with Duke Wharton."

"And you must not," returned the sieur, recovering his presence of mind, and dropping his hand from the dagger's hilt he had unconsciously grasped; "you must avoid even the chance of doing so. You are ill, and you are moody. You require air and action, and you shall have them; but henceforth they must be found in the garden of the château. Be obedient to this necessity, and I will forget the frenzied language which, if not Wharton, some demon must have conjured, to betray your reason and your duty."

"Sir," replied Louis, in great emotion, "I do not wish you to forget it. I wish you to answer me to all its points. I wish to know at once, whether I am a trusted servant, or an abused slave? Trust me, and that labour will be happiness—distinction!—which

is now misery, and degradation insupportable!"

For some time the lofty Ignatius regarded his pupil's almost convulsed features with a steady perusal of their varying expressions. At last, putting his hand on the shoulder of Louis, he said, in a calm voice, "Compose yourself, and listen to me. Hear from my lips truths that must be your future guide in the destiny you have chosen; but to combat with the evils of which, you come totally unprovided. You have educated yourself for the service of your country. You are full of ardour to engage in it. But how? Not as she directs, but as yourself chooses. You would fight her battles in the field of blood, you would fill her cars of triumph. But you disdain to watch for her in secret; to labour in obscurity for her ultimate peace. This last is virtue in her purest simplicity; and, therefore, your father awarded to the virgin honour of his son the unblemished sacrifice."

Louis believed that he now, indeed, listened to a principle of truth. But why did he who could assert it with so much dignity,—why did he utter so mean a denial of a fact, as to affirm, that the

son of Baron De Ripperda was not in Vienna.

The prompt intelligence of the sieur's rapid glance had seen the effect of this denial on the mind of his pupil; and while he pushed his remarks on what had passed, he also noticed the equivocation he had used as a common device in diplomacy on necessary occasions. "By your residing beyond the city walls, you are not in Vicnna. Always hold in mind that no advantage, however trivial, is contemptible to a negotiator. The smallest causes often produce the greatest effects. Alberoni's mysterious policy, which held Europe in awe five apprehensive years, was revealed and destroyed in one moment, by the accidental dropping of his courier's cloakbag into a river!"

While Louis sighed to think that subterfuge could ever be a duty, he was filled with ingenuous shame at the suspicion he had dared to proclaim; at the reproaches with which his impatient doubts and personal feelings had provoked him to insult the trusted friend of his father. The forbearance of Ignatius under this unexpected flood of impassioned violence augmented the contrition of the disordered offender; and when the sieur rose to withdraw Louis could only say, "Bear with me this night. I am incapable of speaking—almost of thinking—but bear with me; and to-morrow

you shall find that I have not listened in vain."

## CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE GARDEN OF THE CHÂTEAU.

NEXT day found Louis in a state far from tranquillised. Thorough dissatisfaction with himself had prevented his eyes closing during the night; and he arose in the morning only to continue his selfaccusations. He condemned the indulgence of feelings so truly inconsistent with his usual candour in dubious circumstances, and which had hurried him not only into an unreasonable despair of his own situation, but with the most dishonouring suspicions, to provoke the man who it was madness to doubt was the confidential colleague of the Baron De Ripperda. And yet, while Louis vowed to himself that no privation of air or action, no solitude and monotony of life, should ever excite him to a second murmur; while he panted for the moment in which he might repair by a full apology the indignity he had cast upon his father's friend; he could not warm the chill at his heart when he recollected that the first amends Ignatius was likely to demand of him, would be to relinquish all hope of even only seeing the Duke of Wharton. This conviction threw his agitated mind into new tumults. parting interview between Louis and Mr. Athelstone, that venerable man had taken off the absolute terms of his interdiction respecting the duke. In the wide and busy world his nephew and and Wharton might meet again! and in circumstances that Louis could not bend to his promise of avoidance. On this ground the pastor then left him to his own discretion. "But remember," added he, "it is your discretion; not to a partial inclination."

Louis thought on this licence from his revered uncle with a hardly repressed spring in his soul towards this believed, faith-devoted friend, whose look alone, like a resistless loadstar, had seemed to spell-bind him to follow to his side. Vainly he pursued his intricate penmanship, to get rid of the clinging ideas of such attraction. The well-known voice, calling on him through the crowd, haunted his ear. Again and again that form which in his mind never had parallel, leaning towards him from the car, rose before him. He threw down his pen and rested his working brain on his hand. He could not recollect how Wharton looked, for he had not seen how he looked: all that his glad eyes had taken in of that dear apparition was, that it was he!—that it was his resplendent countenance which shone on him from the gay and flitting eminence!

"And I must not see it again!" cried Louis. "Alas! all with whom I am connected seem leagued, at one time or other, to exclude him from my society. But they never can shut him from my heart. His gracious selection of me from a crowd older and of more approved merit than myself, his own distinguished qualities and irrevocable confidence in my honour, have bound me to love him through a life that is condemned to fly him as if he were my direst foe." Louis opened his writing-case to refresh his eyes with the sight of Wharton's only letter to him, that he might hear him speak through that at least; but as soon as he touched it and saw the superscription, the characters of which again recalled the

image of the writer, and with it the home in which he had first read the letter, he dropped it back into the case. "I will not further unnerve myself," cried he, "by pressing memory on my heart! I will not pervert hours of my past happiness to the purposes of present wretchedness. I must remember that I am called to self-denial; and you, dear, generous Wharton! fated to be my

first, are to continue my repeated sacrifice."

Louis was found at noon by his punctual visitor seated at his desk with his former diligence. A slight heetic coloured his cheek when he rose to receive him. The sieur smiled. Louis again saw the heaven open which had beguiled him into confidence on his first arrival; and this smile was not so vanishing as its predecessor. It dwelt on his features like a bending seraph lingering on its cloud.

"Louis," said he, "I come to trust you."

Louis caught the hand which was extended to him, and pressed

it to his lips.

"I come to trust you," repeated he; "but not as I see you expect. I come to call again upon your faith, to demand your fulfilment of the whole of this affair, while you must yet remain ignorant of its particular purpose; I come to trust in your honour, that will not further doubt the integrity of the man on whom your father has conferred confidence without reserve. His interests and mine are united, never to be separated in this world: we rise or we fall to gether. You redden, Louis! But I do not trifle with you. It is possible that accident, if not design, may betray a scheme of such important bearings; and I will not leave it in the power of malice to accuse the son of Baron De Ripperda of treachery or of imprudence in such a case."

"My recent conduct," replied he, "gives you no reliance on my prudence; and you believe me unworthy of fuller confidence."

"No, Louis: that I still hold you in ignorance is a greater proof of my dependence on your fidelity, than if I bound your personal interests to your honour, by unfolding to you any part of the glorious plan on which you are employed. Your oath ties your conscience to the fulfilment of your duty; but I want your free will I want, what I thought I had, the open eye of faith in the virtue of your cause; the forward hand of zealous devotedness in the execution. Give me your mind, Louis; and I shall no longer see that changing cheek and languid frame! Zeal is life!"

"Trust me!" returned Louis, "and my mind ——" then checking himself, with a sudden paleness displacing the flush of resolution, he added, with a forced smile, "I know I must prove my sincerity by a victim, and I yield a dear one. I will not see the Duke of Wharton till you or my father grant me that privilege."

"To see him," replied the sieur, resuming his usual unmovable demeanour, "it is probable you may one day have perfect liberty;

but never to cultivate his friendship."
"How? Wherefore?"

"He is the enemy of your father."

"O, no—I have reason to believe he would gladly make my father his friend."

The moment this had escaped him, Louis could have plucked his tongue out for having uttered so inconsiderate a speech; so much did he fear that Ignatius would immediately demand what was that reason. But for once the sagacious politician lost an opportunity of acquiring information. Absorbed in the haughty consciousness of his own pre-eminence, he did not put the dreaded question; but with a scornful motion of his lips, replied, "I doubt it not. But Philip Wharton would purchase without gold. He may defraud, but he cannot bestow."

"I do not understand you, sir!"

"Future events will speak plainly," returned the sieur; "and,

meanwhile, I rely on your engagement to avoid him."

Louis smothered an indignant rising in his bosom, and without answering, bent his head in ratification of his promise. Ignatius turned to the table, and gathering up the manuscripts prepared for him, he told his now silent companion not to resume his labours till he had taken the air on the terrace. "But," added he, "you must not forget that until I direct otherwise the garden is your utmost limits."

"I shall not wish to extend them," replied Louis, with a resigned,

but lofty bow: and the sieur left the room.

With his expanding heart again closed by the repulsive demeanour of his governor, Louis saw him depart. A feeling of complete desolation spread over his soul. Without having found comfort in the sieur's presence, he felt a more dreary loneliness when he was gone, as the hope of winning at all on so unbending a nature seemed utterly at an end. He had tried it by anticipating what he knew would be exacted,—the resignation of his friend. But Ignatius had received the sacrifice, not merely without sensibility, but with the most unsparing remarks. The tender care with which all Louis's good dispositions had been fostered by the secluded guardians of his youth, made him doubly feel how sterile is the communion of the world. Interest may bind man to man, and extort the appearance of devoted virtues; but affection is not there to nourish or to reward their actual growth.

"Misjudging Ignatius! he demands my mind when he might have had my heart! I would love him, but he will not let me. In vain I watched for another of those smiles! I hailed the first on my arrival as an earnest of a gracious master! And the second, which greeted me to-day, I welcomed as a pledge that I was forgiven for my yesterday's impatience; and how soon was it displaced by the hard aspect of despotic command! But I deserve it," exclaimed Louis. "Did not my humiliation at having so frantically rebelled vanish as soon! I was even on the point of a second violence, had not some good angel stilled the tumult of my soul."

Having walked his dismal apartment some time, continuing the same soliloquy, he threw himself into a chair, to compose his mind and to confirm it. He arraigned himself for the weakness of his present discontents, and summoned his best reason to the forming of a steady resolution, upon the principle of enduring as well as acting. He reviewed the past and the present with an impartial eye; and where he saw he failed, condemned himself with an inex-

orable justice. In this hour's communing with himself he found how different is the real from the imaginary contest; how wise is speculation, how absurd is practice; how easy profession, how difficult performance; and that, of all conquests, the victory of reason over a refraetory heart is the hardest to acquire. After these humbling reflections he walked forth a victor (though a wounded one) to cheer himself with the glories of the setting sun. Its declining orb had never failed to recall the compact which his heart had made, when he beheld it for the last time on the verge of his native hills. But this evening its mild religious light, gradually withdrawing into the elouds while the golden disc sunk beneath the earth, reminded him so touchingly of the venerable saint whose emblem he had called it, that he could not forbear exclaiming-

"Yes, my revered uncle! those pious hands shall not always be raised in vain. I trust that henceforth I shall do my duty in a manner more befitting the character you fondly believed mine, but on which recent experience has too repeatedly shown how slight ought to have been my dependence. For your sake, dear instructor of my youth! I will try to be all that is required of me. I will forget your graciousness, that in this land of severity I may act worthy of your hopes, and of the divine precepts of humility they taught."

For several succeeding weeks Louis steadily obeyed the law he had enjoined himself. The exasperation of his mind gradually subsided, his awakened sensibilities sunk to repose, and he concentrated his thoughts as much as possible upon his unchanging toil. As he now passed part of every day in the open air he found companions, and even social ones, in the birds he fed with the crumbs from his breakfast. Their grateful chirpings were cheering, and as he paced the snows of the garden, his blood regained its vigour, and the elasticity of his spirits revived. Again his cheek wore the brightness of health, and his volant step too often reminded him how narrow were his boundaries. His eye, however, was yet free to range; and its excursions were wide as the horizon. It sought the heights of Mount Calemberg, the hoary summits of which mingled with the hazy west; or when the winter day put on a fairer garb, he contemplated their snowy peaks, piercing the glittering sky and clothed in all its splendour. A little convent, like Paraclete's white walls and silver springs, stood in an umbrageous cleft of the mountain, where the now icicled trees and frozen stream promised a luxuriant scene in verdant summer.

But Mount Calemberg, with all its prospective beauties, was not so fair to him as cloud-capt Cheviot, elad in her storms, and standing sublime amidst the roaring torrent and the shouts of the hunters echoing from her hills. He sighed for the joyous chase, for the jocund hour of return. He thought the voices of his uncle's boon componions would indeed no more sound discordant in his ear: but even for the cry of their dogs, and their own loud halloos, reverberating from the walls of old Bamborough, what would he

now give!

"Churl that I was," cried he, "not to allow people to be happy in their own way! And fool, too, to despise them for being happy, with the humbler talents bestowed on them by the God of nature.

Louis blushed to feel that we must lose, to value all that is bestowed. His wandering eyes could not clude the attraction of another point. He often turned to the yet frozen Danube; and tried by straining their powers to discern amongst the variegated groups anything like the person of his interdicted friend; but he gazed in vain. The river was too distant to distinguish individuals, and all he saw was a moving pageantry, which might interest, but could never satisfy him, it being probable it contained Wharton; and it was impossible to see him from the terrace even were he there. Louis was constant in these walks, and the sieur as regular in his evening visits. The one always greeted his governor with cheerfulness, and the other his pupil with a stateliness which implied approbation, -by silence from reproof. But Louis was determined on content, and the whole went smoothly on. The name of Wharton never occurred between them to disturb the unruffled surface but once, and that was occasioned by the duke's parting letter to Louis dropping out of his private portfolio one evening, when Ignatius asked if he could furnish him with a sheet of paper bearing the English water-mark. As the letter fell with the seal to the floor, the sieur's observing eye recognised the handwriting, and though unused to the bending mood he stooped to take it up.

"You have corresponded with Wharton?" cried he, holding the letter in his hand, "what did he tell you was his object in leaving

England last autumn?"

"Nothing, sir," replied Louis, stretching out his hand rather too eagerly to receive the letter; but Ignatius retained it. "That was the first, and the only letter with which he has ever honoured me."

"It is in answer then to one from yourself?"

"No, I have never written to him. That was sent to me the night he quitted England, to go —— he did not say whither, and

so the correspondence ended."

"And, as certainly he did not desire its continuance," replied the sieur. He observed Louis start and redden with an air of offended incredulity. "Else why," resumed Ignatius, "did he omit naming to you the place of his destination? But," added the subtle questioner, throwing the letter contemptuously on the table, "Wharton was always a creature of caprice; and you will not be

the last ball his racket will strike out of his caring.

Stung with the sarcasm of this remark, mortified at being supposed liable to such trifling, and jealous for the sincerity of his friend, with flashing eyes Louis took up the letter, and held it silently in his hand. He stood a few minutes struggling to subdue the resentment that was rising to his lips. The sieur appeared to have already forgotten the matter, and was calmly examining the manuscripts on the table. This apathy was more galling than perhaps further remark. Louis pressed on his swelling heart the recollection of the vow he made to himself, to bear all, as well as to do all, the will of this arrogant man; and, turning towards his portfolio, he was replacing the letter in the case, when Ignatius, looking up, said, in a voice apparently careless of being heard,—"It is pity to see ingenuous youth treasure a counterfeit for true metal."

"Your observation, sir," said Louis, "does not touch the Duke of Wharton."

"But it might you, Louis," coolly answered the sieur, "for you

hold a proof of his ephemeral attachments in your hand."

Louis felt an instant impulse to disprove at once this contemptuous inference, by requesting Ignatius to read the duke's letter; but the next moment he bethought him whether there were ought in the contents, his misjudged friend might wish not to be exposed to an enemy; for such, he could not but perceive, the inveterate Ignatius to be. There seemed a mixture of malignant contempt, with evident apprehension of his influence somewhere, which marked the sentiment the sieur entertained for him; but whether from personal dislike, or solely on account of the asserted hostility between him and Baron De Ripperda, Louis could not be sure; though he certainly saw hatred in his governor's deeply sunken eyes, whenever he spoke of the duke. To persist in silence appeared to Louis to be sanctioning these calumnies on his friend; and to continue asserting, without offering proof, he was aware would only redouble the scorn of his antagonist. Placed in a torturing dilemma, he stood recollecting whether the contents of the duke's letter were such that he might safely show; when the sieur, rising from his seat, said, in an exasperating tone of pity, "Put up your relic, Louis! though I see you are properly ashamed of a credulity too natural to the vanity of youth.'

"No, sir," returned be, opening he letter with a trembling hand, "I should detest myself if I thought I had a spark within me of anything so mean as vanity. But if I had, Duke Wharton is of too noble a nature to play upon credulity so worthless. That letter, sir, if you will condescend to read it, will show you that I

am honoured with his friendship.'

Ignatius had now wrought Louis to the point at which he aimed; but maintaining his air of indifference, he took the letter from the agitated hand of his pupil without observation. Louis presented it with a proud look, and stood as proudly, watching his countenance while he read it. The sieur went over it twice; he then coldly returned it with the remark, "It is beyond my skill to expound so curious a riddle; but as you are his friend, you doubtless have a key?"

All the self-confidence, which a moment before had dilated the indignant heart of Louis, fell in an instant. He did not anticipate this sort of interrogation on the letter; and alarmed at the impressions which must have given rise to it, he stood in speechless em-

barrassment.

"This piece of paper," continued Ignatius, "is mere nonsense to me; and proves nothing of what you wish to prove, unless you can do it by explaining its meaning." Louis remained silent. The sieur proceeded:—"You ought not to have put such seeming foolery into my hands, unless you were prepared to be its commentary."

"Then return it to me, sir," cried Louis, overwhelmed with con-

fusion, "and forget that you have seen it."

"I never forget anything that I have seen; nor am I to be

trifled with. You have called my attention to this letter; you have shown it to me as a proof of Duke Wharton's confidence in you; but I see only a farrage of words, to which you are now pledged to put into reasonable meaning by your explanation."

Louis's consternation was so great at so unlooked-for a consequence of what he had done, that he could not recollect what he had said or might have implied to the sieur; and he continued to gaze on the ground, humbled to the dust. "Oh!" cried he, in the depth of his soul, "was I then under the immediate control of detested mischievous vanity at the very moment I disclaimed its presence in my heart? Wretch that I am, to have been betrayed by any motive to open the faintest glimmering of light upon the secrets of my friend to this inexorable man!"

The recollection of Wharton's words, I put my life into your hands! rose before Louis's mental sight in characters of blood; and turning sick at heart, he supported a momentary failure of his limbs, by grasping the back of a chair. The sight of this agitation only stimulated the curiosity of Ignatius, or whatever else it was, to persecute his unoffending charge to the utmost point of distress.

The sieur resumed.

"You have gone too far to be silent now. I can comprehend that certain phrases in this enigmatical epistle refer to former conferences with you. Brutus and Cassius are not usually masquing names in affairs of gallantry; therefore the nature of your mutual confidence I can guess; and it is necessary for your own, as well for the duke's honour that you tell me their object."

"Sir," said Louis, "I have already done too much for my own honour. The duke's can never be injured by anything I can

say or withhold. And I will mention his name no more."

"Young man," said Ignatius, "you must not add obstinacy to rashness. You have allowed yourself to be made privy to the schemes of a man who is suspected by his country! Be aware, that to conceal treason is to share it." Louis did not speak. The sieur continued:—"Besides, you are answerable to your country, and to your father, who has devoted you with himself to her interests, to reveal to him, as to your confessor, every event of your life; much more, then, a circumstance like this. For on your father's intimate acquaintance with every political device which could possibly disturb Europe, depends his guiding to perfection the mighty machine he is now constructing to give peace to the world. Hence the glory of your father, as well as your vow to Spain, commands you to bend all minor considerations to the great duty of your life; and to confide to him, through me, every confidence of a political nature which has passed between you and the Duke of Wharton."

"The glory of my father," replied Louis, "can never be augmented by his son's faithlessness. And could Spain require such a proof of my attachment to her, the law of God, which is the everlasting appeal from all human ordinances, would sanction me in

abjuring my vow!"

"You grant that Wharton has engaged your faithfulness! A sccret implied is a secret revealed; and further withholding a full

acknowledgment is finesse with me, and irreverence to your father. The duke left Vienna a few weeks ago, secretly; and I have

reason to believe you could guess whither he is gone.'

"Sir," answered Louis, "I neither say, nor do not say, that I have been honoured with any confidence whatever by the Duke of Wharton; but I repeat, that neither to my father, nor to any man living do I think it necessary to betray a trust in me. Therefore, as I cannot repeat discourses I have never heard, and will not repeat discourses confided to me, you cannot be surprised that I hold my peace. My inconsideration, to give it the mildest appellation, has gone far enough in showing Duke Wharton's letter, however indifferent its subject, without his permission."

The sieur fixed his investigating eye upon the determined brow of his pupil. "Louis De Montemar," cried he, "you have imprudence enough in your composition to ruin a state, and sufficient stubbornness of what you call "honour," to ensure your own destruction. If you do not mean to relax the one, you must learn to confirm your mind against the wild influence of the other. Act less from passion, and more from principle. Be wary of friend as well as foe; and never speak from your heart till your words have paused in your head, to take the judgment of your circumspection. Had you shown this letter to one less interested in your welfare than your father's friend, the suspicion its style would have awakened might have wrought consequences ruinous to the duke, and not much less evil to yourself. I shall now drop the subject, because I see you will not neglect its lesson."

With the gratitude of one escaped from a snare into which he thought he had desperately, and therefore the more blamably rushed, Louis took the letter which the sieur presented to him. His ingenuous cheek flushed with displeasure at himself for having been beguiled, rather than at the subtle trier of his wariness; and respectfully, though silently, he bowed his head to his unanswerable monitor. Ignatius fell immediately into his usual abstracted

mood, and soon after left the room.

## CHAPTER XV.

#### THE JESUITS' COLLEGE.

THREE days after this discussion, Louis had just seated himself at his morning task, when he heard a knock at the chamber door. This was an unusual circumstance; for Gerard never approached with such a signal but at the hours when his stroke was to announce the frugal repast in the adjoining apartment. The sieur always entered with his own key; and this was a time of the day he never visited the château. Louis thought it could be no summons to him, and that probably Gerard had accidentally oceasioned the noise in passing. But in another minute he heard a second knock, louder than the former. He then rose to see what it was, and to his surprise beheld Castanos, whom he had not seen nor heard of since his departure with the despatches for Spain. Hoping to hear

news of his father, and that his letter to Don Ferdinand had reached him in safety, Louis eagerly bade the secretary welcome from Madrid. With a deepened gloom on his always sullen countenance. Castanos roughly interrupted him, "I am sent to tell you, señor, that the Sieur Ignatius is at the point of death."

"Impossible!" cried Louis: "he was not indeed here yesterday;

but I saw him the evening before in perfect health."

"Last night he was stabbed in the porch of the Jcsuits' College,"

returned Castanos.

Louis's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, while grasping the urm of his unfeeling informant, he seemed to demand who had done t?—For once in his life the morose Spaniard suffered his half-closed Eyes to look directly on the face of a fellow-creature. He was not nsensible to the horror depicted on Louis, and in more humane accents

-eplied—

"Villains waylaid him in the porch at the outer gate of the college, where he always quits his carriage. They closed on him; out he struggled, and drew his dagger. The business, however, was soon over; for the stroke of some heavy weapon felled him to he ground; and while he lay insensible, they stabbed him and ded. But the drawn blood did a service not intended. It recovered by Lord Ignatius from his swoon, and he managed to stagger to the gate, and gain admittance. When I was sent for to his chamber, which was not till morning, I found surgeons and a priest with nim, and they declare his wound dangerous."

"And am I not to see him?" cried Louis, forgetting his hard ask-master in the image of a fellow-creature dying by murder: that fellow-creature was his father's friend! and he repeated,

"May I not see him?"

"I eame to bring you to him," replied Castanos.

Shocked as he was by the horrid recital, Louis felt an emotion of wed pleasure at this summons. To be to his severe, but, he beleved, upright guardian, a more soothing attendant than was in he power, if indeed in the will of the rugged Spaniard, gave a generous satisfaction to his heart. Having carefully locked the hamber which contained the secret papers, that, whether the sieur ived or died, his injunctions might be equally respected, Louis accompanied his old conductor to a carriage which awaited them in he court-yard. While driving down the avenue and through the uburb into the city, both Louis and his companion were lost in hought. At last the former, hardly conscious of giving utterance o his meditations, suddenly asked Castanos whether he had any dea of the motive of this horrid deed.

"Not robbery," replied the Spaniard; "they never stopped for plunder. They wanted his life. And I believe we may curse the ealousy of your father's political enemics for the motive. I brought ay despatches from Madrid yesterday morning, and yesterday night

hese daggers were at work.'

"But how," returned Louis, "can the death of the Sicur Ignatius be of such moment to my father's enemies, that they should load heir souls with this assassination, and leave my father alive?" "Señor," said Castanos, "you know little of politicians; the agents of such rivals are always in danger. So you will do well to look to yourself."

"No man knows me in this capital."

"But some may know your employment, and that is the object of grudge. Since the stiletto has reached our master, we knownot

how far it may be from ourselves."

Louis could not bid him not fear, for the assault on their employer proved that danger was connected with their situation; and being ignorant of what that situation really was, he could not foresee whence the danger might issue nor how it might be repelled. He therefore made no reply, neither did he ask any more questions of a man who, when he did break his sullen taeiturnity, was ever more inclined to increase the gloom of an evil prospect than to chcer it with a glimpse of hope. The silence that ensued was not interrupted till the carriage drew up before a colossal column surmounted by a bronze statue of the Virgin Mary; and in front of which stretched the dark walls of the Jcsuits' College. At the portieo they alighted.

"Here," muttered Castanos, "is the place of blood; and its marks

are vet on the stones."

As he said, Louis saw; for it might be tracked, from the spot where he supposed the sieur had fallen, to where he rose and made his way to the gate. Louis shuddered at such a proof of the most dreadful part of the Spaniard's tale, and hastened to follow him through the porch. He entered a large quadrangle, surrounded by cloisters. While they preceded, Louis perceived several persons in dark monastic habits, walking to and fro under the colonnades. When he approached, they eyed him with curiosity; and when two or three were together, they whispered as he passed. Castanos seemed vexed by this notice; but, without remarking on it, hurried his companion towards a great door at the extremity of one of the cloisters. He struck it with his elenched hand, and it was instantly opened by a man, whom Louis recognised to be Martini, the servant who had attended him in his only walk beyond the walls of the château. He immediately inquired whether the sieur had undergone any change since Castanos left him.

"No, signor. The superior of the college is with him now; but

he is impatient for your arrival."
"Show me to his apartment," cried Louis; and, following the flect steps of the Italian, the father of the Jesuits met him as he passed into the presence of the wounded Ignatius. The chamber was then left entirely to the invalid, and to the conference he had so strenuously desired to have with his young secretary. Louis advanced into the room. Ignatius lay on a low couch, which, from its form and sombre appointments, looked more like a bier for the dead than a bed of rest for the living. It stood in the centre of an arched cove, at the end of the apartment. Louis approached in speechless awe. As he drew near, he saw the body of the sieur extended under the coverlid, in the position he should have expected, had he been to find him in his shroud. His head lay flat on the pillow, and was so veiled in a black eowl, nothing could be discerned of his face, but his ashy lips and grizzled beard. Ignatius guessed

the step, that so cautiously drew near his bed; and, feebly raising the arm which, his pupil now saw, had lain enveloped in black upon the dark coverlid, extended his hand. Louis clasped it gently in his, but forbore to speak. He felt himself pressed by the cold fingers of Ignatius; and there was an expression in the touch that said, he understood his sympathy. Louis bent his head to that not silent hand, and put it to his lips.

"Son of Ripperda," said the Sieur, in a low agitated voice;

"thou hast a kindly heart!"

"The son of Ripperda," replied Louis, "could not feel otherwise towards the friend of his father. But I would devote myself to watch this couch, for the Sieur Ignatius's own sake." Again he felt his hand pressed by the wounded man; and the smile, which was once so beautiful, flitted over his shrouded countenance like a departing spirit. Louis turned icy cold. He had never seen any one on a death-bed; and that spectacle, which he believed was now

before him, shivered him to the soul.

"Louis," said the sieur, after a pause, "I have not summoned you hither, to wait upon the tedious hours of my recovery; but to perform my part in the place where jealousy of my success has brought me to this. You must go to the imperial palace;—I am expected there in the course of an hour;—for none there yet know of this assassination. You must see the empress and acquaint her with what has happened. With difficulty, I have written these few hardly legible lines, to assure her she may trust you with any confidential message to me; and she too well knows my writing to doubt their authenticity. My surgeons say little to encourage hope; but tell her Majesty, I feel a life in my heart, that her enemies and mine have not been able to reach!"

Ignatius spoke this at intervals, checked at each sentence by internal spasms from his most dangerous wound. But he showed a vehemence at the close, which his pupil had never before witnessed in his tempered discourse. More than his usual caution seemed taken from his lips; and, as Louis apprehended the approach of delirium, he felt the hand which still clasped his, flash at once into a scorching heat. The agitated speaker gasped for breath; but he began again, and with rapid utterance, went through a train of directions, to guide his pupil in his conference with the empress. In the midst of the most energetic part of his discourse, his lip became convulsed, he suddenly stopped, and dropping the hand he held, seemed seized by the grasp of death. Louis sprang forward to give air to the enveloped face, but the moment Ignatius felt the attempt to withdraw his cowl, he arrested the hand that touched it, and said in a stifled voice,—"Do not be alarmed; I am not dying, but in pain. The villains struck well, but not quite home." He paused for a few minutes, evidently to collect strength to finish his commands. "Go," resumed he; "you will find Martini in the antechamber. He has my orders to attend you to the palace. You will then be conducted to the Altheim apartments: show that card to the page at the door (it is written by the empress's own hand to admit the possessor), and he will immediately obey its command. In those apartments you will see the imperial Elizabeth."

Louis had been under no inconsiderable degree of surprise during many parts of this discourse. Until now, he had supposed that the agency of Ignatius was directed to some of the Austrian ministers. whom his father, probably, wished to bring over to the existing views of Spain. He could hardly have suspected that so much caution and peril could be connected with any negotiation in which the sovereigns themselves were principals; and, that they should be principals, was astonishing in itself. The emperor's claims on the throne of Spain, and Philip's repugnance to the Austrian possession of the Netherlands, united with the pertinacious character of the two monarchs, and the usual turn of human passions, would have made Louis suppose that no political adversaries could have been more naturally irreconcilable, in their clashing personal interest, to any terms of even a seeming amity. However, the Sieur Ignatius had borne a reverse testimony. His pupil could not doubt what he had said; and, taking the credential presented to him, he was rising to withdraw, when the wounded man impressively added,-"Remember, she, alone, knows that my secretary is Louis De Montemar. In the guard-room, you will hear yourself announced as the Chevalier de Phaffenberg."

Louis stood silent, without moving another pace to the door:

"Alas!" thought he, "another deception!"

The sieur did not see this hesitation; for the wound in his head incapacitated him from bearing the light; but, not hearing a footstep, he guessed what was passing in his pupil's mind. "Louis," eried he, "you must not cross me at an hour like this, with your fantastic prejudices. Should any want of caution discover you to the eye or ear of an enemy, the blow, that has only half reached me, may be made sure; and the failure of our enterprise at this crisis, would sink your father's fame in everlasting dishonour."

"Oh! sir," returned Louis, "I cannot connect dishonour with an enterprise of virtue, whatever may be its fortune! and, if I had no other repugnance, I shrink from resigning, even for an instant,

such a name as his.'

"Louis," resumed the sieur, his voice and manner evidently raised by growing fever, "it is now in your power, and in your alone, to keep that name your distinction, or to brand it your disgrace. Schemes of poliey have no character in the public mind, but according to their issue. If success attend this, the Baron De Ripperda will be lauded the benefactor of the two nations. If it be destroyed by premature discovery, he will be openly accused by his jealous adversary, as a conspirator against the peace of the world; and ignominy, not honour, will be the setting of his name. Remember, simulation in diplomacy is no more a breach of truth, than ambuscadein war. You are the Chevalier de Phaffenberg as long as you possess its château. And thus we provide for consciences of more sensibility than judgment. If there be siu, it is on my head, and your father's. Be satisfied, depart on your duty."

my head, and your father's. Be satisfied, depart on your duty."
Louis, with much emotion replied, "My conscience cannot be satisfied by involving the responsibility of any man. But it is possible I may, in a sincere awe of that which has been taught me, overstrain principles I hope to live and die under. Therefore I

respectfully obey."

While leaving the room, the virtuous pupil of the pious minister of Lindisfarue folded his hands together, and inwardly exclaimed, "These are labyrinths he never expected me to tread? and may the God I would not offend, be the guide of my lips and my actions!"

When Louis entered the antechamber, Castanos was sitting on a low bench, sulkily smoking a cigar, and Martini stood near him. discoursing in a suppressed voice, but with vehement gesticulation. On hearing the steps of Louis, the latter turned, and caught up his hat. "I am at your command, signior;" and without waiting for an order, he led the way through the cloisters, to the porch where the carriage stood. Louis stepped in; and the Italian followed, with the air of a man who had been trusted with a confidence of no mean bearing. They drove on; and, by the looks which Martini occasionally threw towards him, Louis easily perceived his eagerness to be encouraged to speak. Martini was as anxious to be always an orator, as Castanos to maintain the character of a mute. But in the present case, Louis was too much possessed with what he had just seen, and what he might soon have to do, to be in humour to gratify the loquacity of his escort. In proportion as his frank countenance might invite to conversation, when he had no inclination to repel it, a dignified reserve, which few persons would dare disturb, occupied every feature when he wished to be left to his own thoughts. There was nothing severe in the look, but it had the air of one accustomed to deference; and though Martini would rather have met the social smile which Louis wore on the Danube, he saw everything to respect, but nothing to fear, in the tacit command of his countenance.

Attentive to the sieur's minutest injunctions, when Louis stepped from the carriage into the palace, he folded his pelisse round him, and, drawing the fur of his winter-cap down upon his face, walked on, with little more than his eyes visible. At the door of the guard-chamber, Martini announced the Chevalier de Phaffenberg, who required to be conducted to the Altheim apartments. officer in waiting called a person to show Louis the way; and as he turned to follow his guide, Martini said aloud, "Chevalier, I wait you in this chamber." The man led him up the imperial staircase to a superb rotunda, the pillared arcades of which branched in a variety of directions into long galleries of equal magnificence. Through several of these they took their way; and in some of them a few persons were seen passing lightly and silently along, as if in the anxious discharge of different sorts of attendance on the numerous august inhabitants, Louis thought of the palace of Thebes; and, while the smirking lips but troubled brows of these people met his eye, he could not but think how base and how miserable is the coveted bread of such dependence. He approached another of the folding-doors similar to those which had led him from gallery to gallery; and on opening this, his guide told the page within to conduct the Chevalier de Phaffenberg to the Altheim apartment.

"By what authority?" asked the page.

The person from the guard-room had turned to withdraw; and Louis, without speaking, presented the passport from the empress. The youth bowed profoundly, taking the pelisse and cap from the

shoulder and hand of the doubtless noble visitor, and ushered him through a highly-ornamented vestibule, breathing fragrance, into a suite of splendid apartments, in one of the most spacious of which he made a second obeisance and left his charge. The sieur had instructed him to show the imperial signature, not to ask for anybody, but patiently to await in this her private boudoir the arrival of her Majesty. He therefore had leisure to look around him, had his mind been sufficiently free from solicitude to derive amusement from the endless decorations of the place. In one part appeared a seemingly interminable conservatory, blooming with all the flowers of summer; in another opened a deep alcove of entire mirror, which doubled the mimic garden; and, in an opposite direction, a stretch of canopied arches discovered costly chamber after chamber. till the most capricious fancy might be sated with variety.

Louis's eye hardly glanced along them, for he fell almost immediately into an awful meditation on the scene he had just left; -on the probable death of the mysterious Ignatius; -and in the event of such a catastrophe, what might be the consequence to his father? Would the loss of so efficient an agent compel him to abandon his views? or would he come to Vienna, and finish in person what his murdered friend had so well begun? At the close of these melancholy cogitations, nothing but gloomy images presented themselves -the dark-cowled priests, flitting around the bed of the dying Ignatius, and the dismal voice of Castanos, presaging a similar fate to the baron himself! In the midst of these thoughts he was startled by a sound in the conservatory. He looked towards it and saw a lady, splendidly attired, approaching him. Unused to courts, he hesitated whether he should go forward, or await her advance; but, as she drew near, the amazing beauty he beheld decided for him, and struck him motionless. He had heard that the empress was beautiful and young; but of anything like this bloom of youth, this splendour of beauty, he had no expectation. It was more like the dream of the poet than any mortal mixture of earth's mould! He stood as one lost to recollection. The lady did not seem less surprised, though certainly with less amazement. On her first approach to him, the removal of his cap and pelisse having discovered his youthful figure, she retreated a step; but the next moment advancing, with a smile of peculiar complacency, she ob-

Louis tried to recover himself from the admiration her beauty had excited, to the ceremonial due to her rank; and bowing with disordered grace, he replied, "that he was sent by the person he believed her Majesty expected to meet in that chamber; and that he came—a messenger of distressing tidings—to say, that the Sieur Ignatius had been attacked by ruffians, and was then lying in ex-

served, "There must be some mistake; I came to meet a totally

different person."

tremity, at the Jesuits' College."
The lady interrupted him:—"Sir," said shc, "you have done me the honour to mistake me for her whom I am so happy as to serve; and, being distinguished by my imperial mistress's confidence, I came hither to request the Sieur Ignatius (whose attendance she had required at this hour) to excuse her absence for a few minutes. Her Majesty is with the emperor; and when I have delivered your message, she will expect you to await her commands."

With these words the lady curtseyed and withdrew.

Louis gazed on the track through which she had disappeared. A vision of some heavenly creature seemed to have passed before him. The apparition, the voice, had been seen and heard; but all was again solitude and silence! Was it possible, he asked himself, that anything mortal could be so perfectly beautiful? that anything earthly should be too bright to look upon? Lost in the amazement of his senses, he thought only of her; he had forgotten the majesty he came to visit, and almost the disastrous tale that was his errand, when steps again sounded in an adjoining apartment. He sprang towards the canopied arch—the curtains were held back by two golden caryates—and his eager eye shot beyond; but another form appeared! another lady! of beauty too; but, blinded by the former excess of light, all other objects seemed dark and indistinct before him. This lady was less magnificently arrayed than her fair messenger, but approached with so striking an air of dignity, that Louis could not hesitate in believing this must be the empress. Respectfully meeting her advancing steps, he bent his knee to her, while he presented the letter from the sieur. At the moment of her approach his bewildered faculties suddenly recollected that such was the attitude Ignatius told him he must assume in delivering his credentials. The empress stood still, and looked stedfastly on him for several moments. Then, taking the letter from his hand, in a voice of tender commiseration she bade him rise.

"The lady I sent hither has informed me of your melancholy embassy," continued she, in the same gracious tone; "but I trust

he is not wounded past hope?"

"Not past his own," replied Louis, while he rose from his knee;

"but the surgeons are less sanguine."

With a troubled countenance the empress opened the letter, and read it hastily. She looked from its contents to its bearer, and fixing her sweet, but penetrating eyes, anxiously on his face, said, in a doubting voice, "You are young, very young, for the trust I am called upon to confide in you!" Still she looked on him, and still she spoke; evidently without consciousness, uttering the remarks her observing mind was passing upon his appearance. "A youth like you must be too fond of pleasure to be a secure confident! Too accessible—too much in the power of circumstances. And at such a crisis too! But he tells me I may trust you as his son!"

Again she looked full at him. Louis's whole soul was fixed on that look, and aroused by its occasion. That the rigid Ignatius had given such testimony of him, did not more surprise than determine him to perish rather than dishonour it. He did not venture to speak, but the expression of his eloquent countenance was more than a thousand vows to Elizabeth. She sighed deeply, and sitting down by a table, leaned her head upon her hand. Louis remained standing where she had left him, regarding her with respectful interest. At last she looked up, and waved her hand to him to approach her.

"My heart is heavy," said she, "with the tidings you have brought me. For, should my counsellor in all this be indeed taken from me, how incalculable are the difficulties into which I shall be plunged! Nothing but full and complete success in the end can excuse me to my family, and to the world, for the perils I incur in the progress." Louis was silent. Elizabeth resumed: "You know to what I allude?"

"I know nothing," replied he, "but what the Sieur Ignatius has told me; and that is, a general intimation of his possessing your majesty's confidence; and that jealousy of so high a distinc-

tion he suspects to be the cause of his present state.'

The empress took two or three turns up and down the room. She was harassed and undecided; and often turned to look again and again upon the youthful secretary. She suddenly stopped. "Did Ignatius tell you who I know you to be:"

"He did:—that I am the son of the Baron de Ripperda."

While he made this simple reply, the dignity he felt in being the son of such a father seemed to encircle his brow with the beforeyeiled diadem of all his princely ancestors.

"And where is your father?" asked the empress.

"At Madrid. And I cannot doubt that at such a moment he would be eager to hasten to the feet of the Empress Elizabeth, the

generous truster in his friend!"

The empress shook her head.—"Alas, alas!" cried she; and again she walked from Louis with a hurrying pace. For some time she continued murmuring to herself, in a voice so low that he could not distinguish what she said; but at last, drawing near him, she again threw herself into a chair, and spoke aloud: "You call me the generous truster in his friend! I will be that to his son also. There is an honesty in your countenance, an enthusiasm in your mainer, so unlike a courtier, that—I cannot but believe you trustworthy! and when he says it," added she, pressing the sieur's letter in her hand, "it is conviction. Hearken, then, to me."

Louis drew near: and the empress, in a low, but steady voice, imparted to him certain subjects of national dispute between the empires of Germany and of Spain, and personal rivalries between their respective sovereigns, which she and the Baron de Ripperda, through the secret agency of Ignatius, were labouring to reconcile. She intimated that her imperial husband retained so much of his ancient enmity to Philip, and the Austrian ministers were so jcalous of yielding advantage to the Spanish cabinet, that she was obliged to move towards her end with the strictest caution. Besides, she had some collateral objects in view, which, if obtained, would not only establish a cordial friendship between the two countries, but so balance the power of the Continent, that war, for this generation at least, could hardly find a plea for disturbing the tranquillity of Europe.

"Some of these plans," added she, "are more than suspected by my enemies, and the enemies of my child; and, since they have engaged a certain wily English duke in their interest, an hour does not pass over my head without a dread of the whole being blown into the air. Like an evil spirit, he can transport himself when and wherever he pleases; and, while he is invisible, work a train

of mischief that is felt through many nations. It was only yester-day that he returned from one of his secret flights from Paris, I suspect ——" She suddenly paused, and appeared to muse for a

few minutes.

Louis's blood chilled at this mention of an English duke. From what Ignatius had said to him, he was compelled to think the empress could mean no other than Wharton. And how strange it was, that every person who had named the duke to him with cen sure had all concurred in giving him some epithet of duplieity! Elizabeth looked up, with an abrupt demand of her auditor, whether he thought the assassination might not be traceable to Duke Wharton!

"Madame," returned Louis, "I should as soon suspect it from my own hand." She gazed on him, astonished. "Yes!" repeated he, in a firm voice; "though it is possible that Duke Wharton may be hostile to your Majesty's politics, and even be the personal enemy of the Sieur Ignatius, yet I know him too well not to stake

my head on his abhorrence of a crime like this."

The empress did not withdraw her penetrating eyes from his face. "I now remember," said she, "that it was he who spread the report at the Favorita that the Baron de Ripperda's son was at Vienna. He met you on the Danube. But Ignatius assured me you had never seen him since!"

"I never have, and I never will, while he is an object of suspicion to your Majesty and to my father's friend. But I must again aver, as I would at the judgment-day, that Duke Wharton is incapable

of assassination."

"He shall be the better for your vindication," returned the empress. And then entering into a detailed communication of what her new confidant was to impart to Ignatius, relative to the most open part of their scheme, she gave him a letter, which she wrote and sealed in his presence, to acquaint the sieur with the recent progress of their more secret views. When she put it into the hand of Louis, she said with much emotion, "The last dispatch from Madrid wrought so favourably on the emperor, that I was even now conversing with him in the highest spirits, when I was called to hear the danger of my noble coadjutor! Should I lose him at this moment, their daggers had better have reached mc! Louis De Montemar, guard his life as you would your own. You know not the value of the charge."

Louis received her command to be in these apartments the next day at the same hour to give her tidings of the sieur. She then presented her hand to him to kiss, in sign of her favour to himself. He touched it on his bent knee; and while she turned to withdraw, she told him a page should attend him to the guard-room, but he must take such cognizance of the passages as henceforth to fiud his way through the palace alone. Again she proceeded to the door at which she had entered, and again she turned round, and said, with agitated solemnity, "Should any fatal change occur, come to me to-night. We will discourse together for the last time; and all that I have said in this conference you must regard as a dream—

to be forgotten!"

Louis silently bowed his head, and her majesty passed on. So crowded were his thoughts with the events of the last six hours, he hardly noted the time, though he did the situation of the ground, while the promised attendant was conducting him to the guardchamber. Martini sprang to meet him, and in a moment after, he left the mansion of royal splendours and luxury, to seek the cloisters of ascetic, self-forswearing men! All without was darkness and assumed humiliation; but within dwelt the rulers of kings. the universal dictators, the all-compelling Jesuits. Louis now entered to visit one of the most extraordinary personages that ever came within their walls; one to whom the vast machinery was all unfolded, by which these mighty workmen moved and controlled the world.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

THE information which Louis brought to the suffering Ignatius did not fail to heal the worst wound his enemies had inflicted,—suspicion that their machinations had reached the mind of the emperor. When the surgeons visited their patient in the evening, they gave a more favourable report on his symptoms with regard to fever, which had been the most threatening danger of the morning. The manner of his passing the night, they thought would be decisive for hope or fear, and Louis entreated permission to attend his couch until day. The sieur peremptorily put his negative on this proposal, but Louis was steady in not being denied watching by the side of Castanos in the anteroom. Martini with a surgeon and a priest remained all night in the cell of Ignatius; and that he slept most part of the time, Louis was satisfied; for, with his strictest attention, he could hardly hear a movement within. Castanos and his anxious companion kept true vigils. The act was the same, though the motives were as different as the two men. In one of the dreary pauses of the night, when the intensity of Louis's meditations on the various objects which bore upon the event of the present hour had much overwrought his unrested spirit, he observed Castanos shake the exhausted embers from his pipe; and desirous of asking the fate of his packet to Don Ferdinand, he had consigned to the care of the sieur, he thought he could not have a better opportunity; and, while the old Spaniard was twisting out his tobacco, he addressed him in a low voice.

"Señor Castanos," said he, "you were so kind as to deliver a packet from me to Don Ferdinand d'Osorio into the hands of my

father?"

"No," returned the Spaniard; "your father was not at Madrid."
"Then what became of my packet?"

"It was sent with the dispatches to where he ordered them." "Then I may assure myself of its safety?—and that my father is

Castanos had resumed his pipe and made no answer. After the second volume of renewed smoke had wreathed away from his sullen features, Louis addressed him again.

"But you saw my father before you left Spain? Under the present anxious circumstances it would particularly cheer me to

know that he is well.''

Castanos drew in and puffed forth another cloud; then indolently sliding his words out of the unoccupied corner of his mouth, he sulkily replied, "Señor, the less in the present circumstances you talk of your father, the better for the object of your anxiety, and for yourself;—walls have ears." With this apophthegm he resumed his smoking with redoubled energy, and Louis submitted to the silence imposed.

A few hours more, and the dawn brought a more communicative comforter. Martini issued from the inner chamber, to announce that his master's symptoms now pleased the doctors; for he had just awoke with little remaining fever. The priest and surgeon soon after appeared, bearing the same testimony; and the latter communicated the sieur's commands for the Chevalier de Phaffenberg to attend him immediately. Though Louis shrunk from answering to the name, yet he hastened to obey. Again Ignatius took his hand; but no longer with the icy tremour of expiring life, nor the burning clasp of raging fever; there was languor, but not death in the pressure; and with heartfelt joy Louis congratulated him on the certain hope of his recovery.

"It is well," replied the sieur; "and we shall not be ungrateful for it, where thanksgiving is due. But we must now proceed to business. They tell me my wounds are too deep to give prospect of my quitting this couch for many days. Our affairs will not brook that time. Your duty at the château, and mine at the palace, must continue to be discharged, and you must perform

them both."

Louis's assent was as prompt as the delight with which he embraced active service. And if the idea of the bright form he had seen only for an instant did flash across his mind with a hope of beholding it again, the passing thought was too transient to debase with any selfishness the pure zeal with which he pressed forward

to his new duty.

The sieur then told him to return to the château for certain of the completed papers, and to bring them without delay for his further orders. The carriage being now directed to be always in readiness for the Chevalier de Phaffenberg, Louis found no tardiness in transporting himself back to the château, and thence to the

college again.

On his return he found the surgeons in the invalid chamber, rcmonstrating with their patient against seeing his secretary again that day. Ignatius was inflexible; and to prevent increasing the evil by opposition, on the appearance of the object in dispute, they withdrew. Louis obeyed the beckon of his governor; and advancing to the side of the bed, received his instructions respecting the papers he had brought. According to command, he disposed them into several packets; and putting them into as many small leathern bags, sealed them, and addressed them according to their particular destinations.

At a particular hour, he was conducted by Martini to a crypt chamber in a distant quarter of the college, and there the Italian introduced him to a grey-headed brother of the order, who had been entrusted by Ignatius with this part of the business. His office was to receive and to bring in in succession the messengers of the correspondence which Louis held in his hand. The venerable Jesuit told him that several were then in waiting, but in separate cells; for no one was to know of the other, and each was conducted

out by a different passage.

Louis remained three hours in this gloomy hall of audience, before he had seen everybody he ought to see; and had delivered all the packets, of which these people were to be the bearers to some of the most distant nations in Europe. He gave no further account of the sieur's absence to these foreigners, than that he had become suddenly indisposed. An idea of his danger might have had ruinous effects on the purposes of this various correspondence. As the time drew near for his attendance on the empress, Louis returned to Ignatius, to receive his further commands. This interview was brief, but pregnant with matter; and included instructions for a conversation with another personage, to whom the imperial Elizabeth would see the necessity of introducing their young negotiator.

Louis had now no reason to complain of want of trust from those who commanded his services. The empress was so impatient to hear his report, that he found her awaiting him; and his communications were so satisfactory, that she at once dismissed her worst fears for the sieur, and entered into a circumstantial discussion of his message, comparing its expectations with what had passed between the emperor and herself on the last overtures brought by Castanos. She was not the direct agent to her husband in these affairs; for his Majesty had not a suspicion of her interference with any of the ostensible negotiators; therefore, all that she appeared to do was by apparently aeeidental remarks; but they were so managed, as very often to decide a fluctuating question. He had never admitted the Sieur Ignatius to a personal audience; whom, however, he respected as a Jesuit of talents, employed by the Spanish sovereigns to coneiliate secretly with Sinzendorff, the imperial chancellor. The emperor usually talked with the empress on all that passed between him and Sinzendorff; and she made ample use of her influence, in suggestion and persuasion, towards the leading objects of the Spanish propositions. Besides the brilliancy of her ostensible motive, to see her husband the second Cæsar that would close the gates of Janus on mankind! she had two private views in gratifying the demands of Spain—to obtain the guarantee of so leading a power to the pragmatic sanction; which would establish her own descendants, male or female, on the throne of Germany; and to complete the eession of Philip from the cause of James Stuart, by which her near kinsman, George of Brunswick, would be more firmly seated on that of Great Britain.

An active enemy to the first of these projects was then residing at Vienna, in the person of the widowed Electress of Bavaria. Being the daughter of the late Emperor Joseph (who died without a son), she believed if a *female* line were to inherit, she and her posterity had more right to the succession than any daughter of the present emperor, who was the younger brother of his predecessor, her

father. To avert these claims the present emperor, Charles the Sixth, devised the act of settlement (called the pragmatic sanction) on his own female posterity, in default of male issue; and to this he was moving every wile of policy to obtain the guarantee of the great European states. Fonder of artifice than of plain dealing, Charles made promises he never intended to perform; though he hoped by their means to purchase the acquiescence of his brother monarchs. Spain had been already once attempted in this way: but Philip's resentments against his former rival were not to be appeased. He joined France in thwarting all the emperor's plans: and, as he not only withheld his assent to the proposed act regarding the Austrian succession, but was actively hostile to that of the new King of England, the empress concluded that he extended his animosity to her, she being of the House of Brunswick. But when the Baron de Ripperda (whose brilliant wit and diplomatic magnificence at her father's ducal court had been the first object of her youthful admiration)—when he quitted Holland for Spain, and gained the confidential ear of its king, then the Spanish cabinet seemed to turn a colder aspect towards the setting star of the Stuarts, and the hopes of the empress settled on the newly rising minister of Spain.

The same policy which united the friends of the pragmatic sanction with those of the reigning King of England, brought the supporters of the Bavarian pretensions into joint interest with all the adversaries of the House of Brunswick; and, consequently, into strict friendship with the intended restorers of the line of James. To keep the negotiation between the sovereigns of Spain and the empress from the cognizance of these two latter parties, now so determinately united, was indispensable to its ultimate success; for the emperor was too suspicious of a prince who had once gained over him a great advantage, and too personally attached to ancient Austrian prejudices, not to be very accessible to the diplomatic subtilties of the adverse faction, should they have timely notice to make an attack.

The empress expressed herself to this effect: but there were still some secret measures between herself and Ignatius, which she did not think expedient to confide to their young confidant; and, when she had explained all that she deemed necessary for the present, she told him he must go to the apartments of Count Sinzendortf, where that minister was now expecting him. She drew from her finger a ring that the count knew, and which, on being presented by Louis, would be sufficient assurance that he was visited by the right person.

"But recollect," said she, "the chancellor is ignorant that you are of more consequence than a mere secretary of Ignatius. I told him your name is Phaffenberg; and take care you do not give him, nor any one else, reason to suspect you have another." Louis bowed, and her air of cautionary command dilating into a smile, she added, "To-morrow, and every day, attend me here at the same hour, until perfect recovery restore your guardian to the full performance of his own duty."

The empress's description of the situation of the chancellor's

apartments in the palace was too accurate for her ambassador to mistake his way; and without impediment he soon found himself ushered into the presence of Count Sinzendorff. He recognised the ring which the young secretary respectfully put into his hand; and, without preface or circumfocution, entered at once upon the assassination of Ignatius, and the consequences that might be drawn from the attempt. To detect the perpetrators was impossible, as the necessity for concealment in all that related to the negotiation of the sieur extended to his person, and to make a stir in search of the ruffians would only direct the eyes of their employers where to dare a second attempt.

The chancellor then opened the communications he wished to be conveyed to Ignatius. They principally consisted of certain demands, besides that for the pragmatic sanction which his imperial Majesty persisted in making on the King of Spain, before he would propound to his ministers what he styled the very high requisitions from the Spanish side. The chancellor followed this up, with remarks on his own difficulty in preparing the minds of some of the most stubborn of these ministers; saying, he could hardly bring them to apprehend even the possibility of such mea-

sures being proposed to them.

From the plain and well-digested discourse of Count Sinzendorf, Louis derived a clear idea of the scheme in negotiation, which, if brought fully into effect, did indeed promise universal benefit. In the constrained confidence of the sieur there was always so much mystery, and in the hurried communications of the empress so much confusion, that, until now, he could only see as afar off a mass of anticipated events; the misty obscurity of which, rendered some monstrous, and most indistinct. But now he comprehended not only the magnanimity of the reciprocating policy of Austria and Spain, but the foundations of prosperity and peace for Europe, so long threatened with the interminable miseries of hereditary wars. His soul, devoted to noble contemplations, was roused to all its wonted ardour by these views; and, vibrating to the tone of his father's declared motive, which the chancellor had incidentally quoted, he made some remarks on the proposed measures, that did not less astonish than please that consummate statesman.

Count Sinzendorf saw that it was no hireling secretary Ignatius had despatched to him. The air and language of Louis were too elevated to belong to a man born in dependence; and the chancellor read, in the intelligence of his eye, and the peculiar attention of his eountenance, while respectfully listening to what was said, that he was still unapprenticed to the mechanism of politics. He felt the soul of patriotism; but he was not yet aware of the machinery which, in this world of artifice, must often be its body! A few general sentiments of political virtue, uttered by the count, elicited its purest principles from the lips of Louis. His own glowing words had given the tone he thought he had taken from the chancellor; who, in fact, only admired and reflected the enthusiasm he pitied. "It is a first love, amiable youth!" thought he, "which must give

place to a more worldly bride!"

That this singularly noble young man, both in appearance and

manner, should have been introduced to him by the empress and the Jesuit Ignatius, as a common secretary, and by the name of Phaffenberg (a family whose folly and extravagance had long ago sunk it into obscurity!) did not so surprise Sinzendorff, as it confirmed his suspicion, that he saw the son of some great man in this interesting noviee; and his shrewd guesses did not lead him far from the mark. He smiled inwardly at the deception which the empress so uselessly thought to put upon his penetration, and determined to allow her to believe he was as blind as she wished. Before he and the object of his doubts separated, it was fixed that every night at an hour before midnight, the latter should attend in the chancellor's apartments to be the medium of communication between him, Ig-

natius, and the empress.

When Louis re-entered the dark walls of the college, from his long and double embassy, all he had to impart was listened to without interruption. For, before he began his recital, the sieur apprised him, that in transactions of this nature it was so necessary to recapitulate every word which had passed, and, as nearly as possible, to describe the manner of saying it, he would not confuse his recollection by making a single interrupting remark. When Louis finished speaking, all his guardian said, was—"It is well;" and then bade him return to the château for the remainder of the night. He had a new task to perform there before he slept; and similar ones must henceforth lengthen his nightly sojourns in the locked chamber, until his doubled duty should be no longer required. He was to carefully register in a peculiar cypher, all that had been said in his presence by the empress or the chancellor. And he was to make duplicates of this diary, into the cypher he had been so long accustomed to copy; and to understand which the sieur had now given him a key. Every night he was to return to the château, and every morning make his appearance at the college. The two following days passed in the same round of duties. But there was a difference in the third, which made it remarkable to Louis, and gave a new character to those which succeeded it. He again beheld the beautiful friend of Elizabeth. Not having seen her since her first transit across his then cheerless sky, the starry brightness of that glance only occurred to him afterwards like the fading image of a delightful dream. Absorbed in the great interests which now occupied him, he was thinking of nothing less than her, when, on entering the boudoir to await the empress, he was surprised to see her accustomed chair of exquisitely-carved ivory, surmounted by an imperial crown of similar spotless material, occupied by another lady; and a lovely girl sitting by her, busily employed on a drawing which lay on the gold-enamelled table before them. He started: and the lady, throwing back the lace veil which had shaded her face while bending over her companion, discovered the beautiful creature he had hardly expected to see again. She apologized for having permitted her own and the archduchess's occupations to make her forget the hour in which these rooms ought to be left to this use; and, taking the princess's arm, had even passed into the econservatory before he could recollect himself so much as to feel that he stood like an idiot, without having uttered a word of the

commonest civility, in answer to her graceful address. He then flew after her, and spoke he knew not what in explanation of his remissness; all the while, walking by her side in a strange disorder of feelings; till, reaching a small trellis door in this little paradise, she turned round, and with a dignified bend of the neck, and a dimpled smile, granted him her pardon, and disappeared with her

fair charge.

Louis paused a moment, looking at the closed door, trellised with roses, through which she had passed; and then re-entered the boudoir with his senses all in amaze. His heart, which had never till now beat at the sight of womankind, throbbed in his breast almost audibly. Such an eye, as its soft lustre fell upon him, he had never met before; he felt its rays in his heart. And then so finely composed a figure! Such matchless grace in her shape, and snowy arms, as she led the young princess along! And the golden tresses, which, mingled with the white veil upon her neek, made him think of the peerless Helen, whose divine beauties compelled the admiration of the very empire she destroyed! Full of these imaginations, the more he thought, the further did his mind wander from the business which brought him there; and when the empress did make her appearance, it was with difficulty that he recalled his senses to the subjects of the interview. In one of her pauses she noticed his abstraction. She remarked it to him. A bright crimson flashed over his face. She repeated her inquiries. Louis was astonished at his own emotion; but, without seeking other excuse, though with deepening colour, he said he had behaved rudely to a lady who had just left that apartment, where he was surprised at meeting any one clse than her majesty; and he had not yet recovered from his confusion.

Elizabeth bade him describe the lady. To do that, he felt was impossible; though, on the demand, his ready heart repeated its pulsations, and looking down he merely answered, "She was with the archduchess." The empress smiled. She now knew whom he had seen; and by his disorder, had no difficulty in guessing the cause

of his abstraction.

"The lady," returned she, "is the Countess Altheim; to whose care these apartments are eonsigned, as my first lady of the key. She is also the governess of my eldest daughter, whom you saw;

and whom I wish her to model after her own graces!"

Louis unconsciously sighed, while he bowed to this information; and Elizabeth, thinking she understood his meaning, with a smile still more gracious than the former, added—"She is a widow, though so young; and has hitherto loved me too well to be persuaded from my service, by any one of the numerous solicitors for her hand."

Louis felt another impertinent sigh rising to his lips, but he smothered it with a gentle effort, saying inwardly—"What is all this to me?" and made no answer to the empress, but a second bow.

She immediately passed to the subject of his audience.

In returning to the eollege, he would not suffer himself to dwell a moment on the image of the beautiful eountess. But he was not permitted to keep his wise resolve of dismissing it altogether from his thoughts; for the bright original found occasions of repeating the impression day after day. She sometimes awaited him with preparatory messages from the empress. At other times he surprised her and the young princess at their studies. But at none of these meetings could she be prevailed on to linger a moment. When she had to deliver a message, she hastened away as soon as it was uttered. And when he broke on her accidentally, the instant he had caught a glimpse of her white arms moving over the lute, or had heard the thrill of her exquisite voice warbling through the rooms, mingled with that of her royal pupil, she would rise in disorder, and hurry from his ardent entreaties; but in so sweet a confusion, that it was sure to fix her idea in his mind till their

next rencontre.

Louis felt the truth of the observation, that "The secret to interest, is to excite curiosity, and never to satisfy it." He was ever asking himself, why the charming countess, the worshipped of so many hearts, should be so timid to him? or rather, why she should thus fly, as if with aversion, one whose heart was so well prepared to admire the graces of a mind which the empress had assured him were equal to those of her matchless person? He had never seen anything so beautiful as that person; and "in so fair a temple," he could not doubt, as fair a spirit dwelt. He longed to converse with it; to understand all its loveliness; and to feel his heart sympathise with it, as he was wont to do in holy Lindisfarne, with all the pure intelligence of woman's mind. It was not of love he thought; for though he respected the sentiment, hitherto he had never felt its touch. He, indeed, was fondly attached to his cousins: but only with the calm affection inspired by so near a relationship. The exclusive winning of a female heart he always had considered the reward of a manhood spent in duties performed; and not the pursuit of any part of the time demanded for their exercise. Hence he used to smile, when listening to his young companions in Northumberland, talking together on this all-absorbing passion; and declare, "he never would waste his noon of manhood in a myrtle shade, but devote it all to a brave defiance of the little god!" In this case, like others, Louis de Montemar was to learn-how wise is speculation, how weak is practice.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE IMPERIAL BOUDOIR.

THE countess was indeed accomplished; and most accomplished in the art of charming. The noble, affectionate Cornelia, and the playful, tender Alice, knew nothing of her science; and of what spirit it was, the heart of their cousin had yet to prove. On the day of his first appearance at the palace, she had only to behold his singularly fine person, to think him the handsomest young man who had ever entered there. But the fair Altheim was not particularly attracted by the charms which most pleased in herself; and she nover would have sought a second glance of the graceful secretary, had she not accidentally attended to a discourse between her imperial mistress and the chancellor; wherein the latter, being

piqued by a remark her majesty made on "the matchless skill of the Baron de Ripperda under all circumstances of the most seeming difficulty, to command the most unsuspected information!" rather sarcastically observed—that he suspected, amongst his many resources, the wounded Jesuit had got something more illustrious in his diplomatic novice, than he chose to acknowledge. Elizabeth affected to see nothing peculiarly distinguished in the manners of the secretary; but, when the chancellor had withdrawn, she let some ambiguous expressions escape her, in the triumph of having baffled his penetration. These intimations were not lost on the countess. And on the day following that in which she and the young archduchess had retreated from Louis in such haste, the empress could not forbear telling her in what an amazement of admiration she had surprised him; adding, "He is a conquest worth more than a smile!"

Elizabeth smiled as she said this, but remarked no further. It was enough for her fair confidante, who, if her soul possessed any passion, she did not scruple to own it was ambition. To gratify this she had given her blooming beautics at the age of seventeen to the superannuated Count Altheim,—a man of high family and great riches, but who had long survived every faculty but that of dotage on any pretty face that would endure the incense of an habitual idolater of youth and beauty. Her previous history was this:—She was born in Brunswick, of a respectable forester's family; and her mother had been the chief nurse of the then Princess Elizabeth, about a year or two before the birth of this last child. In process of the children's relative ages, Otteline, the pretty forester, was taken into the ducal palace, to be a kind of playmate for the little princess; whose sweet and ardent nature soon conceived a sister's affection for her delightful and fond companion; and when, after her imperial marriage into Austria, she heard of the death of her venerable nurse, the gracious Elizabeth embraced the opportunity to recall her always tenderly remembered young associate to her side. Otteline de Blaggoy, as has been said, was several years junior to her imperial mistress, and far transcended that beautiful princess in every personal grace. But the deference to high birth being so great in Austria, that a mis-alliance is considered a more indelible disgrace than a moral dishonour, none of all the illustrious courtiers who contemplated and sighed for the possession of the lovely Otteline, ever thought of making her the sharer of his rank. A thousand gay adventurers pressed forward to gratify their passion for beauty, and to excite an interest in their behalf with the empress, by making her favourite their wife. But Otteline knew herself to be despised, though worshipped. And as rank was all she wanted to set her in every respect above the women who envied her charms, and therefore looked with double contempt on her untitled name, she resolved to marry for rank, even without other attractions? and within a few months after her arrival the old Count Altheim became infatuated with her beauty; and, intoxicated by her smiles, dared every obloquy to raise her to the station she seemed so calculated to adorn. The empress felt the situation of her favourite, and having joyfully pronounced her

consent, the no less delighted Otteline gave her hand to the count in a splendid espousal, at which, not merely her patroness, but all

the imperial family were present.

While the fond husband lived, his young countess was the brightest, the loveliest, the proudest of the court. Elizabeth exulted in the homage the haughty Austrians were obliged to pay to her elève and countrywoman; and, to render it more complete, she determined that an application to the countess should be the only avenue to her imperial favours. But the count died, and according to the law of Vienna (that on the death of the husband, the wife loses the rank in society she acquired by marriage), the Countess Altheim, though a richly endowed widow, found herself at once thrown back into all her former insignificance. This reverse was doubly galling, since she had been on the heights of consideration, and had trodden that elevated path with a step not much less imperial than that of the empress herself. To be contemned now, was mortification almost to madness. But the beautiful mourner had lived too long in courts to permit her rivals to perceive the complete victory which events had given them over her. Affecting a wish for retirement after the death of so devoted a husband, she lived secluded for a time, loftily leaving that world, she was aware, would have scornfully excluded her; and when the assumption of inconsolable grief was no longer feasible, Elizabeth appointed her to the high office of presiding governess over the Archduchess Maria Theresa. This afforded her a dignified plea for still abstaining from the assemblies of the court; though, in private parties she sometimes permitted herself to be seen. Yet this was a rare indulgence; that the novelty of her unequalled charms, whenever she did appear, might continue to give her successive triumphs over the envy of her proud rivals; and the effect was ever what she expected. She was then twenty-six, and though in the meridian of her beauty, she foresaw that the time approached when she must resign this, her sole sceptre of power, to some younger hand. What then should she be? She could not endure to dwell upon the answer; and again turned her views to some elevating alliance. To think of another Austrian connexion would have been a hopeless speculation. She must direct her attention to some of the numerous noblemen from foreign countries, who visited Vienna.

This plan was hardly determined, before the arrival of the Marquis Santa Cruz offered a desirable and probable victim to her ambition, in the person of his son, Don Ferdinand d'Osorio. Young, handsome, susceptible, and of high rank, it was an opportunity not to be neglected; and a few interviews with him at the petits soupers of the Baroness Hermanstadt, put to flight every remembrance of the dove-eyed beauties he had so lately sighed for in the groves of Italy. Lost in the blaze of her attractions, he soon lived only in her presence, and drew from her a confession, that she awaited his father's consent alone to become his bride. But she was a Protestant, and she was of ignoble birth; two disqualifications which the marquis's bigotry, of faith and of ancestry, could not be brought to excuse. In anguish and hope, Ferdinand flew to the feet of his adored Otteline, and implored her to give him her

hand in spite of his inexorable father. She knew the degrading consequence of such a compliance. She saw the point to which the passions of Ferdinand were hurrying his reason; and by that frenzy of despair, trusting to alarm the marquis, and compel him to save the senses of his son, by consenting to the marriage, she exasperated the agonies of her lover's mind, by appearing to regard the proposal for a clandestine union as an insult from himself. When she allowed herself to be convinced of the contrary, still her affected indignation continued, though directed to a different object; and she deelared that her wounded honour could never be appeased, nor would she consent to see Don Ferdinand again, till he should bring her the marquis's only adequate apology for the disgrace he had presumed to attach to her alliance. Ferdinand departed from her almost insane; and in that condition threw himself upon the mercy of his father. But the good Catholic and Spanish grandee was not to be moved; and the frantic lover being denied admittance at the door of his proud mistress, flew to unburthen his distracted soul to their mutual friend, the Baroness Hermanstadt.

The narrative that follows is of more common than agreeable detail. The baroness was one of those women who are a blot on their own sex, and a blight to all of the other on whom they fix their rapacious eves. Abandoned to ostentatious expense, no means where rejected by which she could gratify the vanity her own fortune could not supply; and, while her friend looked abroad for an ennobling alliance to give her rank, she laid snares for dishonourable engagements, to furnish her with gold. Her iniquitous proceedings had hitherto been so warily managed between herself and her dupes, that no one else suspected her of error. She was generally received in the first circles of Vienna, and hence had a wider field from which to select her victims. The thoughtless expenditure of the son of Santa Cruz had for some time tempted her rapacity; now the opportunity presented itself of making it all her own. She was an animated companion, and soon made the distracted Ferdinand forget the pretended disdain of managing ambition, in the delusions of practised art and soothing flattery. Intoxicated with what he believed her generous oblivion of herself, in voluntarily sacrificing every duty to her newly avowed passion for him, he was only awakened from his trance of vice by the information that her husband, a rough Hungarian general, was returning from his post on the Turkish frontiers. She would gladly have exchanged this poor and rugged hero, for the soft prodigal she had bereft of his better senses; and she made the proposal—to fly with him before the baron could arrive; and that henceforth their fate should be one. While she made the insidious proffer, a gleam from his long-banished reason seemed to visit him from on high; and he shrunk with horror from an everlasting engagement with such a woman. Though the slave of her allurements, she was not the mistress of his soul, and he dared to deny her. Then all her rssumed persuasiveness was cast aside. She insisted on flight, with a vehemenee that turned her passionate love to threatening fury and closed with holding an opened penknife to her heart, to extor his assent, or to end her existence. He wrested the weapon from

her hand; and, oppressed with his own bitter consciousness, left her in a storm of frantic upbraidings. From this disgraceful connexion it was that the Marquis Santa Cruz had borne away his son.

Meanwhile, the disappointed Countess Altheim, foiled by her perfidious friend and versatile lover, broke with the one, and really disdained the other. And though she never condescended to inquire about either, after the double desertion was known to her beyond a doubt; yet she was not insensible to some feeling of gratified revenge, when she heard that Ferdinand had abandoned her

rival and left the country.

The marquis hastened with his remorseful son to Holland, and thence to England. But the pangs of repentance had not struck the root of his crime. He mourned the act of guilt; not the intemperate nature which impelled it. He cursed the hour in which he met the Baroness Hermanstadt; but he did not condemn the headlong impetuosity with which he yielded to every impulse of self-gratification. The only son of his parents, and heir to immense revenues in both hemispheres, he had been indulged in every wish, till he believed he had no duty in life but to enjoy its pleasures. It is true, that in perspective, he contemplated those only which might be blameless. But he soon found that where any strong influence impels, the boundary line between innocence and transgression is often invisible. Ferdinand had more than once trembled on its verge; he had now overleaped it. And though racked with self-abhorrence, and hoping by deeds of penance to repass it, he yet fostered the passions which had betrayed him; and even found a new temptation for their excesses in the land of his penitential pilgrimage. By a strange coincidence of fate, while he was sowing tares in the peaceful field of Lindisfarne, Countess Altheim was preparing a similar attempt on that of its darling, Louis.

The beautiful Ottcline was as widely different from the character of her false friend, as unsunned snow from the molten lava of Vesuvius. She sought for nothing in her union with Ferdinand but the rank he would bestow. His riches and his love were alike indifferent to her; and when she turned her eyes on the handsome secretary of Ignatius, she had no other idea in her meditated attack but what aimed at sharing a birthright, which the empress had assured her would exceed her proudest wishes. Notwithstanding her ineapability of loving, and, indeed, of feeling any emotion but those connected with her ambition and its disappointments, she was so keen an observer, and so fine an actress, that he must have had an Ithuriel eye who could have distinguished the counterfeit from the real in her pretensions. Having made her first advances on Louis by a retreating manœuvre, she perceived that her personal charms had made their intended impression; and that she had only to produce the graces of her conversation to complete the conquest. On subjects of general taste she was mistress; and in every department of human knowledge that belongs to worldly wisdom she was perfectly informed. If sympathy did not give her anticipation of her lover's thoughts, self-interest endowed her with a tact to glide into his opinions; and she did this so adroitly as to make her echo appear the leading voice. Her accomplishments were likewise brought into play; and the empress did not disdain to partake the management. Once or twice she detained the archduchess and her governess in the room, to call forth some natural or acquired charm in the beautiful instructress; and when the blushing countess withdrew, her majesty usually made some observation on the inimitable perfections of her character, and the engaging modesty by which they were so constantly veiled.

In one of these interviews, when Louis was gazing, with his soul in his eyes, after the departing steps of the too exquisite Otteline, the empress, with a peculiar smile, ejaculated, "She has lately become enamoured of politics; and should she negotiate for herself,

adieu my right in her possession!"

Louis felt himself turn pale, but he did not reply. Though his imperial inquisitor thought his looks were sufficiently expressive, she was determined to carry away a direct avowal; and, with a little archness, she added, "But you, perhaps, doubt her powers?"

He coloured while he replied, "I believe the Countess Altheim

has power to command just what she pleases."

"Indeed!" cried the empress; "then you must not be my minister. If she negotiate against me, I see where my interest would be."

Elizabeth smiled again, and with an expression that Louis could not resolve into any positive meaning; but it was unpleasant to him, and gave him an impression of being played upon. A confused recollection of the sieur's exordium against the power of beauty suddenly occurred to him; and with rather an offended air, not often ventured to an empress, he said, "Believing that the Countess Altheim would always please to command what is right, I could not suppose her influence would ever be actuated against the

interests of your majesty."

The soft colour on Elizabeth's cheek mounted to a proud crimson. The words were compliment, but the manner reproof. She regarded the audacious speaker with a look of astonishment. His eyes were now directed to the ground. She felt she had been reproved; and by a youth! a.boy! The son of a man who, if her confidant and coadjutor, she was also his! and, from circumstances, so much more in her power than she in his, that at any moment she could ground his chariot in the quicksands, and give him a fall as deep as that which had sunk for ever the fortunes of his predecessor, the great Alberoni! And yet the son of this man—so perilously placed, so dependent on her will—durst presume to be offended with an innocent freedom she had condescended to take with his feelings! He had dared to imply to her that she had trifled with him beneath her dignity! and still he stood before her with a mien of more true respect than any she was accustomed to meet from the most obsequious of her vassals! With a haughty swelling at her heart, the imperial Elizabeth ran through the first of these suggestions; but as she contemplated the countenance of the speaker, so noble, so modest, she found a more ingenuous sentiment arise. She had then, for the first time in her life, beheld the unveiled face of simple truth! The situation was strange to her; but there was a charm even in the novelty; and again smiling, but with an air in which all the distance of her rank was conveyed, she graciously said, "There was something besides compliment in that speech of yours, De Montemar; but I forgive you." She stretched out her hand to him in sign of full pardon; and as he respectfully touched it with his lip, she added, "You would make a better counsellor than a courtier; but if you mean to be a statesman you must unite both."

He bowed as she turned away, and said to himself, "Then I must mean to be what I never can be. If the world is not to be governed without the moral degradation of its governors, my ambition to be a ruler must follow Orlando's wits to the moon!"

Gracious as the empress looked and spoke, he yet saw that he had been on the verge of giving her mortal offence. His pastor uncle had often told him the atmosphere of courts was cold in proportion to their elevation; it was as withering to every honest demonstration of the heart, as the icy peaks of the glaciers to the verdure which would flourish in the valley! Louis did not then quite believe the representation; but he now remembered the lesson, and sighed to find it true. Musing on the causes and consequences of so unnatural a state of moral existence, he passed hastily through the galleries. The day was unusually warm for the season, and the heat of the stoves made the unventilated air so oppressive that, absorbed in thought, he unconsciously complied with his bodily feeling; and, with his cap still in his hand, he allowed his pelisse to fall open from his figure, while hastening down the passages. As he turned into an obscure lobby, by which he avoided the public guard-room, he passed the bottom of a flight of steps. Two persons were coming out of a door, at their summit. He did not observe the circumstance, so profound was his reverie. till he heard the voice of Wharton, exclaiming, "Ha! 'tis he! Louis! Louis!"

Louis sprang forward, but not to meet him. He disappeared from the passage at the very instant he heard the duke throw himself over the rails of the stair, and call in louder accents, "De Montemar! De Montemar! Stop, for Heaven's sake! It is Whar-

ton who calls you! It is Wharton who calls you!"

But Louis continued to fly, and Wharton to pursue, till the former, abruptly turning through a small postern into the street, darted into his carriage, which always awaited him at this remote and therefore only particularly privileged entrance. It was just wheeling into the mob of attending equipages, when he beheld the duke issue from the gate, and stand gazing around in search of his faithless friend!"

"Faithless, I am not, dear, insulted Wharton!" cried Louis, aloud, though unheard by him he apostrophised. "But you have seen me desert you, fly you, in spite of the sacred adjuration with which you would have recalled me! Oh! what do you now think

of ungrateful De Montemar?"

At that moment he saw the duke strike his forehead, in the venation of disappointment; and in the next the turn of the carriage snatched him from his sight.

Louis now began to arraign his own carelessness, having erred so against warning as to permit any abstraction of his mind to divert him from the indispensable concealment of his person. Angry with himself, and vexed to the soul, that his negligent reverie had so immediately incurred the evil most deprecated by Ignatius, the wormwood in his heart for a moment distilled over every other object, and, with a bitterness unusual to him, he exclaimed, "Why did I forget that a man sworn to politics has immolated body and mind? Neither love, nor friendship, nor the reasoning faculty, are left for him. He has made to himself a deity which must command all his thoughts! Had I properly recollected this detested creed, coiled like Satan in the serpent-train, I might have passed through the dust unnoticed by the erect eyes of Duke Wharton!"

Perhaps the consciousness that his own nature had caught some of this abhorrent practice of disguise, now excited temper as well as regret in this moody exclamation. His soul was naturally brave and frank; but the mysterious language of the sieur had touched him with a kind of superstitious dread on certain points; and he felt that he shrunk from mentioning this rencontre to any one. He knew it would fill Ignatius with alarm for their secret; and, in the present state of his slowly-closing wounds, all agitation was dangerous. To name it to the empress might not only reawaken her suspicions of the duke, but excite her to precautions hostile to his safety. Louis thought and rethought over these circumstances; and, as his perturbed feelings subsided, and gave him clearer judgment, he fully determined on silence. He flattered himself that no ill could proceed from this concealment; and, while he resolved to be more circumspect in future, he believed that Wharton was incapable of any act which could implicate his friend, or his own inherent nobleness. He did not hope that the duke could suppose that, either now or on the Danube, he had mistaken any other person for his companion Montemar! Wharton might have been persuaded to say the mistake was probable; but that companion could not believe the possibility of his having ever thought so. For, could any one make Louis think he had not seen Wharton on the Danube; that he had not heard his voice calling on him, through the passages of the palace?

"Oh, no!" cried he; "there is an identity which cannot deceive the heart! You know that it was Louis De Montemar you saw; that it was Louis De Montemar who fied you! But a day will come, I trust, when you may know all; or at least grant to me, that one essential in true friendship is sometimes to confide even

against the evidence of our senses.'

With that romantic faith, Louis had confided in the purity of Wharton's attachment; and he believed that Wharton would not be less generous to him. But Louis was enthusiastic; and judged men with that deference to oral wisdom, which hangs on the precept of virtue, as if it were virtue's self. He was yet practically ignorant, that a man's taste for moral excellence might be as exquisite as that which modelled the life of Addison; and his conduct be as foreign from his theory, as that which debased the genius of

Richard Savage. Hence Louis formed his opinion of his fellowcreatures, rather from the sentiments he heard them utter, than from the actions he was told they performed. He could not be mistaken in the one: misrepresentation or misapprehension of motives, might pervert the other; and thus, he more often made a good sentiment the commentary on a dubious action, than tried the principles of the sentimentalist by the rectitude of his conduct. But it must be confessed he was not thus liberal, merely from never having supposed the absurdity of men admiring a principle they are determined never to adopt; but from an ingenious pleader in his own breast, whose still small voice continually whispered to him, "Why should I conceive the worst of others, when my own conduct so often falls short of my best intentions? nay, frequently turns so blindly aside, that I wonder to find myself in the midst of crrors, when I most intended to do the perfect right? But the heart's weakness, the impatience of the will, the frowardness of the temper! how can I feel these within me, and not judge with charity of appearances in others?"

"And you, dear Wharton," cried he, "are now called on to judge me charitably; to believe anything of me, but that I could treat

you thus from the dictates of my own will.

How Wharton did judge of the conduct of Louis De Montemar, after events were to prove. The latter was right in believing the duke sure of his friend's identity, both on the Danube and in the palace gallery. But in the first instance, as Wharton supposed, on seeing him no more, that some cause must have hurried him from Vienna, his grace did not think it worth his while to press the matter on those who denied it. But now that he had not only seen him again, but seen him fly his sight and his voice! here, indeed, Wharton could hardly credit his senses. And he was still standing in the porch, gazing after the various passing carriages, when the gentleman he had broken from on his pursuit, rejoined him. He inquired of the duke who the person could be he was so eager to overtake, and, remarking on the oddity of so determined an avoidance, exclaimed, "He must have been gone in an instant; for, though I heard your exclamation, I never saw to whem it was made."

"Then I have probably been racing after a ghost," replied Wharton, stifling his chagrin under a gay laugh; "but if it have aught of mother-earth about its airy sides, I will grapple with it yet."

His companion replied in the same strain, observing, that had it not been for the over-topping figure of the duke, he might have had a glimpse of the nimble-footed apparition. But, soon observing that the curved brow of Wharton did not agree with the merriment on his lip, the gentleman looked more serious, and again asked the name of the fugitive. Perceiving that his present associate had not attended to the words of his exclamation, whatever he had done to its sound, the duke carelessly answered, "It matters not; he is only a scape-goat, with more sins on his skittish head than the fool thinks of!"

"But his flight vexes you."

"Because he is so good as to bear away my sins on his pate, and I am not in a humour to be tired of their company."

"He is your confessor, then, and was flying from his duty."

"You have it," returned the duke, in a low whisper; "and, for my conscience' sake, without further comment, let us allow him to

go to the devil!"

The gentleman shook his head incredulously; but added, laugh. ing, "I am too good a Catholic to pry into mysteries." And Wharton, seeing he suspected some affair of gallantry, with a glance to corroborate the idea, laughed also, and passed to another subject.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

# THE COLLEGE, THE PALACE, AND THE CHATEAU.

WHETHER Duke Wharton disdained to mention again the name of the friend who had unquestionably fled him, or how it happened that no notice transpired of the second rencontre, Louis could not determine; but as several days passed without his receiving any intimation of it at the palace, he hoped it was buried in the mind of the duke; and that only between themselves it would hereafter be

The sicur was still a prisoner in his cell. The more eager he became to resume his diplomatic duties, the more his recovery was retarded. Twice in the course of a fortnight, the anxiety of his mind had inflamed his wounds to jeopardy. Louis said everything that cheering anticipations could devise, to assuage this impatience. But his own perseverance in his double, nay, treble duty, at the college, the palace, and the château, did most to satisfy the sieur, by proving that he had not employed an inefficient agent. Couriers arrived, and were despatched with propositions and acquiescences, which every time brought the grand object nearer to a close; and Louis's increasing labours were rewarded every day by the sunny smiles of the enchanting Otteline. The empress seemed to have forgotten what had passed between herself and the young secretary, in reference to her:—and the favourite herself, as if unconscious of having been a subject of their remark, continued to him those ineffable attentions of eye and car, which, without a word, are the most eloquent language of the soul. He saw her beautiful; had witnessed her accomplishments; from the empress, he heard of her exalted virtues; and, under such impressions, he hourly felt the magnetic influence of her presence. He had conceived a high idea of the female character, from the two sweet companions of his youth; and, loving them with a brother's pride, whenever the image of a more exclusive attachment would obtrude itself, their joint graces of person and of mind generally formed the perfect vision. Amongst the fair daughters of Northumberland, who occasionally added to the winter festivities of Morewick Hall, no such miracle of a romantic brain had ever presented itself. Many of them were beauteous, amiable, and engaging, but all were inferior, in his estimation, to the intellectual Cornelia, or the touching Alice; and when those charming sisters continued to rally him on his invulnerable heart, he would plead "guilty" to the charge, declaring it was all divided between fraternal love for them, and a

wish for some future friendship with a brother-mind of his own sex. The month he passed in the Highlands of Scotland gave him, he believed, this treasure, in the all-accomplished Wharton. The duke courted his confidence. And from one so full of every elevated sentiment, of every enchanting gaiety, of every demonstration of regard, could he withhold it! No; he loved him—as he was, afterwards, too well inclined to adore the resistless Otteline—with all his imagination, all the ardour of restrainless enthusiasm.

His beau idéal of the female form was far surpassed by what he saw in his first interview with the Countess Altheim; and the image of perfect beauty being once impressed on his senses, it was easy to stamp belief on every show of its intellectual loveliness. At first he regarded her faultless lineaments with little more than the same delighted taste with which he used to gaze on the admirable casts from Italy, which embellished the galleries of Bamborough. But when those eyes, so beautiful in themselves, were turned on him with a glance that conveyed her soul to his, then the ethereal fire seemed to have shot from heaven on the fair statue,

and he felt its electricity in every vein.

One morning, after the empress had retired from the saloon. Louis remained by her orders to make minutes of the discussion. The Countess Altheim sat near him, awaiting the memorandum she was to convey to her mistress. He pursued his task with a diligence neither his employer nor her favourite desired; but he began to tremble on meeting the eyes which now so kindly beamed on him; and, inexplicable as were the feelings with which he enjoyed and dreaded their appeals to his sensibility, he shrunk with alarm at the most distant whisper of his heart that now he loved! While he still sat busily writing, with his eyes riveted to the paper, and the fair Otteline's on him with a look that was almost indignant at his perverse industry, the door opened, and a lady in deep mourning, and nearly swooning, was supported into the room by an attendant of the same sex. The countess was transfixed to her seat. But at this pity-moving sight, Louis forgot the imperial boudoir, and the secrecy of his visits there, and hastened to assist the speechless invalid to a chair. Otteline recovered her presence of mind in the same instant, and approached the mourner; but the lady had perceived Louis, and already had accepted his offered arm with a languid smile. Between him and her own attendant she was supported to a cushioned sofa.

The countess again came forward, and in a voice of profound respect, but with evident vexation, inquired "how her imperial Highness had become so affected?—and how these apartments

could have been so honoured by her august presence?"

The attendant lady answered for her mistress (who still rested her head with closed eyes upon the shoulder of Louis), that "her imperial Highness having heard the Archduchess Maria Theresa was not well, she had called personally to make her affectionate inquiries; and when returning from the princess's door she became suddenly faint, near to the vestibule of the Altheim apartments, she stopped in hope of finding the countess, and obtaining some eau de cologne."

The anticipated restorative was immediately produced, and the invalid having taken some, soon after re-opened her eyes, and relinguished her leaning posture on her young supporter. The lady attendant and the countess now vied with each other in courteons felicitations on her highness's recovery; and while the countess was pressing the further use of several pungent essences, Louis, who hoped his assistance had passed unnoticed by the invalid herself, was attempting to glide out of the room; but her still dimmed eyes caught a glimpse of his retreating figure, and, abruptly interrupting the countess, requested her to recall that gentleman back. that she might thank him for his services. Otteline obeyed, though he saw, by her altered countenance, it was with reluctance: however, he turned to the soft summons of her voice, and approached the sofa with a modest bow. The princess directed her large dark eyes upon the figure and face of Louis, both of which surprised her. as they were strange to the court; and yet possessed un air distingué too pre-eminent, she was sure, to belong to any man attending there in a dependent quality.

"Sir," said she, "your politeness has been very useful to me, and I desire to know to whom I am obliged."

He bowed, but it was in confusion. He felt that his tongue would blister in uttering the first falsehood he had ever even implied in his life. Supposing that this disordered silence arose from a flattering awe of herself, her highness turned with a smile to the countess, and demanded of her the name of her friend.
"The Chevalier De Phaffenberg," replied the favourite, with a

rising colour.

"Phaffenberg!" repeated the princess; "I thought that noble family was extinct. Of which of the brothers, Ernest or Rodolph,

is he the son?"

Her eyes addressed the question to Louis; but his confusion increased, and he did not look up to meet them. He even made a step towards the door, so incapable was he of supporting the representation of the countess by any direct deception from his own lips. Otteline observed his changing complexion; and instantly bending to the illustrious questioner, whispered something in her ear. Her highness more than smiled as she listened; she laughed and nodded her head, in sign that she understood her; then turning to Louis, again addressed him.

"Chevalier, I will not detain you longer; your politeness would honour the best blood in Germany, and I shall be happy in having an opportunity of proving that I think so. You know where to find me, and may any day call upon my best power to do you service."

Grateful for being released from further inquiries, Louis bowed again respectfully to the princess, but still in silence, and hastened from the apartment. On his return to the sieur, he refrained from chafing his present anxious state by setting him on the rack, to guess who this lady might be who had so unluckily surprised his secretary in the empress's private saloon, and whether the accident would be productive of vexations to their proceedings, or pass away a mere indifferent circumstance. On the illustrious invalid herself Louis would not have cast a second thought after he had rendered the assistance due to her sex and her indisposition; but his gratitude towards the prompt attention, or rather intuitive knowledge of his feelings evinced by the countess, kept the whole seene in his mind during the night, and filled him with impatience for the morning, when he might, silently at least, intimate to her some perception of the gratefulness which possessed him. Dangerous contemplation! He went earlier than usual to the palace on the succeeding day, both to make his apology to the empress for having left her memorandum unfinished, and in hopes of gaining a few minutes, in which to imply to the amiable favourite the sentiment with which her goodness had inspired him. But it could only be implied generally; to particularise the obligation would be to be tray that he was other than the Chevalier Phaffenberg: then why did he wish to find her alone? He had no distinct apprehension why this hope speeded him forward; only he certainly felt a warmth in his bosom, while meditating on the past scene, more congenial to his nature than all the raptures her various graces had before awakened. The promptitude with which she gave his supposed name, and the delicacy with which she had perceived his repugnance to answer the princess, appeared to him a testimony of quiek interest in his feelings; a reading of his mind, a sympathy with its thoughts that demanded his utmost gratitude—but it had obtained something more. He sighed as he approached the palace, and said to himself, "Such kindness speaks in me as home; of dear, distant Lindisfarne,

> "Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft, Each other's pillow, to repose divine!"

What he wished, he found. The lovely Otteline was alone, but in a mood of unusual pensiveness. She was leaning her head upon her arm when he entered, and there was a flush about her beautiful eyes as if she had been weeping. She started on seeing him, and rising hastily, as if to disguise the chagrin which hung on her brow, said two or three gay words of welcome. The discordant expressions in her face did not eseape the watchful eye of growing passion. He ventured to utter a fear that she was not well, or that something had happened to disturb her tranquillity.

"Nothing," replied she.

He looked incredulous; and she added with a smile, checked by a sigh, "Chevalier, if you would preserve your quiet, never inquire into the caprices of a woman."

"Then, it is the caprice of some woman which now disturbs yours?" exclaimed he. "It is impossible the empress can have

given pain to one she so entirely loves?"

"Not the empress," replied the countess, eagerly, as if in haste to exonerate her benefaetress; "she is all graeiousness. But the Electress of Bavaria!—she you so unfortunately assisted yesterday in this room; it is from her that I have met with insult."

"Insult!" re-echoed Louis; "can any dare it to you!"

"I wish it were not so," replied the countess; "but many eauses make me an object of envy to that malicious princess; and now she has triumphed."

"Again, I must say impossible!" cried he; "for how can she, or any woman, triumph over the Countess Altheim? Your virtues—"

"They are my own," interrupted she, casting down her eyes; "but my reputation is not; and yesterday put that into her power," Some apprehension of what the countess would not add gleamed upon the auditor.

"How?-No, no!" cried he.

She looked up in graceful disorder, and evidently assuming vivacity, "Chevalier," returned she, "you are alarmed! But indeed it is without reason. Believe it my caprice, if you like; and let us dismiss the subject! It is doubling vexation to impart it."

This generous sentiment excited him the more to persevere in knowing the cause of her ill-disguised distress; and with increased earnestness, he conjured her only to satisfy him on what she meant by saying, that yesterday had put her reputation in the power of

tha Electress of Bavaria?

With mingled seriousness and badinage, the countess attempted to put him from his question; but it was done in a way rather to stimulate than to allay his suspicion, that he was concerned in her vexation; and therefore he thought himself bound in honour, as he felt impelled by his heart, to press an explanation.

he felt impelled by his heart, to press an explanation. "I was a weak creature," returned she, "to drop anything of this to you; for indeed you will think it nonsense, when you

hear it!—Only, a woman's delicacy is so very sensitive."
"Try me," replied Louis, forcing an answering smile.

"Then, be the consequence on your own obstinate head!" said she, with a glance of tender archness; but immediately casting down her eyes, as if she feared they had told too much; in the

same gay tone she continued.

"On my mentioning to my imperial mistress the mal-à-propos indisposition of the Electress of Bavaria, her majesty commanded me to go the same night, and make the electress a visit of inquiries. I found her highness without trace of illness, in her customary violent spirits, and eager to seize on any new subject for mirth. I had hardly delivered my message before she began to rally me on your account; and asked so many questions respecting the object of your presence in my apartments—and indeed about your family and views in life—that I absolutely was lost in confusion." The countess paused for Louis's reply; but he was incapable of making one; and only answered her kindled cheeks with a crimson deeper than her own. She had glanced on his countenance, and in softer accents resumed! "I might have extricated myself from the volatile electress, had not my embarrassment been instantly observed by that mischievous Duke Wharton, who stood by laughing all the time, and prompting his only too well inclined mistress.

A new apprehension shot into the mind of Louis; and instinctively keeping his eyes directed to the floor, he said, with a half

smile, "And what did Duke Wharton prompt?"

Had Louis ventured one glance upward, he would have seen the eyes of the countess riveted upon his face, with a steady investigation of what it might betray; while the managed tones of her voice spoke only the accents of half-discovered tenderness; or,

more often, the apparent assumption of a gay contempt of the

raillery she described.

"He stood alone with the electress when I was announced," replied she, "and that gave her highness a hint to begin my persecution by affecting to whisper him, 'that my intrusion would tell no tales, as she had surprised me that very morning tête-à-tête with — I will not repeat the silly names of gallantry she called you; but they excited the curiosity of the duke: and then she described your person as accurately as if you had been sitting for your picture. While her highness proceeded in these details, I thought Wharton had lost his wits; and when she summed up her accounts with naming you as the Chevalier De Phaseenberg, he fell into a convulsion of laughter, that amazed her highness. Then began such cross-questionings and remarks; such banter from the duke, such broad surmise from the electress; that, as I would not betray the secret of my imperial mistress, by acknowledging your visits are to her; (for visits, Duke Wharton has discovered them to be!) I was obliged to assent to her highness's jeering insinuations, on their being admitted to me. At first I combated her charge," added the countess, perceiving something in the countenance of Louis that partook more of rising displeasure than of gratified emotion; "I attempted to speak of your presence having been merely accidental; but Duke Wharton, with a sly laugh, exclaimed, "I'am an astrologer, lady; and know that fate, not chance, guides this son of Latona by noontide and moon-tide, and any other tide that you please, to a certain palace! — What his errand is, I am too discreet to whisper.'

Convinced that Wharton had indeed recognised him in the electress's description; and indignant that the friend from whom he expected nothing but generosity, should thus play with a situation he must see was meant to be concealed: Louis replied with resentful scorn, "But you treated such light impertinence with the

disdain it merited?"
"I tried to do so," returned she, seeming to relapse into painful seriousness; "but the raillery of the duke, and the knowledge he showed of your movements, alarmed me for the secret of the empress: and then,-the cruel alternative! the electress casting all those visits to my account, with insinuations—I cannot speak them."

Her eye had caught the flashing light of her auditor's; and, abruptly stopping, she rose from her chair. He stood motionless with indignation. At last, forcing words from his quivering lips, he exclaimed, "Madam, I conjure you! tell me how the electress -how Duke Wharton could dare to couple your reputation, and my presence, with slander; and—I will find a way to disprove it."

"Oh, no," returned she, "you must not disprove what duty to my imperial mistress would not allow me to deny."

Louis did not believe he had heard distinctly; he told her so. But she repeated what she had said; assuring him, with increased agitation, that where she so entirely loved, as she did the empress, her life was the least sacrifice she would make to preserve her interests. He gazed on her with doubtful admiration.

"But to be silent at an aspersion on your fair name! that.

madam," cried he, "can never be a duty in your sex. A man may redeem himself from obloquy; a woman never can; and if I am implicated in sullying your honour, I repeat again, I will disprove the slander at the peril of my life."

"That can only be done between man and man," said the countess, in a collected voice; though inwardly alarmed for the eonse. quences of a duel between her lover and the duke. "And here the provocation came from the opposite sex. Duke Wharton merely amused himself with my confusion, after the electress had presumed to make her charge. But were it otherwise, a violent assertion of my honour is beyond your power. Your life, Chevalier," added she, turning her eyes on his face, "is your own to give! but not the safety of the Sieur Ignatius, not the honour of the Baron De Ripperda; not the future happiness, public and private, of the Empress Elizabeth! These, and the other momentous interests you are so well aware of, all depend upon keeping secret from the Electress of Bavaria, and her counsellors, the purport of your visits to these apartments. You could be admitted but for one of two reasons: to me, or to the empress. And, when hardly pressed by her highness last night, to avoid the treason of betraying my mistress, I was obliged ——" she turned away her blushing face, while she added, "not merely not to deny, but to sanction the suspicion, -which caused the tears in which you surprised me.

Louis stood paralysed at this last disclosure. But when he saw that tears flowed afresh from her eyes, and streamed down her flushed cheeks as she moved from him to leave the room, he flew towards her, and, catching her by the gown, implored her, in an agitated voice, to stop and hear him. She turned on him with a look of gentle reproach,—of dissolving tenderness, that bereft him at once of all consideration; and what he said, what he avowed, he knew not, till he found her hand clasped to his lips, and heard her say-"After this I need not blush to turn my eyes on the only way that can now redeem my name!" She spoke with an enchanting smile, and added, "It will disprove our adversary's slanderous accusation, without betraying her imperial rival's cause, or risking

a life perhaps too precious to me!"

Before he could reply she heard the steps of Elizabeth in the adjoining chamber; and sliding her hand from his impassioned grasp, disappeared through the conservatory. He was in so much agitation when the empress entered that she perceived it; and, guessing the cause, did not notice it; but wishing her favourite full success in this her own peculiar affair, she dismissed that of politics in a very few words, and graciously received Louis's excuse

for the unfinished minutes of the day before.

As he proceeded to the château, where he was to complete some transcripts before he returned to the college, he tried to think on what had passed; but all within him was in tumult. The hours of his labour, and of his meditation, were the same; he could not tranquillize the strange whirlwind of emotions which raged in his mind. He recalled again and again, before the tribunal of his judgment, the particulars of the scene which had just passed; but they appeared in such broken apparitions, that he could reduce nothing to certainty, nothing on which he could lay his hand and

say, "It is so."

At one moment, indignation fired him against the part Duke Wharton had taken in it; and in the next, he arraigned the wavward fate which had compelled him to merit all the duke's resentment, by his own apparently insulting conduct in the palace gallery. Then his imagination, all in a blaze, ran over the celestial charms of the exquisite creature, whose unreceding hand he had pressed to his lips—to his heart! He felt her eye-beams still agitating its inmost recesses; but he did not feel that heart quite assent to his often repeated exclamation—"She loves mc-and I am happy!" He did not feel that instant union of spirits, that ineffable communion of heart with heart, and soul with soul, which he had ever believed the pledge of mutual love; that mystery of the soul, which, even on earth, asserts its immortal nature! The beautiful Otteline was still a beautiful surface to him; an idol to be adored. But he did not find that sense of perfect sympathy, shooting from her dear presence, through all his being, which would make him cry aloud, "I love her, and her alone!"

Dissatisfied with himself for this fastidiousness, when he ought to have been all transport, he turned to the hour of meeting the sieur, with the feelings of a man in a dream, from which he was

doubtful whether he would not be glad to awake.

# CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE IMPERIAL CORRIDORS.

WHEN Louis entered the cloister, which led to the sicur's apartment, he met Martini hurrying towards him.

"Well arrived, signor!" eried he; "I was coming to the château in quest of you. There is a noble bustle in my master's

chamber."

"By your countenance, no ill news?" said Louis; though not unapprehensive that some mischievous consequence had transpired from his unfortunate surprisal in the Altheim apartments.

"Not that I know of," cried Martini; "but a little motion more than ordinary always makes me merry. I love stirring, gloriously! And my master and a booted-and-spurred have been at high words

these two hours."

With nothing so much in his mind as some anticipated exposure from the malice of the electress, Louis proceeded to the chamber with a more eager step than inclination. He found the sieur on his couch, with the table before him, spread with open packets, and a person standing beside him in the dress of a courier. At some distance stood two other travellers. The eourier was talking in Italian with great earnestness. Ignatius listened with his usual lofty attention: but when his vigilant eye caught the figure of Louis advancing from behind a dark curtain which divided the apartments, he put up his hand with an air of authority to the speaker, who instantly became silent.

"Louis," said the sieur, addressing his pupil in German "here

is news from Madrid, to raise me from the tomb, had the poniards of my enemies been keen enough to have laid me there! France, whose bonds were so ruinously dear to the heart of the King of Spain, has cut the cord herself; and by a stroke of indignity for

which even his partiality cannot find an excuse."

Louis's heart was lightened of the apprehensions with which he had entered; and, with glad congratulations, reflected the unusual animation which shone in the eyes of Ignatius. The sieur then ordered the courier to retire till he could see him again. The other two travellers also obeyed the motion of his hand; and, in Spanish, he directed them likewise to put themselves under the care of Martini. The room being left to the statesman and his secretary, the sieur, with a less reserved air, beckoned Louis to approach him; and, when they were seated, the former opened a circumstantial detail of what had occasioned this abrupt rupture between the

courts of Versailles and Saint Ildefonso.

During the late regency of the Duke of Orleans, a treaty of marriage had been entered into between the young King of France. Louis the Fifteenth, and Philip's daughter, the Infanta Maria-Anna, then a mere ehild. According to the custom of the times. she was sent to Paris to receive an education befitting the future bride of a French monarch; and at a certain age she was to be solemnly affianced. On the death of the Duke of Orleans, and the promotion of the Duke of Bourbon to the functions of primeminister, the cabinet of France seemed to change its measures with regard to Spain; at least, encroachments were made, which aroused the suspicions of Philip's queen; and she tried to awaken the jealousy of her husband against the new minister. Attached to the house from whence he sprung, and inclined to put the best construction on all its actions, it was no easy task to make the royal grandson of Louis the Fourteenth comprehend that the Duke of Bourbon never considered the interest of Spain in his policy. Some transactions, more than dubious in their principle and tendency, at last made King Philip allow a possibility that he might confide too implicitly in his French relations; and, after much argument from the Baron Ripperda, and more entreaty from his queen, he was at length persuaded to counterpoise the self-aggrandizing spirit they had detected, by commencing a secret negotiation with Austria. Still, however, habitual partiality to his native country hung about the heart of Philip, and caused great uneasiness in the minds of the queen and the baron, under whose auspices the mysterious embassy set forth. While the negotiation rapidly proceeded, the king often dropped hints on the consequences of precipitancy; and frequently filled his royal consort and her adviser with alarm, lest he should at last refuse his public sanction to the completion of their labours, and so involve themselves and their cause in utter infamy.

The Duke of Bourbon was indeed actuated by different principles, both political and personal, from those which had impelled the Duke of Orleans to propose new bonds of alliance between the royal families of France and Spain. He disliked the Spanish marriage altogether, besides, so many years must elapse before

the infanta could be of age for the espousals, and the health of the anticipated bridegroom was so precarious, it seemed no improbability that his death, in the meanwhile, might transfer the royal succession to the house of Orleans. This was an aggrandizement of that ambitious family, which the no less ambitious Duke of Bourbon could not contemplate with patience; and at this juncture, Duke Wharton appeared at his elbow, as if conjured there on purpose to set the two great heads of the house of Bourbon at lasting enmity. He suspected that something clandestine was going on between the courts of Spain and Austria; and having substantiated his suspicions, he left Vienna for Paris a few days after his rencontre with Louis de Montemar on the Danube. He revealed to the Duke of Bourbon all that he had discovered; and urged him to save his branch of the royal stock from being overtopped by that of Orleans, or of Spain, by immediately adopting an entire new policy from that of his predecessor. As a first movement, he proposed a marriage for the young king with some princess of maturer years than the Spanish infanta. Bourbon readily embraced the suggestion, which had been some time floating in his own mind. And, on the two dukes consulting who this princess should be, (each having his own particular view in the selection,) their choice fell on Maria, the admired daughter of Stanislaus Letzinsky, the ex-king of Poland.\* Wharton undertook to prepare his youthful majesty to accept the alternative; and in the interview, he found the docile monarch of la belle France easily prevailed on to exchange a bride still in the schoolroom, for a blooming young woman, full of accomplishments and charms.

The views of Wharton in this manœuvre were still directed to his favourite project of reinstating the Stuarts, who a few years before had intermarried with a princess of Poland, while they were refugees at Paris. At present, France, and Spain, and Austria, were all equally estranged from their cause. By creating a rupture between the two former powers, he divided their interests; implicated their allies, and necessarily threw France again into the scale of the Stuart and Bavarian claims. Philip had declared himself for George of Brunswick, and was on the point of signing the pragmatic sanction: this Wharton knew; and by mixing the adversaries of the latter succession with the political rivals of England, he returned to Vienna with a promised accession to his party, that

made him omnipotent in the Bavarian councils.

To prevent any opposition to the proposed royal nuptials, from the remonstrances of Spain, as soon as the Duke of Wharton had left Paris (which he did with the negligent air of having been a mere visitor to the widowed queen at St. Germains), the Duke of

<sup>\*</sup> Stanislaus Letzinsky, a native Polish magnate of distinguished character, who had been elected King of Poland, on the death of Augustus Second, of the Saxon race. On being driven from his throne by the superior influence of his rival to the sceptre, Augustus the Third, the son of the preceding monarch, the ex-king retired, in the year 1709, to a private life in Paris; and there abiding in much respect, he ultimately beheld his daughter become the chosen queen of Louis the Fifteenth, the young sovereign of that powerful kingdom.

Bourbon pursued the advantage that nobleman had gained for him, and persuaded the king to send the infanta back to Madrid, without any previous notice to her parents. She was accompanied by a lady of honour, and an ecclesiastic of high dignity, to be her protectors on the way, and to deliver a suitable apology on the urgency of the case to the King and Queen of Spain. When the abbot and his young charge were so unexpectedly announced to the presence of the royal pair, the good priest was too much agitated to fulfil his instructions with the diplomatic dignity he was enjoined: he fell at once on his knees, declaring his errand, in confusion and anguish of spirit. The astonishment and grief of Philip showed itself in silence and tears; but the mortification of his queen burst into race and invective. When the abbot offered the letters of explanation she dashed them out of his hand; and tearing the picture of Louis the Fifteenth from her bracelet, trampled it under her feet. All now was uproar. The French ambassador, and every French consul on the coast, were ordered to depart the Spanish territories without delay; and when Philip did find words to express his sense of the injury he had received from the hand he most trusted, he declared he never would be reconciled to France till the Duke of Bourbon should repair to Madrid, and ask his pardon on his knees. "Ha!" cried the queen, "it shall not be long before that French Cyclops finds the arrows of more than one king in his eye."\* And, to make good her threat, she immediately dispatched a trusty messenger to Ignatius, giving him full powers to relinquish all the contested points which had retarded the negotiation; and at any sacrifice to conclude a marriage between her son, Don Carlos, and the Archduchess Maria-Theresa, the presumptive heiress to the imperial crown. Some other instructions, dear to the policy of Ripperda, were added, which, if brought to bear, would give the preponderance of power still more to Spain and to Austria, and place the French nation—where she had dashed the portrait of its monarch—at her feet.

Louis de Montemar passed several hours in close conference with the Sieur Ignatius on these events; on the circumstances which led to them (though Wharton's share in the leading movement was not then known); on the consequent instructious from the Spanish sovereigns; and in settling how much of the whole Louis should declare to the empress and her minister while making the commanded concession, so as to appear rather to give than to concede.

"You must manage the preliminaries to-night with Sinzendorff," said the sieur; "but to-morrow, whether it be to return on my litter or in my hearse, I will see the empress myself. When the triumphal arch is ready," added he, with one of those smiles which visited his dark countenance like the shooting of a star, "the wounded victor is unworthy of its honours that will not venture his life to pass through!"

Louis looked his assent to the sieur's observation, with a smile bright as his own; and soon after the college bell reminded him

<sup>\*</sup> The Duke de Dourbon, besides a bad expression of countenance, was blind in one eye.

that the time of his audience with the chancellor drew near. On his rising to obey its summons, Ignatius laid down his pen from some letters he was writing, and told him to rejoin him in that chamber the next morning by daybreak. "To-morrow," added he, "will epitomise the history of Europe for many a future year, and

be the deciding epoch of your destiny."

The usual time of Louis's visit to the Chancellor Sinzendorff was an hour before midnight, immediately after his excellency had left the card-table of the emperor; and as, from the intricacy of his new communications with the minister, Louis's present conference could not but be much longer than ordinary, it was an hour beyond midnight before he left the chancellor's apartments. Hurrying along, to get out of the interior galleries of the palace at so unseasonable an hour, at an abrupt turning into the large lighted rotunda, where most of the passages terminated, he ran violently against a person wrapped in a splendid pelisse. He looked up to apologise, and beheld Duke Wharton. Louis sprang from the Duke, as if struck back by electricity; but Wharton grasped his arm. With an averted face, and a heart yearning to embrace the friend whose presence and whose touch obliterated all remembrance of resentment, Louis made another ineffectual struggle to break away; but the Duke, in a gaily affectionate voice, exclaimed, "I have clutched you, Chevalier Phaffenberg! and if you were Chevalier Proteus himself you should not elude these ten fingers!" As he spoke, he threw his other arm round the waist of his friend, and seized his opposite arm also.

"Release me, Duke Wharton!" cried Louis, now fully remembering his double promise to Ignatius and to the empress; and striving to recal the circumstances at the electress's, which had

excited his indignation, "This is a liberty ---"

"That is nothing between friends," interrupted the duke, in the same happy tone; "but if we are enemies, I am too old a soldier

to release the prisoner who would cut my throat!"

"Duke Wharton," returned Louis, fearful of being subdued by accents so eloquent of former confidence, "when you see I would avoid you, this detention is at least ungenerous. By the friendship you claim,—and have !—no longer withhold me! One day, I will

thank you for your forbcarance."

"You would thank me for that to which I make no pretensions. In this life of hard knocks, neither broken heads nor broken hearts can be healed by the promise of an unction; therefore, excuse me if I keep the good the gods provide me!" Louis struggled with his subdued heart, while unconsciously he rested in the arms that held him prisoner. "You have my sign manual against this selfish world!" resumed the duke: "so, dear Montemar, come with me; and whatever may be your secret services here, they shall be as safe in my breast as in your own."

With a gasping breath, Louis declared he must not remain with

him another moment.

"What! your pastor uncle fears me, even here! he fears the lion, when his lamb is among wolves! I tell you, Louis, there is more in my heart towards you than you will believe, or may deserve! But, come with me, and you shall have that heart on the table!"

Happy to exonerate his venerable uncle, Louis impetuously declared that his interdiet was withdrawn, but that other motives, not then to be explained, rendered a temporary estrangement as compulsory as ever. Wharton exulted in his amnesty from Mr. Athelstone, and urged it with every argument and device in his magic circlet. He was prevailing, vehement, and gaily reproachful: but. as he persevered in all beyond the usual measure of persuasion, Louis could not but at least feel such perseverance very like persecution; and very unlike what he should have anticipated from the free spirit of the duke. "But," whispered a monitor within him, "was the duke's wanton sport with your evident wished concealment, when he recognised you under an assumed name, in the discourse at the electress's, -was it consistent with his believed candour, with his present professions of faithful attachment?"

While Louis stoed in his trammelling arms, and with a downward face, thought of these things, he became displeased, and with a firm air, repeated his request to be released. The duke persisted to hold him fast, with a little misehievous raillery on his haste. Louis recollected the blush of Otteline; and, with a pang of resentment, while he determined to be no longer put from his duty, he said sternly, "Duke Wharton, let me go! This compulsion is insufferable. I will not be detained."

"De Montemar," returned the duke, in a voice that suddenly became grave; and immediately releasing one arm, though he still held the other, "I have wrestled thus long with your eaprice, to show you that I had forbearance. But I now read your changeful heart: go where it leads you. I once thought it was devoted to friendship, and to noble saerifice! But," added he, after a short pause, and with a disdainful smile, "you are not what you were: you cling to the foot of the ladder, which I believed you even too proud to mount. So take what you seek: I bid you farewell!" While he spoke he relaxed his hand from the grasp he held of Louis's arm; and, with a smothered sigh, which he sought to hide under a eough, he turned hastily across the corridor. Louis's heart

"Did I not insult him by my flight in the gallery? I have been selfish and arrogant; I have been accessible to ill impressions; and, even now, to suspicions of the motives of him I once so devotedly honoured. Alas!" said Louis to himself, "I have not acted like a friend! I might have broken from him, since duty required it; but I need not thus have wounded him!" As, at one instant of time, all these thoughts flashed over his mind, he stood, without attempting to follow this offended friend; but he could not help exclaiming, "Wharton!" Wharton still passed on. "He quits me in deserved resentment," cried Louis, his heart overflowing with contrition; and, extricating his feet from the spot where they had seemed rooted, he made two or three steps towards him. "Wharton!" repeated he, when he drew near, "that farewell must not be for ever!"

Wharton turned round, with a lofty and serious air; "And why should you wish it otherwise 3"

"Because," returned Louis, catching his hand, "I value your

friendship as my life, but not beyond my honour."

Wharton gazed a moment on his agitated countenance. In a softened voice, though yet maintaining his unusual gravity, he replied, "You could not suppose I should ask you to betray that in yourself which is my own impugnable estate!"

Louis did not speak; but with bent eyes to coneeal the emotion which filled them, pressed the duke's hand. Wharton returned the cordial re-assurance; and, with a smile playing through his seriousness, he added, "And least of all, when one of the dear sex I have so long adored to my cost, holds your honour in the charming fetters you have just been hugging to your heart!"

Louis dropped the hand he was so affectionately clasping, and exclaimed with energy, "By that honour I swear, that no amorous

passion brought me hither to-night!"

"Nor any night, nor any morning?" replied Wharton, with more of his wonted gaiety. "I will believe just what you please: only make me a vow, that she shall not absorb you entirely; and though I admire the lady, and love the sex, I will promise never to wish a

reversion in my favour."

Louis was vexed at this wild speech. He saw, that so far from Wharton having a suspicion that political objects employed him at Vienna, he really believed that his friend's visits to the palaee were actuated by a passion for the Countess Altheim. Louis could not shut his eyes on another conviction—that the duke dishonoured the nature of the passion he supposed, by considering it rather an affair pour passer le tems, than a serious attachment for life. But, in spite of his admiration of the countess, and of what had passed between them, Louis felt an insurmountable repugnance to say that his visits to her were to terminate in an indissoluble union; and, with a sudden bitterness of spirit towards Wharton himself, and the entanglements of his situation, he exclaimed, "You distract me by this determination to believe that I am engaged in that kind of pursuit which you know my soul abhors."

"And what, dear De Montemar, do I know your soul abhors?" returned the duke, drawing his friend's arm again into his, and walking with him down the passage: "the pursuit mine abhors is matrimony; a young Xantippe even now clips my sides with her everlasting bonds, like the spikes of a penance-girdle, piercing even to my heart."

bonds, like the spikes of a penance-girdle, piercing even to my heart."
"By the current of your wild attack," said Louis, with a crimsoned cheek, "I could not have guessed that you meant an attach-

ment which pointed to so serious an end."

"Serious enough at the best!" replied the Duke, laughing; "and in my case, I should say it is at the worst; could I not suppose a quality or two, even less to my liking, in your fair lady! She is too much of a female Machiavel for my easy nature; and would have me in the state-dungeons before our honeymoon had shot her horns."

Louis was silent, and his heart beat even audibly. Should he speak a word more, he might betray the secret of the empress—of the sieur—of his father—of the sovereign of the country to which that father had devoted him!

Wharton and he were now at the outward gate of the palace. Louis attempted to withdraw his arm, but the duke held it fast. "Nay, nay, my eager lover! you will not find her in the street! you must sup with me to-night."

"Not for the world."

"How?"

"We must part here, dear Wharton, and part friends-eternal

friends! But ask no questions."

"I will be hanged," cried the duke, "if you are not in such awful mystery, that if you do not go home with me, and let me see that occult soul of thine, through the erystalline of generous Burgundy, I shall believe (added he, in a whisper), that you are too well with the empress herself.'

"Wharton!" cried Louis, dashing the duke from him, "you will

make me hate you.'

"You could not, for your life and honours, dear petulant boy;" cried the duke, with a frank-hearted laugh; "and, till we meet in feast or fray, give me thy gauntlet!" He stretched out his hand. Louis regretted the violence with which he had spoken; but feeling the precipice on which he stood, and dreading further detention, he gave his hand with evident hesitation. Wharton shook it with gay cordiality; "What! faithless one!" cried he, "dost thou suspect I am about to realise the frog and raven, and tear thee between beak and claw?"

He then pressed the hand he held, and, as he felt Louis's shake in his grasp, he added, with strong emphasis, "Well, haste away! But I would snatch you from the snares which misled my youthful feet, in the paths you have now entered. I would lead you where you may plant honour, and reap renown. Oh, De Montemar, I would put a royal heart into that breast, whose pulses are fed by the blood of kings! Start not! But thou must not grovel, and creep, and follow-where you may rise and lead! De Montemar, thou artenslaved and mocked! Come with me, and you are again free."

"Not for the best blood in my heart!" exclaimed Louis, now exulting in his knowledge of the great cause to which he had devoted himself. "You are mistaken, Wharton; and again I must

say, Farewell!"

"Be it so, returned the duke, relinquishing his hand, "but you will remember Philip Wharton, when it is out of the power of even his irrepressible friendship to extricate the son of the rich, the great Baron de Ripperda—from the bonds and bondage of a too fair Semiramis, and her subtler confident!"

Louis now understood that the duke did not mean a political slavery in the speech which seemed to imply it; but a warning against the vassalage of the heart. Wharton certainly said enough to open the mind of his friend to some suspicion of the perfection of his fair mistress's character; but, before he could rally himself to compose some safe answer, the duke had disappeared into the universal darkness of the outer court.

# CHAPTER XX.

#### THE STREET OF ST. XAVIER.

THE Sieur Ignatius did as he had determined. He went, and alone, to the empress the following morning. What he had to propose soon made her call the chancellor to the conference; and during the discussion, the sieur, so ably adapted the mutual pretensions of the rival monarchs,\* to the eagerness of their consorts to conclude a treaty, that nothing remained to be done when he left the apartment, but to obtain the imperial signature to what the empress and her minister so heartily approved.

While Ignatius put a casket of golden arguments, adapted to the persuasion of certain members of the council, into the hands of Sinzendorff, to properly dispose of, Elizabeth promised that the emperor's decision should be sent to her Jesuit friend as soon as his majesty could collect his counsellors around him at the Luxemburg; to which palace he meant to go next morning for a few days. Meanwhile, she recommended to the sieur, and through him to his secretary, that they should keep in strict seclusion; for, she apprehended, the indiscreet stir which the Queen of Spain had made on the affront put upon her daughter, would excite an immediate attention in the ambassadors at Madrid, to some anticipation of her meditated revenge. All knew that the political train, laid by these honourable spies of nations, is often as subtle as it is long, devious, and invisible; and where suspicion once points, it is but the work of a moment to set the whole in a blaze. To avert such a catastrophe to Isabella's too open threats against France, Ignatius adopted this advice, being indeed the ccho of his own; and accordingly, he immured himself, as if still by his wounds; but he was amply occupied in arrangements which only awaited the flat of the emperor to be brought into immediate action. During this suspense, Ignatius received accounts from Sinzendorff, which prove the wisdom of their caution. He informed him, that visits at unseasonable hours, had been repeatedly exchanged between the French and other foreign ambassadors resident at Vienna; and that he knew, from indisputable authority, that a messenger had arrived from Paris, who was closeted with the French minister for many hours; and that the same night, his excellency was seen without any of his accustomed attendants, gliding into the palace of the Electress of Bavaria. In another letter, Sinzendorff commucated to the sieur that he had certain intelligence of a private supper, which had been given the preceding evening in the electress's boudoir: no women were present but herself and her lady of the key; while the men were, the French ambassador, the Swedish minister, a French pilosopher from Berlin, the fierce ex-chancellor Count Stahlberg, and the Duke of Wharton. What was the subject

<sup>\*</sup> While Charles VI. was archduke, the allied powers against the growing aggrandizement of France endeavoured to place him on the throne of Spain, in opposition to the claims of Philip Duke of Anjou, the grandson to Louis XIV. In consequence of the latter's success, Charles had retained his rival's enmity.

of their deliberations, Sinzendorff could give no information; but he did not doubt that it brooded mischief to the present crisis

between Austria and Spain.

In Louis's nocturnal visits to the college, he gladly saw that little inconvenience remained to the sieur from his dangerous attack, excepting incidental headaches; and the scar on his forehead, which being recently cicatrized, he still covered with a black fillet. The cadaverous hue of his usual complexion could hardly be deepened by confinement; but Louis occasionally saw a more than common fire flash from his over-shadowed eyes, when he accidentally looked up from the papers he scrutinized. During their investigation he never spoke more than to ask a question, or to give a direction respecting the business on which he was engaged; and generally answered his pupil's respectful adieu for the night with a

silent, though gracious nod.

Louis's long hours of solitude (for the whole of the imperial family had accompanied the emperor to his spring palace) were passed at the château. And after he had performed his now brief vocation for the day, he generally read German authors, he had borrowed from the Jesuits' library; or walked in the weedy wilderness, which had once been the château garden. He now neither regarded the swift-flowing Danube, nor the gay groups which, on foot or in carriages, appeared in the distance on its margin. His meditations were all self-centred; on the past, the present, and the future. Often, during his deep reverie, he wondered at himself that his mind should wander, and at such a crisis, from the great affair in which he was a sharer. A year ago had he speculated on what would have occupied his thoughts, in so important a political era of his life, he should have said,—"Exultation in the grand results of my father's patriotic genius; and satisfaction, that my noviciate talents had been employed in the glorious achievements!"

But on the reverse, while he sat at the feet of statesmen, and was the agent between negotiating sovereigns, he found himself dwelling hour after hour on the private feelings of his heart. He was ready to quarrel with himself for this wretched perversity. In the quiet vales of Northumberland, he had lived in the full enjoyment of these feelings; but then his vagrant thoughts refused to dwell on tranquil happiness. He panted for distant realms, fields of perils and renown. He was now in the midst of some of these invoked stations for action; and yet his inconsistent spirit would not abide in the scenes it had chosen! His meditations would extricate themselves from their patriotic objects; and with obstinate tenacity, fasten themselves on the most selfish considerations; -on the friend he had loved, and had fled from! on the woman he believed he loved, and yet was glad to fly!

He recalled the several warnings he had received, at home and abroad against the duke; but the recollection of the natural and acquired advantages he possessed over all other men, always presented themselves of their own accord; and Louis's spell-bound eyes, not seeing where the scale turned, he, ever sighingly dismissed the subject. The image of the fair Otteline, too, glided before his mind's eye, like the descent of Iris from the rainbow; all brilliancy and ambrosial beauty. He had only to articulate her name to make the pulse pause in his heart, and a dissolving sensi-

bility steal over all his senses.

"And yet," he murmured to himself, "fair as thou art, I feel a chill on my soul, whenever I think of pledging it to thee for ever! Oh, wherefore?" cried he: "she is lovely, she is tender; but she has not that elevated look in those beautiful eyes, which used to mingle my highest thoughts with the soul of Cornelia! She has not that ineffable glance of exclusive affection, which shoots direct to the heart, and kindles a faith there, no doubts can extingush!"

There was something in the parting words of the duke respecting the empress and her subtle confidante, which had adhered to the memory of Louis, and continued to harass him with conjectures. By that confidant, the Sieur Ignatius, or the Countess Altheim, might have been understood; but it could not be the sieur: Wharton had avowed his belief, that an amatory attraction took his friend to the

palace!

"And was she subtle?" Louis's heart revolted at the question; though he could not disguise from his clearer judgment that it was she who had suggested to him the only incontrovertible mode of silencing the scandal she had thought herself obliged by duty to

sanction as a truth.

"It was not what I like," said Louis, trying to excuse her to himself. But had he uttered his own principles upon the subject, he would have said, -- "It is what I not merely blame, but shrink from, as an unpardonable dereliction from female modesty!" But in this case he thought her zeal for the empress, and her prepossession in his favour, had obliterated from her mind all consideration of what was due to herself; and the impelling motives made him find an apology and a pardon for the amiable delinquent. "Yes," cried he, "she sacrificed her native delicacy in a double respect, to the disinterestedness of her attachment. Did I not see the soft lustre of her eyes kindle with the blushes on her cheeks, as she looked downwards, to conceal this graceful shame, while uttering the delightful alternative?" Louis was now far advanced in persuading himself that all was delightful, in what he believed he was now bound in honour to make his own, whether it were to his wishes or not. "Her conduct could not be subtilty," continued he; "for she is ignorant that I am the son of the rich, the great Ripperda. Oh, Wharton, you wrong her; there is nothing in my apparent present station to make a union with me an object of interest with the favourite of the Empress of Germany. She must prefer me for myself alone; and I am a wretch of ingratitude ever to have found it necessary to convince myself by these doubting arguments!"

In the midst of such musings, he was surprised one evening by Gerard putting into his hand a letter addressed to "The Chevalier de Phaffenberg." The handwriting was unknown to him; indeed, evidently a feigned one. He inquired whence it came. Gerard replied he did not know; the letter was brought by a man in the dark, who left it without saying a word. Louis broke the seal, and

read as follows:-

"The carriage which conveys you to the Jesuit's College will be beset to-night in your usual route through the deserted street of Saint Xavier. The papers of which you are to be the bearer will be taken from you. Resistance would be vain, for the assailants are numerous. To avoid the loss of your trust, perhaps of your life should your temerity contest the matter, take a different path to-night. But to no one except your friend the Jesuit mention this warning. Were it suspected, he that writes it would soon be put beyond the power of repeating the service.—Vale!

"Tuesday Evening."

Louis thought of the attempted assassination of Ignatius. The letter he held in his hand was a second confirmation, that notwithstanding the sieur's severe precautions, the mysterious business of himself and his secretary was so little a secret to its enemies, that they knew exactly where to point even the most iniquitous means; when they thought such were expedient to obtain information, or to create preventions. Who the anonymous friend was who ran the risk implied at the close of the letter, Louis had no hesitation to believe must be the Duke of Wharton; for the sieur had hinted, only the night before, that he knew the duke was one of a secret committee which sat nightly at the Bavarian apartments. Wharton must then bave discovered that his friend's visits to the palace had a higher aim than gallantry; and Louis felt something like a proud satisfaction in the conviction. The letter, he trusted, would be a sufficient pledge to Ignatius of Wharton's fidelity to his friend; and that, whatever might be his bonds to a party, they could not tie his faith to connivance with a dishonourable act. This head of the subject being settled in his own mind, and being enabled by the warning to avoid the threatened violence, Louis would have given up his thoughts to the delicious enjoyment of gratefulness to so dear a friend, had he not trembled to think how far the Duke of Wharton's repulsed recognition of him might have led to so full a discovery respecting the secret movements of the sieur himself. He saw that he must apprise Ignatius of the knowledge his enemies had acquired of his proceedings; and, in doing so, show the letter he had just received; and, while he declared his belief that Duke Wharton was the friendly writer, be obliged to relate what he had hitherto conecaled—his meeting, and at last enforced discourse with the duke. As Louis reflected on the real harmlessness of that discourse, and on the necessity, at the present momentous juncture, to make this mighty Jesuit master of every circumstance that might bear at all towards it, he felt the folly of his reserve: and though at the time he had persuaded himself that his silence arose from reluctance to agitate a wounded man, his conscience now accused him of mental cowardice, in shrinking from the pain he

anticipated to himself in the torturing discussion.

"In flying one stroke," said he, "I have incurred twenty. Had I spoken at the time, I should only have had to narrate an event which happened without my seeking; and the worst could only have been, the sieur's suspicions that the duke wished to draw me to the Bayarian interest. But now he may fancy something repre-

hensibly clandestine in my silence; and, at best, consider me imprudent and mean, if not absolutely insincere and worthless."

Though harassed by these reflections, he was not negligent of his trust. When he got into the carriage that was to convey him as usual to the college, it was himself only he committed to the casualties of the evening. He did not take one of the papers with him, thinking it possible that the assailants, missing their prey in the old deserted street, would waylay him (as their emissaries had probably done Ignatius) in the college porch. The warning letter, (which he held in his hand, to tear piecemeal should he be attacked.) he thought would fully account to the sieur for this precaution. Having placed his pistols in his waistcoat, he ordered the coachman to drive to the college by a circuit in an opposite direction from Saint Xavier's; and being obeyed, without any sign of molestation he reached Ignatius's cell at the accustomed hour. The result of this dreaded interview with the stern friend of his father was very different from what Louis had expected. On his entrance he presented the anonymous warning, in his apology for not having risked the usual evening quota of state-papers, through the threatened danger. Ignatius examined the handwriting, and the seal. The former was a cramped text, the latter a common diapered stamp.

"Who in Vienna can know you, to be thus interested in you, even as the Chevalier de Phaffenberg? You have been seen by none out of the routine of our business; excepting, indeed, that one accidental meeting with the Electress of Bavaria and her attendant! Surely, a five minutes' glimpse of your handsome person, Louis," added the sieur, with a half smile, "could not have wrought so potently on the latter lady, as to excite her to

such perilous intervention!"

"I am not quite the coxcomb to suppose it," returned Louis, with an answering smile, but a varying cheek, from the consciousness of what he had to confess. Without circumlocution or reserve, he began and continued the whole narration of Duke Wharton's rencontre with him in the galleries of the palace; his escape from him the first time, and the duke's subsequent remarks to the Countess Altheim; but he confessed that, on their second meeting, he had found it impossible to break away without allowing the conversation, which he now circumstantially repeated.

Ignatius spoke not a word during the agitated recital of his pupil. While making his confession, Louis did not venture to look up under this awful silence; but when he concluded, and his eyes were still riveted to the ground, the sieur put his hand on his trembling arm, and said, in an emphatic voice—"This honest narrative has established your character with me. I see by your looks, that it is not left to another to lecture you on the danger of your late concealments: I leave you, therefore, in that respect, to your own admonitions. But I will not withhold my entire approbation of the dexterity with which you parried every question of that serpent Englishman. Do not frown at the severity of the epithet. Did you know him as well as he is known at Paris and in this capital, you would not doubt that he has many properties of that wreathing reptile besides his glossy surface."

"And yet, sir," cried Louis, "I believe it is he who has ventured

his safety to give me this warning!"

"It may be," returned the sieur; "and he is no less a serpent still. But for your escape, and that of the papers, I am obliged to him; and we will dismiss the subject. There is another, on which I must give you a necessary hint—the Conntess Altheim." At that name, the conscious blood rushed into the before blanched cheek of Louis. The sieur paused a moment, regarding his pnpil with a steady look before he went on. "You have too much of the woman in your face, young man," said he, "to keep your own secret, however faithful you may be of another's. I see the pretty favourite has gained her point with your heart; but do not allow your lips to commit your honour till this public affair is finished. You will then see your father, and must receive his sanction before you can propose such an alliance. A rash step now would offend him for ever."

Louis bowed his acquiescence to this command, but it was not with a constrained air. The sieur saw that he was grateful for the gentleness with which his confession had been treated, and respectfully obedient to the injunction which concluded the discourse. Louis returned to the châtcau by the same track he had left it, therefore reached his home in safety. The next day passed like the former; and having just finished his hermit stroll, under the silver light of a bright March moon, he was slowly retracing his steps to the house, when he met Gerard, who told him the Sieur Ignatius was in the saloon. This unexpected visit alarmed Louis. He instantly feared that some fatal turn had taken place with regard to the completion of their labours, and that the sieur had come to announce it. He hastened, however, to his summons. Wrapped, as before, in his large dark mantle, Ignatius was standing in the middle of the room. The black fillet that pressed down his heavy brows, and the hearse-like plumes which pended over them, cast such flickering shadows over his grey visage, as he stood in the moonlight, that he seemed to Louis more like the awful spectre of his guardian than his living self. Louis thought he saw his fears confirmed. He approached, he drew very near to him, and still the sieur did not speak. Louis could not bear the suspense, and exclaimed—"Sir, you have ill news to tell me!"

"Look on my face," replied Ignatius, in a tone of voice from which neither good nor evil could be gathered, "and try to read what sort of news the disciplined blood of a tried politician will

declare."

Louis fixed his eyes as he was commanded, but it was with apprehension; for he thought this beginning was to prepare him for the ruin of their cause. His eyes shrank from the prond fire which shone in the steady gaze of the sieur. It might arise from the pride of triumph, or be the bright emanation of determined fortitude. But the latter idea possessed his pupil. The extent of the misfortune he dreaded to hear, as again and again he had been warned that his father's honor was involved in the fate of this treaty.

"Speak, dear sir!" cried he; "I cannot guess what has hap-

pened, from your countenance.

"Yet," said Ignatius, "it is easy to interpret from yours what you believe ought to be legible in mine. But, Louis de Montemar, if you are to follow your father's career—to this moveless complexion you must come at last; else, vain will it be to discipline your tongue, if your unmanageable blood betray the story. Know, then, that our labours have been successful. The emperor has

given his full consent to every demand of Spain."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Louis, clasping his hands and dropping into a chair. The sieur seated himself beside him, and without noticing his emotion (for all the son was then in Louis's heart), he entered into the details of the business. The imperial family had returned that morning to Vienna. The empress immediately summoned Ignatius to attend her. He obeyed, and received from her majesty those particulars of the emperor's assent, which were now recounted to the attentive secretary. The sieur then added, that after he quitted the palace, he referred for further instructions to a packet which the last dispatch from Spain had brought in the queen's letter-case; and which being superscribed to himself, with the additional words, "Only to be opened in the event of the emperor acceding to our proposals!" he had laid that packet aside until the present, the appointed moment.

"The conditions being fulfilled," continued the Jesuit, "I broke the seal; and the contents are these. A letter from the king, commanding the Sieur Ignatius to announce to their Cæsarean majesties the arrival of a Spanish ambassador at Vienna. He will even make his entrance into the city within eight and forty hours after the information is communicated to the council. That ambassador, Louis De Montemar," added Ignatius, "is your father."

ambassador, Louis De Montemar," added Ignatius, "is your father."
Louis sprang from his seat. The sieur arose also, and continued
—"In reward of his high services, the king makes him his representative here; with the restitution of all his hereditary honours,

and an establishment answerable to his dignity."

This part of the information Ignatius addressed to ears that heard him not. The word father? that sacred idea, which had so long filled the heart and the hopes of Louis,—which had seemed the goal, whither all his ambitions and his duties pointed,—this holy image had sealed up his sense, to dwell upon the one idea of his expected presence. With the announcement of his near approach, Louis thought of nothing else; and, covering his face with his hands, the tears of filial love-of filial triumph-of gratitude to Heaven, that he should at last behold that honoured countenance—poured from his eyes, and bathed his hands. Ignatius gazed on him. A tear of sympathy started into even his stoic eye, while he turned away and walked in silence down the room. It was some minutes before Louis could recal himself from the inward temple of his soul, where his grateful heart had prostrated him before the Giver of all good. When he looked up, he saw the sieur at a distance, with his back to him, and leaning near the window which looked towards the Danube. Louis approached him:—
"Your goodness," said he, "has pardoned a son, showing some natural emotion at so sudden an intimation of soon seeing the most honoured, the most beloved of parents?"

"Such sins are easily forgiven," returned Ignatius, with down. ward cyclids. "To-morrow, at this hour, your father will be at the Palais d'Espagne, the residence, under the late dynasty, of the Spanish ambassador at Vienna. You must be there to greet him."

Louis's eyes answered in the affirmative, for his lips denied their office; and the sicur proceeded in his further orders. He said, circumstances rendered it necessary that he should be with the duke before his entré; therefore, as time pressed, his pupil must be prepared at the palace. He must go that night at ten o'clock to the Chancellor Sinzendorff, and deliver to him those three packets. Ignatius had laid several on the table, before the entrance of Louis. to which he now pointed: there were others larger, to be presented the same night to the empress; "of whom," continued the sieur, "Sinzendorff will see the propriety of requesting an immediate audience. You are to announce to her the instant approach of the Duke de Ripperda, as the Spanish ambassador; and you must intimate, that the nomination of the duke is meant to be a peculiar mark of the Spanish king's friendship for their Cæsarean majesties. He parts with a man, to do them honour, whose presence is as dear to his affection, as invaluable to his interests."

"This will be a hard trial of my diplomatic skill," rejoined Louis,

with a happy smile, "to speak of him, only as an ambassador."
"You will not, however, show yourself his son," replied the sieur, "if you do not put that restraint upon your feelings. Whatever may be his years, he is yet but a puling boy who is not master of his face, and the veins which colour it. Remember, it is a man I have engaged to present, in you, to the Duke of Ripperda; and that it is he who exacts of you to name him this night in the empress's boudoir, with as cool an aspect as if you were announcing the arrival of a perfect stranger."

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed Louis, "who can name the Duke de Ripperda, with the cool utterance which they might give to almost any other man? Is he not loved everywhere, where he is personally known? And where he is only heard of, is he not universally honoured? And can a son name such a father without emotion? Oh, sir, send some other messenger, if I am to act an impossibility!"

"Well," replied Ignatius, throwing back his lofty plumes, "do your best in this commission; and I doubt not the father you are so proud of will be satisfied with his son."

"I will do my best," cried Louis, secing that the sieur was moving to depart; "and, oh, dearest sir, tell my revered father how impatient I am to meet him—to kneel at his feet—to be clasped in his arms!" The last words were hardly articulated, from his increasing emotion; and ere he recovered to look up again, the sieur had left the apartment—and he saw him no more!

When the happy Louis found himself alone, he threw himself into a chair, to indulge the luxury of his feelings; to bless the timehonoured name of his father; to weep with mingled recollections over the long interval which had passed since his widowed arms had resigned him, a babe, to the tears of his grandfather, now numbered with the dust. He thought of that good old man's tender care; of the paternal guardianship of his uncle of Lindisfarne; of his benediction when they parted, and the sacred letter which he put into his hand,—the last legacy of his dying mother. In that letter, she spoke to her only son as from her seat in heaven, exhorting him to love and honour his father,—the object in his heart nearest to his Creator! Louis drew the letter from the case in which he preserved it; and pressing it to his lips, on his knees, as he would have done her sacred hand, he there uttered the fulness of his heart in vows to obey her behest: "to love that father, on whom his conscious eyes had never rested, with a double portion of his spirit, for the sake of that father's own noble nature; and for hers, who had resigned her life in giving him to existence!"

The perusal of this letter, and its consequent reflections, diffused a holy stillness over the happiness which now occupied the soul of Louis. When the time approached for the fulfilment of his duty at the palace, he collected the royal packets; and putting them in his bosom, while the clock struck ten, he entered his carriage with a blissful serenity over his mind, that seemed to breathe of paradise.

# CHAPTER XXI.

## THE ALTHEIM APARTMENTS, AND THE CHÂTEAU PORCH.

Louis delivered the letters of Ignatius to the chancellor; and in a few words, and with as much composure as he could command, he announced the near approach of the Spanish ambassador. Sinzendorff fixed his observing glance on the fluttering lip that proclaimed the honoured name, and his doubts were confirmed. He read the letters; and then remarked that his imperial master would be particularly gratified by the promptitude of this arrival. The intended ambassador must have been sent forward, to be in readiness for the proper moment of his official appearance: and this preparation fully proved the King of Spain's honourable dependence on the fair dealing of the cabinet of Austria. Again he fixed his eyes on the face of his self-restrained auditor; and, after expressing himself in terms of high respect with regard to the Duke de Ripperda, and applauding the decisive step he had taken in accepting the embassy, he became fully satisfied that it was the son of the duke he saw before him. The chancellor smiled within himself at his own discovery, and at the attempted concealment by the empress; but without observing on either, he addressed Louis still as the secretary De Phaffenberg, and proposed their going immediately to the Altheim apartments.

"We shall certainly find her majesty there," said he, "for the emperor passes some hours to-night with his confessor; and the empress told me she meant to enjoy the time in confidential discourse with the Countess Ottoline."

with the Countess Otteline."

Louis followed the statesman to the imperial boudoir; and, as was expected, there they found the gracious Elizabeth, with her beautiful favourite in close conference. His excellency announced that the chevalier was in the ante-room, with a commission from the Sieur Ignatius.

"Something extraordinary by the hour!" cried the empress.

"I am ready to see him."

Louis entered. He did not look to the side where the countess stood; but, approaching his father's illustrious friend with a steadiness of step that surprised himself, and with less visible emotion than he could have hoped, he delivered to her the message from Ignatius. It closed with the sieur's apology for not having delivered it in person. He was obliged to pass the night in necessary preliminaries, to his joining the ambassador in the morning at St. Polten: in the evening he would enter with him into Vienna.

The empress's bright eyes shot a radiant glance on the modest bend of the young secretary's head when he concluded; and, suddenly clasping the countess in her arms, she exclaimed, "Ave Maria! This is a crown of the Incas!" The countess did not comprehend the fulness of her meaning, neither did Louis guite understand it. Sinzendorff thought, that if disappointment had rendered Isabella rash in her threats, success seemed to have a similar effect on Elizabeth, by inflating her with hopes not less alarming. He believed he read in this extraordinary exclamation that she anticipated a no small share in the wealth of the New World, by her influence over the promised ambassador; and that she would make the marriage settlement for her daughter an abundant dowry for herself. Whatever were her thoughts, her face was refulgent with animation; and, receiving the packets of Ignatius from the hand of Louis with one of her most gracious smiles, she commanded him to take what entertainment the Countess Altheim would afford him, while she should retire with the chancellor to examine the papers in her hand.

Louis bowed in obedience, and the empress and her counsellor withdrew. She smiled to herself while she closed the door in this auspicious hour on the lovers, for such she determined it should be. She had herself fanned the admiration of the young secretary into the flame which she now saw kindling on his cheek, as, with downward eyes, he beheld himself on the point of being left alone with its object! From the first hour of his beholding her until this present moment, the empress had condescended to be the adviser and the confidante of her beautiful friend. She loved her too sincerely not to assist in effecting so illustrious a means as a marriage with the son of Ripperda, of reinstating her in the rank she had lost by her widowhood. But, with all this zeal in her cause, the Imperial Elizabeth did not betray the secret of Ripperda: she merely hinted to the ambitious Otteline that the Chevalier de Phaffenberg was other than he seemed; and a marriage with him would place her at the height of her desires. "But," added the empress, "there may exist powers to counteract the wishes of the truest lover: you must therefore lose no opportunity of binding his honour."

With these views, she regretted the week at the Luxemburg, which had necessarily separated the favourite from the object of her present aim; but when he appeared at the palace with these important tidings, the empress gave way to every glad anticipation; and, hoping all things from his unsuspecting and ardent nature, she seized the opportunity of leaving him with the countess; hardly doubting that, under the present heart-opening circumstances, he would reveal every secret of his rank, his name, and future plans, to

ensure her his for ever.

Louis no sooner found himself alone with the resistless Otteline, than his throbbing pulse reminded him that his guardian's exhortation was in danger. In spite of himself, his eyes had stolen a glance towards her as the empress withdrew; and her personal charms seemed to break upon him that night in fuller lustre even than before, when he thought that nothing could have increased the perfection of her beauty. Their former meetings were always in a morning, when the dress is more enveloping, and consequently less of the figure is displayed: this was the first time he had seen her at a later hour; and she was habited as she had left the imperial drawing-room. Her dress was white; and her fair arms and snowy neck, decorated with jewels, drew the eye to forms that might drive the sculptors of Greece to despair. Her golden tresses were coiled with the same gorgeous bands; while one glittering ringlet, escaped from its confinement, waved over that spotless neck, as if it were the wing of love fluttering towards the guarded regions of her heart. She caught the glance, and the almost smothered sigh with which Louis affected to turn his attention towards a cage of birds which stood near him. She did not appear to observe his embarrassment; but gently echoing the sigh, remained leaning against the pedestal of a vase of flowers, with her eyes fixed on the profile of his face. She guessed that he saw nothing in the gilded cage, but her image in his mind. Again she sighed; and with such an expression that Louis felt it thrill through his frame. He turned his head, and their eyes met: hers were full of entrancing softness; his of a grateful emotion, which he would fain have rendered less distinct. She smiled tenderly, and stretched her arm towards him. In that moment he remembered how they had separated; he was again in the same position,—her hand in his,—and clasped to his lips! The brilliant roses on her cheeks did not lose their brightness in this speechless but eloquent avowal of his love. But the empress had told her to require words! Her fair fingers trembled in his, when she falteringly articulated, "Chevalier! you have been so long absent—I thought——' she paused, and looked down.

"Not," exclaimed he, "that I had forgotten to be grateful?" She slowly raised her eyes towards his; and while the softest tears swam over her own, and gemmed a dimpled smile, she half

whispered, "The heart is a coward!"
"Never yours!" cried he, forgetting his determined self-restraint in the bewitching mazes of her thousand beauties, -in the resistless fascination of her words. With a burning blush she sunk into a chair; but still yielding her hand to his fervent pressure, she suffered him to drop upon one knee by her side.
"Never can you doubt," cried he, "where you have once

She averted her head, and shook it mournfully. A tear fell on his hand: Louis's soul was on his lips as he kissed away that tear. The countess attempted to rise, stiffing her sobs. He had now no remembrance of anything but herself: she was agitated, distressed; and he the cause! He essayed to speak, but emotion prevented his utterance; he trembled, and grasped her hand: she felt the strong pulsation of his heart, and softly murmured-"This amhassador

arrives, and you will go!" She interrupted herself and struggling again to rise, exclaimed in disorder, "Oh, that I had never listened

to our last conference!"

Louis detained her on her seat. He must have been dull as the iron rock, and hard as its material, had he hesitated to understand and to reply to this agitation—this language; but words were inadquate to express the sympathy which seemed to dissolve all his faculties in the one feeling of unutterable love. He could only kneel at her fect, and clasp the hand he had detained to his throb-

Her exulting heart believed itself now near the goal of all its winding movements—a positive declaration of his love, and an unequivoeal solicitation of her hand in veritable words! Another step, and this bond of honour would be hers. But she did not permit the triumph of her thoughts to rise upon the managed seene of her countenance; all there was retreating softness: yet, allowing her arm to drop, as if uneonseiously, on his shoulder; with the sweet familiarity of perfect confidence, she gently said, "And may I believe, that you love me well enough to make me yours, in spite of the world's harsh prejudice against a birth that was not noble? Can you be determined to bear me up against that world? For she who is the favourite of the empress has many enemies; and when she is known to be beloved by you, she will have many more. Ah, Chevalier! against all this, may I believe that you will be true?"

This demand, though put with all the force of exquisite tenderness, giving itself without reserve to the fidelity of implied attachment, contained words that recalled Louis from the delirium of passion; and made him ask himself how true he had kept his engagement with Ignatius?—how true he had maintained his determination, to preserve his duty to his father? He was, even now, on the brink of dishonouring both, by uttering the very vow against which he had been so solemnly enjoined. Shocked at the oblivion in which all memory of his duty had lain for the last half-hour, and indignant with himself, that his consequent discovery of a more than reciprocal passion had betrayed the countess to the last decisive question, he started from his knees, and said, in a hurried voice, "I am not my own; I dare not answer as my heart would dietate. In pity, then-in honour-most lovely, most beloved of

women! allow my lips to be silent—for a time."

She hastily rose from her chair. "I do not understand you, Chevalier!" She gasped for breath, and looked around her, as if for the empress's protection. With increased agitation, he exclaimed, "Despise my weakness, my apparent indecision, but do not doubt my heart. Ah! do not doubt the honour that would sooner immolate that heart's dearest wishes, than make them all

its own by one breach of my positive duty.'

What were her present thoughts he could only guess by the quick heaving of her bosom; for she drew her long hair, now dishevelled by the late disorder of her motions, over her face, while she attempted to shake off the fond grasp with which he clung to her.

"You do doubt me!" cried he.

<sup>&</sup>quot;You are mysterious; and I have no alternative."

"Oh," repeated he, "does the friend of the empress, the confidante of statesmen! does she doubt the honour of mystery?"

The countess no longer struggled to release her hand. She turned on him a look of re-assurance. But what she would have said, the enchanted heart of Louis could only translate by its own imaginations, for the door of the interior apartment opened, and the empress and her counsellor reappeared. Ottcline, in a beautiful disorder of smiles and blushes, moved to meet her majesty; and Louis, bowing to her advancing step, remained where his Circe had left him. The empress entered, as she had departed, full of animation; and without appearing to observe that anything particular had passed between her favourite and the young secretary, she proceeded to speak of the letters she had just been reading; one was from the Queen of Spain, the other from Ripperda himself. She turned to Louis with a peculiar smile; "Chevalier," said she, "I must be your patroness with this great man. If you have any

suit to proffer, trust it with me."

Louis coloured deeper than the scarlet on her robe, but did not trust his eyes towards the countess. The empress resumed the discourse to Sinzendorff, narrating her first acquaintance with Ripperda, when he came a widower to her father's court, on a mission from the States-General. She expatiated on the amplitude of his character; adding, that it was a sure proof of the King of Spain's own talents, that he knew so well how to distinguish, and to appropriate the genius of such a man as the Duke de Ripperda. For the first time in his life, Louis heard the praises of his father as the whirring of an indistinct sound. Absorbed by the new emotions which laboured in his heart, he had no eyes but for the tremulous form, no ears but for the low quick sighs, of his enrapturing Otteline. He had no thoughts but of wonder how he could ever have paused for a moment in believing her all-perfect in mind, as well as in body; in feeling her all-sweet, devoted love, as she was all-resistless loveliness. "Ah," said he to himself, "Ignatius might see her unmoved; but my father, who has loved excellence in woman's form, has only to look on her, to bless the happy destiny of his son."

The empress, by a side glance, read his soul in his eyes, and, stealing a pressure of congratulation on the arm of the countess, with apparent uneoncern turned to Sinzendorff, and exclaimed; "But, chancellor, before we part for the night, I must not forget what might have been a notable discovery, had not this happy promptitude in Ripperda's arrival put all beyond the power of ma-

nœuvre. Otteline, show our chancellor the letter."

The countess took an open letter from a locked casket on the table,

and put it into his hand.

"Read it aloud for general benefit," said the empress; "there is nothing more improving to politicians, than the faux pas of a rival." The chancellor looked towards the door. "Shoot the bolt, Chevalier de Phaffenberg," cried the empress; "his excellency seems to suspect the vestibule."

Louis obeyed, and returning to the side of Sinzendorff, as the pointing hand of her majesty commanded, his excellency began to read. The superscription was, "To Madame la Comtesse Alten-

stein," and the contents as follows:—"Apprise the fair head of so many faithful members, that the power which threatens our existenee is now so gorged with its various prey as to have fallen asleep. It dreams of empire, and talks its secrets to a darkness full of eyes, and in a solitude of more observation than the ear of Dionysius. To-night, I will bring a good account of one, at least, of its mining emissaries; while a sure train is laid under the feet of the rest."

When the chancellor ceased reading, and was examing the handwriting, Louis thought of the caution he had received the preceding evening. Dreading a similar attack might waylay Ignatius next morning, in his journey to the ambassador (when the faithful Jesuit would be attended by no stronger guard than the unweaponed arm of Martini), his anxious pupil, full of alarm, abruptly asked the date of the letter.

"Yesterday morning," replied Sinzendorff, folding up the paper; "and since we cannot count the loss of any of our members, we must conclude this doughty champion, whoever he may be, has failed in his pledge to the lady to whom he has devoted his sword."

"Or rather his dagger!" replied the empress; "we have found they do not challenge with fairer weapons. But now, let us vote thanks to the vigilant hand that intercepted this bungling piece of treason, and pass to a pleasanter subject. My Otteline found the fairy favour!"

"And by what mortal interference?" inquired the chancellor, while, with a bow of acquiescence to the empress, he returned the letter to her friend.

"While I was at the Luxemburg a bundle of letters collected themselves in this drawer," replied the countess, putting her hand upon a part of the table in which was an aperture to receive, and to hold in safety, all that might arrive during her absence; "and only returning to-day, I had not time to examine my correspondence, till about an hour or two ago, while I was waiting for the empress. In turning them over, I saw this directed, as you see, to the electress's lady of the key. I know that she is the repository of her mistress's secrets; and it was possible this letter might contain some of them. I believe the handwriting to be that of the envious Count Stahlberg. Accident had conducted it to me," added the beautiful Otteline, with an exulting smile; "and I would not throw away my fortune:—I broke the seal."

At the last avowal, Louis sprang back from the spot on which he stood, as if he had trodden on a serpent. The resounding of the floor under his recoiling feet turned all eyes upon him.

"Monsieur Phaffenberg!" cried the chancellor, "you forget in whose presence you are?"

Louis put his hand to his forehead, striving to recover his appalled senses. He turned to the empress: "I have no words in which to beg your majesty's forgiveness for this! But such shall never so offend again!"

"You are ill?" inquired Elizabeth, with more graciousness than

accorded with the brow of the chancellor.

"I was," replied Louis, smiling ghastly, "but I am perfectly

well now. And if his excellency can pardon the interruption, may

I entreat your majesty to command him to proceed."

The statesman's frowns had not been those of displeasure at the young secretary's revulsionary indecorum. He had seen enough between the empress and her favourite to convince him that, whoever that young man was, they intended he should be the duped successor of the late infatuated Count Altheim. Sinzendorff cherished an Austrian's pride against the pretensions of the ignoble Otteline, whom he knew to be as little elevated in mind as in birth. though she had ambition enough to overtop the crown of her mistress. He felt resentment against the empress for such pertinacity in thrusting her haughty favourite into the ranks of Austrian nobility; he despised the favourite herself; and, fully comprehending the recent extraordinary action and words of her meditated victim, he determined to let him see a little deeper into the character of his scheming mistress. When Louis hastily uttered his apology, Sinzendorff bowed; and receiving a nod from the empress to proceed in his remarks, he turned to the countess, whose investigating eyes were fixed on the suddenly pale and averted face of her

"And so, madam," resumed the chancellor, with a slight smile and bend of his head, "you made the Lady of the Key relinquish her trust vi et armis?"

"I did," replied the favourite, recalling herself with an air of dignity; "and, finding from what you have just read that mischief was intended towards some of the empress's agents, when her majesty honoured me with her presence this evening, I ventured to suggest the expediency of showing the paper to you.

"You have done warily, madam!" replied Sinzendorff.

"Admirably!" exclaimed the empress. "It is always wisdom to learn what have been the intentions of an enemy, even after he has lost the battle.

Elizabeth concluded with an observation on the promptitude of

affection: "It acts, while mere prudence only deliberates."

"I am happy to meet your majesty's and his excellency's approbation," returned the countess, glancing by a side-look at the abstracted countenance of her lover. "They add an incontrovertible sanction to my principle that real love is a dictating sentiment whence there is no appeal. It is omnipotent, or it is nothing. My sovereign and my husband (the last word was uttered tremulously) should be alike the arbiters of my actions and of my life!"

"And of your honour, too, madam!" observed the chancellor,

with a biting smile.

Astonished at the manner of this question, and jealous of any implied censure before the man to whom all her attractions were then directed, for a moment only she suffered the blaze of anger to escape her eyes. Louis caught the flash in its passage to the statesman, and, like a blighting lightning, it shot into his soul. Drawing herself up with an air of lofty resentment—"My honour, sir," said she, "is consecrated to my friends; and ill would it serve them could it be made the slave of their enemies. Besides," added she, with a scornful smile, "stratagems are notoriously as fair in the eabinet as in the field!"

"Were we not all, sooner or later, of your creed, madam," returned the chancellor, with a bow, "we should make sorry figures in either contest! therefore you will pardon an old practitioner for putting a young disciple a little on the defensive. But while we approve this dexterous act of diplomacy, to prevent awkward consequences from inquiries about detention, &c., we must consider how to dispose of the letter."

"Give it to me, my honest chancellor," said the empress, taking it from his hand, and, not very well pleased with his manner to her favourite, added, "dead men tell no tales!" and, with the words, she lighted the letter at a lamp, and threw the flaming embers into the liquid bosom of an ever-flowing fountain in the

conservatory nigh which her majesty stood.

Louis listened, and gazed, and wondered:—listened and gazed on the woman so lately transcendently lovely in his eyes; wondered that her voice had ever sounded sweetly in his ear; that her face could ever have appeared otherwise than harsh and repelling! Appalled at what he now witnessed from her, and from them all three, and at the idea of how he might, a few minutes before, have pledged his faith beyond recal to one of such abhorrent principles, he inwardly blessed the caution of Ignatius: and, as he continued for some time to stand more like an automaton than a living being, he heard no more of the conversation till the empress dismissed the council, and whispered to him at parting, "To-morrow your rank will be declared; so, for the last time adieu, Chevalier de Phaffenberg!" Louis put her hand mechanically to his lips, and withdrew, without casting another glance at his so lately worshipped Otteline. Sinzendorff was satisfied with what he had done towards opening the eyes of this ingenuous young man; and, without committing himself by making a remark on what had passed, he wished him a good night at the door of the gallery.

Louis ran through the other passages, as if, by the swiftness of motion, he could fly the thoughts which clung like harpies to his heart. The palace clock struck one, and the extinguishers of the lights which illumined the various avenues appearing in every direction, rapidly involved the whole in the sombre hue that suits the hour of rest. He passed through the grand quadrangle to the portal at which he had ordered his carriage to be in waiting. At the moment he issued from the door, he was seized in the strong grasp of a man. He could not see by what sort of a person, the night being profoundly dark, and the lamps over the great gates too distant to cast more than a gleam sufficient to show where the carriage stood. Before he could make even an attempt for extrication, the person whispered in his ear, "On your life, do not return to the château to-night. Its porch is filled with your father's enemies!" Ere Louis could reply, his arms were released, and he was alone. But it was the faithful heart of Wharton which had beat against his; it was his well-known accents which had announced this second warning! Louis looked around, and listened. He could see nothing but his dingy vehicle, hear nothing but the champing of his horses' bits, impatiently awaiting his arrival.

"Coachman," said he, while he threw himself into the earriage, "drive to we Vien, and there I will give you further orders."

The intercepted letter which had dissolved the bright vision of love that a few minutes before had revelled in his breast, seemed now to him as a proof of the more stable quality of friendship; it also corroborated the timely caution of Wharton's late warning epistle: therefore Louis could not doubt (had it been possible for him to doubt anything from Wharton!) the veracity of his present information. Before he cast a second thought on the use he ought to make of it, he could not refrain from comparing the steady disinterestedness of his much calumniated friend with what they who disesteemed him would have foretold of his conduct in such circum-

stances. "Yes," cried he, "generous Wharton! in spite of all they say, thou wilt fasten my soul to thee, for all thy links are honourable! Oh, what had I to do with love,—with women's smiles and sorceries? Why should I give up my soul to lie in the lap of effeminate sensibilities, when I had such a friend as this to occupy my whole heart with manly aspirations—with devotion to virtue alone? I detest myself for my weakness,-for my entrapped vanity! For, though I saw her beautiful, and thought her charming, yet this marvellous perfection never touched my heart till she smiled upon me, and looked-I will not think how she looked," cried he, striking his forehead, "else the folly that she conjured within me may undo me again! Oh, woman!—syren woman! From the first thou wert a tempter,—a creature to try the virtue of man, to make him feel his bonds to this vain earth! While friendship, divine union of soul to soul, asserts to his immortal spirit its derivation from heaven alone!"

Louis was wrapped in these reflections when the coachman

stopped, and demanded further orders.
"I will get out here," replied he; "and you may go to the col-

lege stables."

When the man obeyed, and Louis found himself alone in the street, he knew it was not far from one of the gates which led to the Wiedon suburb. Notwithstanding the danger which menaced his approaching the château, not to return to it to-night was what he could not reconcile to his sense of the trust reposed in him. It would be abandoning its repository of state secrets to the depredators, should they, on missing him the second time, resolve on entering the house itself. Its situation was perfectly lonesome; and he could not suppose that persons so well informed of his movements could be ignorant that it contained no other domestics than Gerard and, lately, his wife. To leave it to these unwary guardians, when danger was so near, he believed, would be as distinct a desertion of his duty, as to deliver every paper it contained into the hands of his father's enemies. On these grounds, he thought it right to proceed immediately to the château; but not by a path likely to be infested by the persons planted to waylay him. When through the suburb gate he considered a minute which would be the securest circuit; and then determined on a sweep by the river to the back of the mansion. By this means he thought he should unite all that prudence could demand, with his resolution not to allow the assailants any advantage from an undue care of himself. The way through the hinder precincts of the

desolate street of St. Xavier was intricate and bewildering. The place having been formerly destroyed by a ravaging fire, became totally deserted; and Louis trod the devious alleys without meeting a living soul of whom he could ask a direction to the waterside. The absolute silence assured him of safety so far; and he continued to grope his way over the mouldering piles. When he emerged into the open part of the suburb, the feeble light of the stars, being no longer traversed by the deep shadows of close buildings, afforded him sufficient guidance. The waters of the Danube glimmered at some distance on his right; while the murky line which clouded his view to the left informed him he was within sight of the avenue which led direct to the ambush he must avoid. He kept on towards the river; and, having reached its banks, turned along its margin to the path that led to the château. After a quarter of an hour's walk he entered on the woodland, which declined from the garden-wall to the Danube; and when he arrived at the wall itself he found it a rampart of great height, and quite perpendicular: but he who had climbed the beetling rocks of Northumberland, and gazed downwards from their eagle summits with the careless eye of security, had no difficulty in surmounting a few feet, more or less, of any structure raised by man. The old crumbling stones made a breach wherever he placed his ascending foot; but he soon gained the top, and, jumping down into the garden (for on that side the wall was merely a parapet), he ran swiftly through the grass-grown walks to the terrace before the house. He found the door open. He entered; but, closing it after him, pushed the strong bolts into their guard, and then felt his way through the midnight darkness of the passages to the kitchen, where he expected to find Gerard on the watch for his return. The honest German was asleep in a huge wooden chair, by the side of a large half-burnt log, now extinguished; and a lamp, almost reduced to its last drop of oil, flickered on the table, near an unlighted candle and a flambeau. Louis lighted the candle; and hesitated a moment whether he should awaken Gerard to accompany him to the examination it was proper to make, or leave all in quiet, till he had seen whether the ambuscade were still in the porch. Thinking it most prudent to go alone, he took the candle and proceeded to the hall, where he left his light in an obscure corner, and then, without noise, opened the great house-door. With his pistol in his hand he crossed the courtyard, and drew near the gates; but the wood of which they were constructed being very thick, and studded with iron, he listened in vain for sounds from the other side. Judging that it must be the heavy intervening substance that prevented his hearing some sign of the intended assailants, and wishing to assure Ignatius that he had obtained sensible proof of the veracity of this second warning, he determined to seek further. He felt his way up the rough stonework of the piers of the arch, and clambering over it, planted himself behind the great stone escutcheon of the Phaffenberg arms, which crested its architrave. He strained his eye downwards; but could perceive nothing through the double night of a moonless sky and the obscuring umbrage of the trees. He thought he heard a low murmur, as of whispering voices beneath; but he could not

be sure that it was not the wind in the branches. He leaned over to make closer observation, and had nearly been precipitated into the midst of his enemies; for a part of the ancient stonework gave way, and fell with a clattering noise upon the pavement in front of the porch. Louis had caught by the iron supports of what remained, and so was saved from too well informing himself of who

were below.

The effects of the accident gave him immediate notice of what he had escaped. Some of the heavy fragments had fallen upon one of the eavesdroppers, whose consequent curses were instant and loud. Other voices of like import, wondering how it happened, were mingled with commands from one person for caution and silence. Louis wanted no more to satisfy him that, but for the generous zeal of Wharton, he might now himself have been lying a wounded wretch under the daggers of these men. The ruffian who had been knocked down by the fall of the escutcheon seemed to be much hurt; for, as his companions attempted to raise him, Louis could distinctly hear him utter the most direful imprecations against the Sicur Ignatius, and the devils in league with him. The former commanding voice replied, in a more conciliatory tone, "Come, come, Spitzberg: this is only a little artillery from the owls! Don't mind a graze, man; you shall pinion the gallant, in revenge for these bruises, before sunrise: we will have him yet.'

"I'll pinion him, with a witness!" grumbled the fellow; "and make him confess his heart's blood!"

"Silence, then!" reiterated his commander. The order was almost instantly obeyed; and Louis, thinking after this injunction, he could learn no more, with a similar caution to that he had observed in advancing, retreated over the gateway, and descended

safely into the court.

Though he saw no symptoms of an attack on the house, he did not neglect to make the hall-door perfectly secure, before he took up his candle to return to the kitchen, and dismiss his vigilant attendant to rest. He found the lamp burnt out, and Gerard still fast asleep. A rousing shake of the shoulder, however, soon made him start from his seat; and when his half-opened eyes perceived the object of his watchfulness standing by his side, he could hardly believe he was not dreaming yet. Louis bade him go to bed, and he would tell him in the morning how he had let himself in. Gerard gaped and stretched his arms, glared at his young master, and said it was very odd. He had double-locked and bolted the gates; but his honour was a scholar of the Sieur Ignatius; and so he would rather hear no more about it."

"Well, then, good night!" said Louis, with a smile; "and, since you can explain the matter to your own satisfaction, it is sufficient for me. Only keep true to your professed practice, and be sure that all the doors and windows are locked and barred

before you go to rest."

"I saw that before I fell asleep, sir."

"Then who drew the bolts of the door on the terrace?"

"Nobody comes into the house that way," replied Gerard, pouring oil into his lamp.

"I did," returned Louis.

The worthy German looked more astonished at this information. than he had seemed to be when he suspected the learned secretary had passed through the keyhole, by some of the occult arts of Ignatius; who, his wife had long persuaded her credulous husband

to believe, was nothing short of a wicked necromaneer.

Louis followed the sluggish steps of his attendant to every door that opened from the house; and being satisfied that all were safe, he bade Gerard "good night;" who mumbled out the same, without easting a thought on the unusual caution of his master. Louis proceeded to the strong room, which contained all the state manuscripts that were yet under his care; and feeling no sleep in his eyes, or in his wishes, he laid his pistols on the table, and prepared to watch and to meditate until morning.

## CHAPTER XXII.

#### THE PALAIS D'ESPAGNE.

WHEN morning broke, it found the wearied spirit of Louis fast reposing under his closed eyelids. He had arraigned himself and his fair mistress before the bar of his reason again and again: he fatigued memory in recalling every word he had ever heard her utter, to enable himself to judge how far her former sentiments agreed with her late unqualified declaration on the side of expediency; and, to his consternation, he found that he could recollect no one generous thought from her lips, which had not been the echo of some opinion from his own. She had never led the way in noble sentiment. How different was the case in his conversations with his now far distant Cornelia and Alice! Sympathy reigned throughout their circle; and it was only to speak first, to have the good fortune to promulgate the thought of every breast.

What, then! had the woman he regarded as perfection's selfhad she met only one compulsive occasion of declaring her unbiassed opinion on a subject of principle, and she had proved herself devoid of any? devoted alone to the dominancy of some ruling passion, whether it point to the right or to the wrong! To him who had been brought up at the feet of the Christian instructor of Lindisfarne, it was no excuse that devotedness to love, or zeal in friendship, were her motives for abandoning the divine rule of human conduct. Such affections were as the hills of Paradise, on which man might repose his grateful heart; but there was a heaven above them; and, when its flaming sword passed between him and his earthly Eden, Louis believed there should be obedience without

"Oh!" cried he, writhing under the recollections of the last scene at the palace, "had I known too late that such thou art, how should I have withered in those arms!"

As these reflections gradually subsided into sleep, her image kept its station in his dreams; but it was not as heretofore, when his visionary faney used to portray her smiling in groves of perpetual spring. She now appeared in rugged scenes of affright, accusing him of faithlessness; and, with menacing gestures, stimulating

unseen personages to revenge. He did not awake till the sun had risen far above the horizon; and then he found himself stretched on the floor, with his head pillowed on his arm. The eheerfulness of the busy morning hour shone on all without; while within, the desolation of loneliness and of discomfort sat, like a troubled spirit,

on every gloomy piece of furniture. "But this is the day, the blissful day," eried he, "when the bewildering spell which has so long enwrapped me will be broken! I shall again mingle in the social meetings of my fellow-creatures. and find myself amongst a variety of persons to whom I can speak, and rationally companion my mind and my enjoyments. Hitherto, for these three months past, I have gone gliding about, fearful of human glance or friendly cognisance, till my erazed faculties have fancied a guardian angel in a beauteous phantom! But now the mists disperse. Propitious morning, bright and transparent, I hail your opening!—You will unfold to me my father! you will release me from the wild and feverish dream in which my life has wasted, ever since this dreary mansion became the confidant of mv thoughts!"

In contemplating such a happy consummation of his most sacred wishes, he passed to his own apartment, where, re-dressing himself, with all his wonted elasticity of spirits, he prepared for the coming events of the day. On entering the saloon he found Gerard placing the breakfast-tray. The honest German, with his usual vacant air, drawled out, that Martini was below with a message from the

sieur.

"Send him to me," returned Louis, anxious to hear of Ignatius's safe arrival at St. Polten's, and eager to be told anything that

might relate to his father's approach.

Martini obey the summons with alaerity. His appearance was full of gaiety; and his dress (which he took pains to display from under a large Hungarian grey\_cloak) was of a splendour that instantly attracted the notice of Louis, as much from its novelty as its eostliness. The Italian's former habit was russet cloth, without ornament or smartness; but this was searlet, and gorgeously laced with gold.

"Why, Martini," cried Louis, "that is a gala suit! and to honour the ambassador, I suppose. You have left him well? and

also conducted your noble master safe?"

Martini was at that moment viewing his own figure in one of the large old mirrors of the apartment. Louis could have laughed, while he repeated his question to the happy eoxeomb. "I am impatient, like yourself, signor," replied he, "to see the entrance of the ambassador. You will then know that I do not wear this livery without a right.'

"I did not suspect it, my good Martini!" returned Louis; "but

you do not tell me when his excellency is to arrive.'

"By five in the evening, at the Palais d'Espagne, and thither I

am to conduct you to await him."

"Not in a habit splendid as your own?" asked Louis, with a smiling nod at the valet's laced vest. Martini coloured, and throwing a proud glance over his embroidery, exclaimed, "Signor, I have been some years with my master; and seniority of services, with some great men, has more consequence than short duties in

higher posts.

"I wish it were the rule with all great men!" replied Louis: "and be assured, Martini, I shall always have too much respect for your tried fidelity to your master, ever to wish to rival you in his good graces. But, come, answer my twice-demanded question: how did you leave him at Saint Polten?"

"I did not leave him there at all," replied Martini: "he left me last night; and, at parting, gave me a commission to execute a million of orders, ere he should return."

"Then he went alone?" asked Louis, with an alarm he would

not show; "or what were his attendants?"

"He might, or he might not, have some of the ambassador's people to meet him on the road; but, on receiving a letter at midnight by Castanos, my master called me to his chamber, and after giving me his commands, went away, telling me I should see him no more till we met this evening in the Palais d'Espagne."

"And have you heard nothing of him since?"

"Nothing."

"But Castanos accompanied him?"

"I do not know. The surly old Spaniard went out before my

master, and would not answer me when I spoke to him.'

Louis was disturbed at this vague information. The threatening language he had heard last night, and the unseasonable hour of Ignatius's journey, filled him with apprehensions for the event. Unobservant of the troubled countenance, which only appeared to listen to him, the volatile Italian continued the conversation, rapturously describing the Palais d'Espagne, its costly furniture, the splendid retinue which were placed there to welcome its future lord, and the magnificent entertainment that was preparing for his reception. "Ah!" cried the transported valet, "who will see us there, and believe we could ever have endured, for so many months, the hard vigils of that horrid college!"

"And yet," said Louis, striving to recal his attention from his fears for Ignatius, "it seems to me, that college seclusion, and even its austerities, are better calculated to please the taste of your master, than the public bustle and scenes of luxury you have just

described."

"That may be, signor," replied Martini; "but times change men, as men change the times; so I make no more manifestos for

my master than for myself."

"But I wish you had taken more care of him!" returned Louis, rising from his seat. "Indeed, Martini, after his having once been assailed, you ought not to have allowed him to set out alone."
"Allowed him!" retorted the Italian, "allowed my master! He

has never been allowed in his life! He has always done just as his will impels him: and I know not the man on earth who dare say to

him, I withhold, or, I allow!"

"You mistake me. I did not mean to invest you with a lord's control over the sieur; but ought you not have asked his permission to attend him? Ought you not to have entreated him, when you knew, by so recent an experience, that assassins lie in wait for his life?"

"My master commands, and I obey, signor!" replied Martini; "that is the duty he requires of me; and he would banish me for

presumption, did I proffer any other."

"He ought to be a god," returned Louis, "to live in such proud loneliness! But I am too much of a mortal not to be anxious about his safety; and I request you to let me have the earliest intelligence respecting him."

Martini answered carelessly, "that, as things were, it was impossible to learn any thing until the suite should arrive; but," added he, "at five o'clock I shall have the happiness of conducting you to

the Palais d'Espagne, where you will see him."

"Be punctual to your hour," replied Louis.

Martini crossed himself, in ratification of his word; and with a

step as light as his spirits, danced out of the apartment.

Louis looked after the jound Italian. Joy, the joy of the heart, is not gay, it is soul-centred; and calls for meditation on its own perfection. Louis's imagination, kindled by the ardent affection he had ever cherished for his father, was again called forth to set that image of his idolatry in a halo of the purest lustre. The name of parent seemed to consecrate the adoration of his heart. There could be no excess, he thought, in loving him from whom his being and his honour were derived; and, in the ardour of his enthusiasm, he beseeched the Almighty to bless him with virtues worthy of such a father. In hours like these, Louis learned the full value of the pious offices, to which the instructions of the pastor of Lindisfarne had habituated his mind. The heavenly serenity which presided over the temper of the venerable man was the best proof of his precepts. "My son," he used to say, "in joy or grief, let your first counsellor be the Dispenser of both. His gracious Spirit is ready to assuage the dangerous fervours of the one by the dewy incense of a grateful heart; and he will cheer the shadows of the other by the guiding light of faith and hope."

Louis did not permit the contemplation of future high duties to interfere with the performance of present ones, however lowly He gathered the papers lying in his writing-room, to confide them to an obscure closet in a remote part of the château; where he believed they would remain secure from curiosity or depredation, till he should be commissioned to transfer them to some other charge. While the time drew nigh for the promised summons to the Palais d'Espagne, his watch was drawn out again and again. But when minutes only intervened between his wishes and the eventful hour, he held it in his hand, and paced the room with a beating heart. He heard a step in the gallery. He flew to the door—it

was Martini.

"Is he arrived?" cried Louis, rushing towards him.

"No," replied the Italian. "But, haste !-I expect the caval-

cade every moment, and your carriage is at the gate.'

Louis seemed to have made but one step from the hall to the carriage. He was seated in it, and leaning breathless against its cushioned back, when Martini jumped in by his side. The lively valet discoursed with his usual fluency; but what he said his auditor did not know: he had no outward perceptien, all was absorbed within. The vehicle stopped; he thought the horses must

have flown, when Martini exclaimed, "We are at the Palais

d'Espagne."

Louis aroused himself, and looked around. He was in the court-yard of a superb mansion, thronged with a crowd of liveried attendants, walking to and fro under the colonnades and portico. The spacious doors of the house stood open. Louis sprang from the carriage; and, without noticing the men who bowed while he passed, hurried through the great vestibule. Martini proceeded him up the lofty staircase to a range of gorgeous apartments. The first and second were full of Spanish merchants resident at Vienna, eagerly waiting the entrance of an ambassador who had obtained the restitutiou of all their privileges which had been wrested from them when the Austrian family lost the crown of Spain. The next chamber was a saloon of imperial magnificence.

"Here, Signor," said the Italian, "you must attend the commands of the Duke de Ripperda." And, without another word, he bowed

slightly and hastened away.

Louis's feelings rose in strong tumult during the short interval between that moment and the one in which his expecting ear caught the trampling of horses, and the buzz of an approaching crowd. He rushed to the window, and beheld a train of travelling carriages filled with the suite of the embassy, sweeping through the great gates of the mansion, while the court-yard was thronged by the populace, and an immense cavalcade in splendid Spanish uniforms. Immediately following the latter, appeared six horses, richly caparisoned, and drawing a carriage surmounted with the ducal coronet. Louis saw no more. That carriage contained his father! He started from the window. The air resounded with shouts. He pressed his elasped hands on his bursting heart. A few minutes more, and Martini darted into the outer room where the merchants waited. The door was open, and Louis heard him say, "The ambassador!" The next instant he beheld a man of such resplendent aspect—a step, a form, an air, a princely dignity, as he bent his gracious head, waving with white plumes, to the grateful Spaniards who pressed around him—that Louis felt at once it was his father! His feet were riveted to the spot on which he stood; his eyes, on that august figure; but it was with the dazzled gaze of eager expecting joy.

The erowd separated from before their benefactor, and, alone, he entered the saloon. When he advanced into that gorgeous private room where Louis stood, the door was closed behind his excellency, and while the full refulgent star of his prosperity seemed fixed in his magnificent countenance, he made a hasty step forward, and extended his arms to his son. With a cry of joy, in which nothing was articulate but—"My father!" Louis precipitated himself towards him, and fell upon his breast. The duke strained him to his bosom; but that overwrought heart had eeased to beat; and, with a moistened cheek, he pressed the insensible lips of his too

happy son.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE DUKE DE RIPPERDA'S NARRATIVE.

Louis reopened his eyes on a superb couch, in a magnificent bedchamber, and surrounded by the physicians who had accompanied the suite of his father from Madrid. A few minutes more restored to him the possession of all his faculties; and, looking around, he did not seek in vain for the noble form whose parental embrace was yet warm on his heart. Seeing that his son was recovered, the duke made a sign for every person to leave the room. Louis was going to rise, but his father checked him by a motion of the hand; and, drawing near, sat down by his side. They were now quite alone. The duke had taken his hand—Louis kissed it reverentially. "Ah, my father!" cried he, "if words could utter all that is in my soul towards your honoured self! Revered—sacred—" tears bathed the hand, which he sealed again with his devoted lips.

"Louis," said the duke. Louis started, and looked around—and then turned to his father. Ripperda silently regarded the inquiring

movements of his son.

"Sir," said Louis, "did I not hear the Sieur Ignatius speak to me?" "You heard the voice of your father," returned the duke, and he smiled. It was the smile which Louis had never beheld on other mouth but one! He gazed on his father's face with searching amazement. Ripperda still wore his plumed hat. He took it off to submit himself the more completely to the scrutiny of his son. Louis felt that the voice and smile were those of the dark-visaged and reserved Ignatius; but the face on which he now looked was effulgent with manly beauty, and the undisguised consciousness of high desert. Though the resemblance was so extraordinary in two respects, yet, in every other point the dissimilarity being as striking, Louis had no suspicion of the truth; and concluding that the Jesuit was some illustrious Spanish branch of the Ripperda family, he earnestly replied, - "But where is the sieur? Your voice, my father, is so exactly his, I guess I must revere him as a near relation, as well as your steadfast friend! But where is he? For many reasons,  ${f I}$  am anxious to know that he is safe.

"He is safe," returned the duke; "and it gives me no small satisfaction that you have felt obliged to ask that question of me."

"Oh, sir," replied his son, "though I might not always conduct myself in the manner the Sieur Ignatius would approve; yet I had hoped you could not doubt that I never would designedly treat him with irreverence."

"I had no such doubts," resumed the duke; "but as you had suspicions respecting the real situation and authority of that man, and did not misconceive the character of your father;—when, through all the long months in which you obeyed commands that would not suffer an appeal: and you so often doubted that the Baron de Ripperda could really submit his son to such uncontrollable delegated power;—how did it happen that you never suspected the mysterious Ignatius and your father to be one and the same person?"

"How!" exclaimed Louis, hardly conscious that he had spoken,

while, in hesitating astonishment, his eye hastily scanned the august form before him. It was, indeed, like that of Ignatius, majestic in every proportion, but with more meridian vigour, with a more gracious air of command. No trace of age discomposed the lofty symmetry of his figure; no mark of time was visible on his capacious brow; cleared from the darkening dye with which he had stained his complexion and his hair, his eyes shone bright as the heavens, which their hue resembled. On the side of his forehead, under the hair, Louis could discern the scar which had been inflicted under the portico of the Jesuits' College. He shuddered at what might have been the issue of that stroke; and thought what would have been his agony, had he known that it was his father's hand which closed so deathfully upon his, in the dark chamber of murder. He could not speak; but his eyes, and quivering lip, told all that was passing in his mind.

"It was necessary," resumed the duke, "that the negotiation with Austria should be managed with dispatch and secrecy. The queen, proposed that I should undertake it in disguise. I left Madrid under an ostensible rumour that I was gone to Russia, on an affair connected with the Baltic trade. At the time of usual embarkation, I dismissed all my attendants excepting Castanos and Martini. They were essential to my proceedings. In the same day I assumed the habit of a Jesuit; and, with my credentials disposed about my person, made my way to Vienna. Besides the persons I have named, the Empress Elizabeth alone was privy to my disguise. Her confidence in me inspired the idea of the negotiation; and her own interest in some of its articles warranted my faith in her secrecy:—our success you know. But while I was effecting these great objects for my country, I chose the opportunity to give my son his first lesson in the science to which fate has destined him. Louis, I am fully satisfied with all you then performed. But you have yet much to learn, and more to practise. You are now to be plunged into the world, to stem the eddies of two contending vortices, duty and pleasure! Mark me, and write on your heart what I am going to say. Use the one to serve the other! But let me see that your choice will be that of Hercules. You will meet many to persuade you to the contrary; but remember, you may have a prompt guide in him who has most interest in your welfare; therefore, Louis, I ask your fearless confidence."

While Ripperda continued to speak, his son thought within himself, "If my father's lineaments were disguised in the sombre vestments of the Jesuit, his spirit was under a darker mask:—I cannot recognise the harsh and despotic Ignatius in the mild exhortations of this gracious parent!"

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed he, throwing himself on the duke's bosom, "you have your son's heart!—and in that, where is the thought that can be hidden from you?"

Ripperda smiled. "Louis," said he, "these impassioned emotions may be convincing witnesses of your southern origin!—but, imitate your father. You must temper your Spanish blood with some phlegm of the country in which you received your education. With one half of mankind this sort of feeling would be ridiculed, because not understood; while those who could comprehend it

would watch it as the betrayer of your secrets, and manage it to the cstablishment of their own. The heart is man's citadel; it is only open country with feeble woman! And, perhaps, there is too much like her nature in all vehement expressions of sensibility!" Ripperda again smiled, but there was a pensive shadow over it, when he closed the remark.

Louis did not feel it meant a check upon his heart; but he respectfully replied, "Sir, I dared to show these sensibilities to my father, because I trusted he knew I was not wanting in mental strength to prove myself a man."

"True, Louis; but that is a character which ought not to require occasional proofs. It should be manifested in an unvarying equability of conduct." Louis looked on his father. "One of my books is the human countenance," resumed the duke: "and yours is very legible at present. I do not require you to change your constitution, but to control its impulses. Endearments are rejected between man and man because they admit hypocrisy. All can affect them: but the sober aspect of real fidelity is not easily assumed. In temperate discourse you look into your companion's eyes. But when the heart shows itself by agitated nerves, and the head moves in accordance, how can you then find an avenue to the soul? Man, therefore, demands of man the calm, unreserved countenance; and leaves to woman that caressing enthusiasm which may express tenderness, veil modesty, or mask a deceptious heart. Hence, my son, we are oftener deceived in love than in friendship; but you must beware of both."

Louis felt a pang at the concluding remark. Quelling, however, every appearance of disturbance, and only returning the kind pressure of his father's hand, yet with more emphasis than he intended, he exclaimed, "In all things, honoured sir, I will strive to be obedient to your counsels. But do not despise the expressions of an affection, which would not know a dearer object than

yourself!'

"I do not despise, but I would restrain them; you must be habituated to self-command. Cherish the confidence you have declared. Let me be, indeed, the repository of all your thoughts; and though, in some cases, I may disapprove, you shall never have

cause to remember the Sieur Ignatius in your father."

The smile which had so often lightened from the dark lip of the sieur, beamed again in sun-like radiance over the bright countenance of Ripperda. Louis could have thrown himself again into his arms; but he remembered the lesson he had just received, and merely clasped the hand he held to his grateful lips.

Ripperda passed the remainder of the time in which he sat with his son in giving him instructions relative to their present situation at Vienna. He told him that, in right of his restored rank, he was now Marquis de Montemar; and that their Majesties of Spain had appointed him Secretary of Legation to the present embassy.

"You are young for so responsible an office," continued the duke; "but the queen knows how ably you fulfilled my duties, during my wounds; and herself suggested to the king, rewarding your zeal by so answerable an appointment. The courts of both countries are ignorant of this reason; therefore you must make up

in dignity of deportment what you want in years, and, to common eyes, in previous service. The world is governed by appearance."

Ripperda then spoke on the causes and terms of his reunion with Spain. And with some astonishment, and more regret, Louis comprehended that his father had also been received into the pale of its established church. Louis ventured to express his sentiments

on this communication.

"It was my original religion," returned the duke; "but the free-thinking spirit of independence had betrayed me in youth into the cavils of Reformation; and it only required time and reflection to reconcile me to the faith of my aneestors. Two learned Jesuits at Madrid completed the work; and I am now as good a Catholic as any in the Spanish dominions. The same masters may convert my son; and then, Louis, I shall have no wish ungratified."

"I was born a Protestant, sir," replied Louis; "and I believe I

shall die one."

"Be what your conscience dictates," returned the duke; "only remember that your father and your king are Catholics; and you

will not fail in honour to their church."

Louis bowed his head in respectful acquiescence. The duke soon after withdrew to his chamber of audience. Many of the old Spanish settlers in Austria, who had been oppressed there since the changed succession in Spain, were in waiting, to petition the ambassador of their ancient country to interfere with the imperial court in their behalf.

Titles were never points in the ambition of Louis, but as symbols of pre-eminence in nobler respects; he, therefore, was not insensible to the satisfaction of having the alienated honours of his race restored to him by the virtues of his father. But, when the Duke de Ripperda had left the room, the mind of his son was wholly absorbed in the happiness of having at last seen and conversed with, and been received to the heart of such a parent. That the stern Ignatius, from whom he had shrank while he revered him, and this benignant parent were one, amazed,—while it called forth all his gratitude to Heaven for the preservation of that parent through the perils of his disguise. While he meditated on the complete change which had taken place in his father since he had dismissed the garb of the Jesuit, and recollected the lessons he had received from him in both characters—from the one, on the policy of assuming the thing that is not; and from the other, the recent injunction to coneeal his real feelings—he conceived a hope that the Duke de Ripperda might not be so averse to the Duke of Wharton, as the Sieur Ignatius had thought it expedient to represent. In his next discourse with his father he determined to name the duke; for, in spite of the late reproof to indulged sensibility, his heart yearned to utter all its affection and gratitude towards that friend who had rewarded his repeated apparent insulting avoidance, by having twice been his preserver.

After the Duke de Ripperda dismissed his Spanish suppliants, he repaired to a private council of the Austrian ministers, to discuss the preliminaries to his public reception by their Cæsarian majesties. Louis did not leave his apartments till he heard the wheels of his father's carriage in the court-yard. It was then near

ten o'clock at night, and he saw the colonnades around were lit up in every direction. He hastened towards the great saloon, and met the duke in the ante-room. They entered together. Several persons were present, who greeted Ripperda with an equal air of deference, though with different degrees of ceremonial obeisance. Their personal ranks were distinctly marked in each individual's demeanour; and when the duke introduced Louis as his son, they paid him compliments, which the young marquis answered with little more than respectful bows. His father immediately led the way to the supper room; and Louis with the rest of the company followed through a range of superb chambers lined with attendants. The entertainment was served in a style to the duke no more than customary, but altogether novel to his son. The simple elegance of his pastor-uncle's table possessed every comfort; the hospitable board at Athelstone and Bamborough groaned with the weight of the feast; and the feudal state he had seen at the banquets of the chiefs of Scotland, was that of plenty, with something too much of baechanalian festivity; -but here, all that was elegant and hospitable, costly and grand, were united in one assemblage of courtly magnificence.

The manners of Ripperda to his company were like his entertainment. None could forget that he was the first man at table; but the condescending graces of his conversation, and a peculiar address to which only the individual to whom it was pointed could be conscious, charmed each with a conviction that he in particular was the especial favourite. Louis's spirits were so absorbed in attention to his father's eloquent and general discourse on a variety of subjects, that he spoke very little; and thought the time had flown when the duke rose from his chair, and the party, obeying the signal, bade his excellency the adieu for the night. When

Louis was preparing to follow, his father stopped him.

"I am pleased with your general deportment this evening," said "The dignified respect with which you treated those persons (who, though holding subordinate situations to yourself in the embassy, are your seniors in years, and all of them men of family), while it maintains your own superiority, will coneiliate their goodwill, and propitiate the envy that might busy itself in search of your faults."

"Sir," said Louis, shocked at the implied arrogance, "I had no idea of showing anything to those gentlemen but simple respect.'

Ripperda shook his head, but not with gravity. "I know you are a man of nice distinctions; and that on the meaning of some terms you and I have yet to agree. But I will trust your humility in some respects, to your pride in others."
"My father!" exclaimed Louis. The duke smiled.

"Ignatius might help us on this subject," said he; "but I wish to speak with you about another order of persons. To-morrow you will be introduced to young men of the highest rank in Spain, sons of Spanish grandees of the first order. Wishing to see Vienna, they are nominally attached to this embassy; and though residing where they please, have places every day at my table. These you must treat with the suavity of equality and confidence; but beware of really giving them your trust. They are your future rivals with

your sovereign. At present their pursuit is pleasure. And while you steadily keep your eye upon the one aim of your life-honourable distinction!—to these young men you must appear as inclinable to folly as themselves." Louis's ingenuous eye turned on his father. "It is even so!" continued the duke; "you must lull the circumventing watchfulness of their ambitious fathers, by seeming to share the dissipation of their sons. Mc, they dare not touch. But were you to appear all that I trust you are or will be, roused jealousy would seize the accessible point; and, through you, the Spanish lords would seek to undermine the new superstructure they see I am raising to the glory of the house of Ripperda. Seem, therefore, careless of advancement, eager for pleasure; and they may quietly submit to the early growth of honours, which, they believe, increasing folly will render the last. Use caution now. and the time is not far distant when you may show yourself. in these respects, according to the sentiments that direct your present questioning looks; if, indeed, such sentiments will still be yours.'

Louis's face glowed with his heart. "My father!" cried he, "those sentiments were the principles of my pastor-uncle; and they are woven with my being."

"'Tis well," answered the duke; "they are going through an ordeal. You must prepare yourself for trials of a different nature from those you found so galling at the Château de Phaffenberg. There you had only to endure; here you are called upon to endure and to resist: to endure!—nay, to court temptation, and to resist and overcome it. You must be in the midst of every pleasure that can allure or intoxicate the senses of man; and you must see and taste, without allowing yourself to feel its enjoyment. To desire such would be a grapple on you, held by other hands; you must be independent of everything beyond yourself."

Ripperda's voice sounded to his son like that of a trumpet. He loved to feel his strength; to struggle, and to conquer, though the war might only be in his own bosom. He listened, and longed for an opportunity of proving to his father, that, whatever might be his son's sensibilities, he had no effeminacy in his soul. The duke

continued:

"Your father performs all that to which he exhorts you. He draws every one to his purpose, without permitting any one to fix a link on him. From the age of twenty-one I have been master of myself; and, from that circumstance, master of every human being on whom I turned my eye to do me scrvice. From being the son of a banished man, and alienated from the land and honours of my race, I became a merchant, a soldier, a statesman, a counsellor of nations! The country which had exiled my father, solicited the return of his son! And now, the progress of my undeviating career has brought me to the restoration of all the rights of my name; has raised it to a reputation only bounded by the limits of the civilized world! Louis, what I am, you must be."

During this speech, Louis more than once saw the proud and lightning glance of the Sieur Ignatius. He felt an answering triumph; for the throes of an eager emulation were busy in his youthful heart. Unconsciously, his countenance reflected all his

father's; for then, perhaps, there was not a sentiment within him that was not absorbed in the single blaze of ambition. The duke rose, speaking his last sentence; and with so undefinable an air of even fearful grandeur, that for a moment he seemed transformed a third time before his son. But the next instant, turning from the door to which he had advanced, the awful splendours of his countenance were again softened into the gracious light of general complacency; in his usual tone, he bade Louis be ready at a certain hour on the morrow, to accompany his official presentation to the emperor.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

#### COURT PRESENTATIONS.

THE suite of apartments in the Palais d'Espagne, allotted to Louis, were spacious and superb; while the train of attendants and equipages assigned to his service were sumptuously appointed, as if for the ambassador himself. The duke had informed him, that all these were absolutely at his command, as if he inhabited a separate dwelling. He was to consider himself at perfect liberty; to appear at the ambassador's table only when his inclination suited; to form what aequaintanee he pleased; to go where he liked; -in short, his father resigned all control over his time or his actions, excepting the hours which must be dedicated to diplomatic duties; or any proceedings which might eventually impede the grand objects of his life. Thus encouraged, Louis ventured to name Duke Wharton. His reply was an instant eoneiliatory response from his parental dietator. "He might renew their aequaintance, and to the extent of his own discretion, for he now knew enough to discern where to place the proper limits." Warm with gratitude for this trusting permission, Louis suddenly bethought of another long-eherished object of his even earlier admiration and ambition—the almost idolized hero of his beloved aunt's memory! and, with a glow on his cheek, he respectfully asked—"Whether he were likely to see the brave Prince Eugene in these imperial circles?"

"Aye, Louis," returned Ripperda, "there, you point well. But the prince is at present in Savoy, and his reappearance at Vienna may be uncertain. He is a man whose sought, and conferred inti-

macy would be in every way honourable to my son."

Louis felt this in the full exulting throb of his ingenuous heart: and who, that is of such a nature, with high thoughts imprest, has not tasted, that even an aspiration after any excellence brings an

enjoyment like unto itself?

In the course of the conversation, Louis had petitioned his father to take off the interdiet which prohibited his correspondence with his friends in England. The necessity for such silence existing no longer, the favour was readily granted; but guarded with one condition—that he must not write of Ignatius in any other character than that of a Jesuit. That he was Ripperda's self, must ever remain a profound secret; because, the emperor being jealous of female influence, the most vexatious consequences might be expected, should he discover that the empress had been an agent in the late

negotiation. This he would more than suspect, were he to be told that Ripperda had been incognito at Vienna: for the imperial Charles was not ignorant of the power that accomplished statesman had gained over the youthful and ambitious mind of Elizabeth at her father's court; and that he had even exercised it to persuade her to accept the high distinction of being the chosen consort to the Emperor of Germany. Early influences are generally lasting ones; and though Charles had not sufficient sensibility to feel this in his own person, he had sagaeity enough to have guessed it in that of his wife, had he received a single hint of but one clandestine meeting between her and Ripperda, before that statesman made his public appearance at the Austrian court, he would have doubted

every truth of the mission, and given denial to the whole.

Louis readily engaged for circumspection; aware that his correspondence with the friends of his youth would be on subjects dearer to them, purely egotistical:—while himself was anxious to know how far the general comfort of the family had been restored by his application to Don Ferdinand. Before he could lay his head (which was now all awake with life and happiness) upon his pillow, he sat down to pour out his full heart to the venerable confident of his earliest wishes, to the unerring guardian of his impassioned soul. While he wrote, the lightning flames of the wild ambition, which an hour before had rushed through his veins with a proud disdain of every obstacle, gradually subsided under the gentle aseendancy of the meek spirit with which he now conversed. The mild precepts of his benign instructor seemed again to whisper in his ear:-"Fly temptation. But when it pursues or meets you, arm against it in the panoply of faith and virtue, and be not overcome. If you sink in a contest you did not seek, you may be pitied and forgiven. If you fall in a conflict you provoked, men will deride, and God condemn you!"

Louis shuddered at his late varied and presumptuous impulses; and, blessing the pious cares which could thus influence his mind, even at so wide a distance of place and time, he continued to write. With what a reposing, smiling rapture at his heart did he bend over the sheet on which he was now permitted to transmit all the feelings of that heart to the most indulgent, as well as wisest of friends!

A few words at the beginning had explained his silence, by acknowledging (without particularizing circumstances) the mysterious nature of the affairs in which he had been engaged:—and then followed all the affection of a son; all the frank communications, where scerecy did not bind him, that would be grateful to the venerable man. But there was one subject he did not dare to touch on—Otteline: whenever it rose before him, he turned away, as from a lovely but a condemned spirit. His heart thrilled and trembled; and, pressing it, he exclaimed—"I need not seek a contest!"

When he had closed this long epistle with entreaties for frequent communications from the dear inhabitants of the pastorage, whethey were at Morewick or in Lindisfarne, he addressed a letter to Sir Anthony, full of grateful duty, and of descriptions calculated for his entertainment; and then, retiring to his pillow, found, what he did not expect, an immediate and sound sleep. The morning brought Martini into his apartment. He came with a note from

Ripperda, informing his son that the emperor would receive the embassy at noon: he must therefore be in the saloon, habited in the Spanish mode, and according to his rank, half an hour before the time of going to the imperial palace. Louis was finishing his packet for England, when the confidential valet presented his message. He read the letter, and wrote his reply of obedience. Martini took the answer with a bow of profound respect; but it had nothing of the obsequious homage which degrades the person who pays it, without honouring him on whom it is bestowed.

"Your excellency will pardon, I trust," said he, "my former omissions of due reverence to the son of my master! I was ignorant until now that I attended other than the Chevalier de Phaffenberg: for, according to the commands of the duke, I was to consider him as no more than his secretary, and the poor cadet of a ruined house. But I thought it must be a noble one; and I trust, my lord, that though I might fail in honour to the Duke de Ripperda's son, you will not accuse me of insolence to the Chevalier de Phaffenberg."

"Worthy Martini!" cried Louis, rising from his seat, and shaking the hand of the valet with true English warmth, "I have nothing to complain of from you. I honour your fidelity to your master, and your regard for the fallen in fortune. I am proud to claim equality with such sentiments! From this hour consider

me as your friend."

Martini, with the ardour of his country, threw himself on his knees, and fervently kissed the hand that pressed his; then, hastily rising, with glistening eyes and his hands clasped on his breast,

he bowed, and hastened from the apartment.

This little incident particularly pleased Louis. He had found a simple and a generous feeling in the confidential servant of a statesman; while all else above, around, in that transforming sphere, seemed devoted to selfishness, or to artifice, of however refined a fabric. Musing on this, he submitted himself without discussion to be habited according to the fashion of his new

country.

For Ripperda himself, when his son met him in the saloon, he was one bright effulgence of princely honours—his sword, his belt, his gartered knees; and all the jewelled insignia of Spanish chivalry glittered on his person. The diamond coronet of his ancestors encircled his cap, surmounted by the crest of his family,—a golden eagle under a plume of snow-white teathers. They waved before the bird of Jove like fleecy clouds in the face of the sun. But gorgeous as were these ornaments, their brilliancy was as nothing when compared with the countenance they were placed to adorn; the brightness of a high soul was there, that seemed rather to suffer the decorations of rank than to require them. The duke was surrounded by the young Spanish grandees, in the habits of their quality, but varied in colour and decoration, according to the caprice of the wearer; whilst the real officers of the embassy were all arrayed in one sumptuous uniform. Ripperda presented this son to the nobles. Most of them, though young men, were Louis's seniors; but they saluted him with that respect which is usual in despotic governments, to persons holding powerful stations under the sovereign. The intimation his father had given him of their general pursuits, did not incline him in their favour; and with perhaps too lofty an air of cold politeness, he met their first advances to social acquaintance. Some of them mistook this dignity of principle (which acted without intention) for the insolence of inflated vanity; and they who thought so eyed him with resentment. Others conceived it to be mere reserve of disposition:—for none could derive it from awkward shyness in a new situation. Everything that Louis said or did was with a grace peculiar to himself; an ease that spoke the high-born man, and a mind conscious that no adventitious circumstance can really add to the con-

sequence of him who builds his character on virtue.

The King and Queen of Spain had issued orders that no expense should be spared to give their ambassador every dignity in the eyes of the imperial court; and the equipages and retinue which composed the suite of Ripperda struck the inhabitants of Vienna with amazement, as nothing had equalled the pomp of this his public entrance since the coronation of the emperor. The audiencechamber was crowded, and the foreign ambassadors were there to mark the reception of the Spanish plenipotentiary. Charles received him with testimonies of respect he had never bestowed on any other ambassador; and which filled those present with apprehensions of what those secret articles might be, which thus humbled the Emperor of Germany before the minister of his former rival. Louis and the Spanish noblemen were presented by Ripperda, Charles said a few words of ceremony to the young grandees, but signalized the son of the ambassador by his particular notice; and, in a lowered voice, that none else might hear, complimented him on the talents he had shown for negotiation during the illness of the Sieur Ignatius.

At the meeting of the council the preceding evening, Ripperda had confidentially intimated to the Chancellor Sinzendorff that the Chevalier de Phaffenberg (whom the chancellor had taken occasion to commend) was his son; and in the morning, Sinzendorff, without betraying the rest of the secrets, imparted it to the emperor, also observing on the extraordinary diplomatic genius and pure integrity he had discovered in the young secretary of legation.

When his majesty turned to withdraw from the presence chamber he whispered the Spanish ambassador that the chanceller would conduct him to the empress; who was in readiness to receive the letter and picture he had in charge from the Prince of Spain, for the archduchess her daughter. The moment the emperor quitted the apartment, Ripperda and his suite followed count Sinzendorff towards the grand saloon. While Louis's now familiar footsteps obeyed the movement, his heart anticipated the emotions he should feel in again seeing Otteline, in again meeting the persuasive looks of her gracious mistress! But when he entered her imperial levée, how different did the august Elizabeth appear in the midst of her ceremonial court from the benignant princess who had been all ease and smiles in the private boudoir of her beautiful favourite! She sat coldly regal, with the Austrian ladies of highest rank standing behind, or on each side of her throne.

When the Duke de Ripperda approached the imperial chair,

Louis observed the reserved majesty of Elizabeth's countenance, dilate into an expression of proud exultation. It haughtily swept the circle, while she extended her jewelled hand to the Spanish ambassador, who, bending on his knee, presented the royal packet. She half rose to receive it; and then her lips and eyes beamed all the graciousness upon his father which Louis had so often felt shining on himself. But there was a glowing flush on her cheek, and a something softer in her eye, when the duke pressed the hand to his lips, which she had given for the salute of ceremony. Louis then saw it was the friend and not the minister, that Elizabeth of Brunswick welcomed from her imperial throne; and, at the same time, he could not but notice, that the position of his father rather spoke the air of a prince at the feet of beauty, than the prostration of a subject to exalted power.

"It is the mind alone," thought Louis, "that debases actions, or ennobles them! One man would crouch and cringe like a slave,

while this bends his knee like Alexander before Statira!"

Had Louis pursued his observation, he would have understood, that it was the dignity and peculiarity of this homage, which made

it so estimable in the eves even of an empress.

When the duke presented his son and the Spanish nobles, Louis cast down his eyes; which, indeed, had never wandered from his father and herself: so fearful was he of encountering that face whose resistless charms were only too apparent to his imagination. What the condescending Elizabeth said to him he knew not; neither was he conscious how he had gone through the ceremony of presentation, till he felt her ivory fingers gently press hand, in silent congratulation of what she supposed was then busy in his heart. He dreaded the purport of this unuttered language, and with a tremor pervading his whole body he rose from his knce, and falling back into the Spanish group, tried to recover self-possession.

Elizabeth continued for some time in conversation with Ripperda; and then gave her hand, according to usage, to the chancellor to lead her out: while she passed near where Louis stood, she descried him, and spoke to her conductor. He immediately called to the Marquis de Montemar to approach her Majesty's commands. Louis obeyed in renewed disorder; and, with a gracious smile, she gently whispered, "You attend the Duke de Ripperda this evening, to the Favorita. It is the dowager empress's name day; and you will see friends and foes. The duke has received my permission to bring the young Spaniards to be presented to my daughter."

Louis bowed; and her majesty, with her own fair hand, gathering her robe from the pages who held it, disappeared by a small door into the private apartments. When he looked round, to rejoin his father, he saw him discoursing with the circle of ladies who stood nearest the throne. Ripperda had already introduced his young grandees to the group; but on some of the ladies naming his son, he beckoned Louis, who immediately approached, and was presented also. His rapid glanee soon convinced him, the looks he feared were not present; and relieved by this certainty, the effect was instantly apparent. The anxiety which so lately had embarrassed his words and actions disappeared; and restored to ease, he replied with his usual ingenuous politeness to the courtesy of the

ladies who welcomed him to the court of Vienna. The duke soon after took his leave of the fair assembly; and, followed by the young Spaniards and his son, returned to his earriage;—and thence

through the gazing streets, back to the Palais d'Espagne.

It was the vernal month of May, and nature appeared in her robes of youth and laughing beauty. The tender azure of the sky was tinged with blushing radiance; while the soft green earth lay in enamelled smoothness, under the umbrageous canopy of trees and shrubs. The air was balm, diffusing odours from blossoms, flowers, and southern zephyrs, laden with the warm breathing of the reposing sun, as if just pillowed on the refulgent setting clouds. While the carriage which contained Louis drove along the througed Prato, toward the palace of La Favorita, he descried the distant turrets of the Château de Phaffenberg. They stood gloomy and desolate; and he passed them by, like one awakened from the dead, looking aside on what had been his tomb. The Danube was now rolling its majestic flood, broad as a lake, around the island of the palace. The company crossed to it in gay boats, borne along with silken sails or rowed by silver oars; and when they stepped on shore, they found the whole a seene of fairy-land.

In the midst of a verdant lawn, round which the beauty and fragrance of all the seasons were collected, on a righty-earpeted platform, sat the dowager empress. Most of the imperial family, excepting the emperor and the empress were seated near her. Many of the court were also there; and, in the brilliant circle, Louis recognised the Duke of Wharton standing behind the chair of the Electress of Bavaria. The eye of Wharton seemed to wander carelessly over the advancing party, without distinguishing any particular object. But the buzz that announced the Duke de Ripperda attracted the notice of the electress. Her curiosity was excited to see this formidable minister, whose influence had induced his royal master to overthrow her dearest schemes, by affixing the guarantee of Spain to the pragmatic sanction. She looked at his commanding figure with lightning in her eyes; and when Ripperda approached to pay his respects to the dowager empress, she whispered in the bending ear of Wharton. The next instant her rapid glance caught the face of Louis, and fixed there. Again she whispered Wharton. What she said, and what the answers, was completely between themselves, all passed in so low a voice: but Louis heard the duke laugh in his reply, as, without glancing up from his folded arms, he leaned on her highness's chair.

Had Louis distinguished what was said, he would have learned that the electress recognised him immediately; and, with astonishment, pointed him out to the English duke, when she heard the young De Phaffenberg of the Altheim apartments, presented to her

illustrious grandmother as the son of Ripperda!

"Could your highness believe it possible," replied Wharton, "that the fair Otteline would cast her tendrils round a fallen

pillar?"

The electress did not withdraw her persevering gaze, though she ceased her whispers; for the emperor and empress approached from the palaee colonnade. The Duke de Ripperda was instantly engaged with the imperial pair; and soon after, the monarch touch

ing the ambassador's arm, turned with him to the opposite side of the lawn. Meanwhile Elizabeth, when passing Louis to present her hand to the dowager empress, who wished to view the gala from the pavilion windows, bade him offer his arm also to the venerable princess. He hastened, feeling indeed honoured to bear his share in assisting the enfeebled steps of revered old age; a duty, which, to all ranks, was ever sacred to him; and during the little walk, the venerable lady being rather deaf, Elizabeth informed him that the arch-duchess, Maria Theresa, being suddenly indisposed, had detained the Countess Altheim from the present fête. "But," added the gracious speaker, "hope is the lover's comforter!" She thought it was the ruby light of that hope which now passed over the cheek of Louis. She smiled as she placed the empress in her chair, and dismissed him to the lawn. Trying to shake from his burning complexion the evidence of his weakness, with a swift step he turned towards the platform, the scene of gaiety. Wharton stood there, though the electross had moved into the more general circle of the company. The duke was talking with two or three persons; amongst whom was the Count Leopold Koninseg, a colonel in the Austrian service, and the nephew of the Princess de Waradin, a Hungarian lady, to whom Ripperda had presented his son that morning at the drawing-room. While Louis was hastening tothe group that contained his friends, his new acquaintance, the Princess de Waradin, leading forward a blooming girl of much beauty, intercepted his path. The noble matron inquired whether he had engaged himself for the dance. On his answering in the negative, she presented him to her daughter, with the compliment, "that there was no person with whom she should be so satisfied to see her Amelia make her first public appearance at court, as with the son of the Duke de Ripperda."

Louis made a suitable answer to this politeness, and the pretty Hungarian received his bow with a smile. Other ladies to whom also his father had introduced him in the morning, now drew around. the graceful De Montemar. Invitations to various assemblies were given to him by a multitude of rosy lips; and for half-an-hour before the dancing began, he was enchained within the fair circle: not ungrateful for the flattering distinction, but longing for the moment of release, when he might give one heartfelt pressure to the hand of the friend who had twice saved him from his father's: enemies. He often turned his face from the loquacious dames, to seek a glance from his kind preserver; but though Wharton looked! hither and thither, in talking with the passing groups, a perverse fatality scemed to prevent his eyes eyer falling where Louis stood. Impatience increased with disappointment; and, almost ready to break from the throng that detained him, he gladly heard the music sound from the grand imperial orchestra, reared in front of the palace: and immediately a chamberlain approached, to summon the dancers to the soft green before the illuminated windows. The fair Amelia extended her hand to her partner, who took it with redoubled pleasure, on seeing, by the direction in which the company turned to the rural ball-room, that he must pass close to the spot where Wharton stood. While the gay procession moved on, the duke turned carelessly on his heel, which withdrew him a little

from the path, but not so far off but that Louis heard Leopold Koninseg ask him whether he knew the Marquis de Montemar.

"Who is he?" negligently replied the duke.

"The Spanish ambassador's son," replied Koninseg: "shall introduce him?"

"No," returned Wharton; "he seems very well engaged; and I

am not ambitious of the acquaintance."

Louis was startled at these words; but recollecting the duke's situation with the Bavarian faction, and the risks he had already run between its revenge and his friend's safety, he soon comprehended that prudence had suggested this apparent indifference.

The dance began; and, in its exhibitanting maze of motion, music, and sparkling beauty, Louis found all that buoyancy of spirits return, with which he used to animate the smaller, but not less festive circles of his native land. The peculiar grace of his movements attracted admiration even in a country where the graces of dancing are a science; and the electress, again turning to Wharton (who had accompanied her to the flowery lists of the waltzers), desired him to observe the extraordinary elegance of the Anglo-Spaniard. "So ethereal!" exclaimed her highness, "all lightness and grace, and yet so unaffected!" Wharton saw that several of the young grandees were standing near; and he marked one of them cast a disdainful glance on the electress when she made the observation. Princess de Waradin was also a spectatress; and, while her eye complacently followed the airy flight of her daughter on the sustaining arm of Louis, she took up the electress's note, and replied, "There is not so elegant a dancer in the circle as the Marquis de Montemar!"

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "A well-made man cannot

be awkward if he would."

"Ergo! the Duke of Wharton," rejoined the electress, smiling.

"Precisely so," returned he, with a gay bow.
She again smiled, and whispered him. The only words audible were, "You must get him amongst us!"

"Give me Actæon's fate when I do!"

During this scene, Wharton did not require an interpreter to the thickening clouds on the brow of the young Spaniard, who, at the close of it, muttered something to his companions: their looks suddenly reflected his, and they all turned abruptly from the ring. The electress drew closer to the garlands which composed it; and ordering a chair, sat down and conversed at her ease with the group around. Louis's eye often glanced towards the animated duke. But his favour with her highness was too visible to allow surprise that he did not give attention to any one else. Indeed, he appeared as careless of remark as he seemed pleased with his situation, and hovered near her with the familiarity of perfect confidence. Her circle of ladies courted his smiles, as the guarantee of hers; and he trifled and talked with them all when his humour dictated. But, in the midst of this gallant badinage, the men regarded him as something more than the gay Cicisbeo, who had followed the illustrious mourner from her widowed pilgrimage through Italy. They were aware of his political genius; that the lap of beauty could not full it to repose; and, with less surprise than wonder, they contemplated certain changes in the mutual relations of states, which they knew must have arisen from him; but when, or how his manœuvres were devised and executed, they could not guess by observation on himself. For, in all situations, he seemed equally open and disengaged.

Ripperda passed behind the Bavarian party, surrounded by the foreign ambassadors. The electress was mortified at the sight.—

"Behold the flatterers!" cried she.

"Dogs will worship the moon!" answered Wharton.

Without further apparent thought of what covered the polished brow of his mistress with frowns, he turned to rally one of the young ladies of honour for having refused to dance. The Bavarian almoner stood near. He was the only person, excepting the electress, who knew that the late rupture between France and Spain was the work of Wharton. Marvelling within himself at the volatility of the man, who had so circumvented the gravest heads, and at the jocund indifference with which he beheld the open sway of his political adversary, the worthy ecclesiastic, with a half-reproaching smile, touched his arm. "I believe, duke," said he, 'it is all one to you, whether you fire your own or another's territories from very gaieté de cœur, as either burn, you play."

"Groaning over calamities doubles them," replied Wharton;

"and I never had any passion for sackcloth."

"No," replied the electress; "I believe your perversity enjoys

the wreck that has been made of your own plans.

"When the wind blows, he is but a fool who sits down to cry in the blast. Common sense, my sweet electress, draws his cloak about, and walks merrily through the storm."

"But he does not scoff at the destructive clements," replied the "May not the Duke de Ripperda think disparagingly

of so smiling a rival?"

"My good Lord Almoner," returned Wharton, "I care not what Duke de Ripperda thinks. There is a season for all things; and when I am with the fair, I forget the follies of other men, and content myself with my own."

Whatever were his motives with regard to Louis, no act of recognition passed, either from his voice or his looks, towards him, during the whole evening; and Louis, taking his tone from a judgment his enthusiasm deemed infallible, behaved towards him with the same reserve. They often approached each other in the change of amusements; they sometimes passed close, and then the heart of Louis beat, and his cheek glowed, when he felt the dear attraction. While he was handing the daughter of the Princess de Waradin to the supper-room, he saw Wharton at a distance in one of the vestibules, conversing with the Count de Patinos. This was the haughty Spaniard, whom Wharton had observed turn away with such jealous contempt of the admiration Louis had excited; he was of the highest rank amongst the young grandees who had joined the embassy, and could ill brook a rival near his proud pretensions.

The electress and her party did not stay supper. It was in a style answerable to the august jour de fête, and at a late hour the emperor and empress rose. Before Louis could pass from the table at which he sat, to join his father, who had been the distinguished

personage at the imperial board, he was intercepted by a moving and involving throng. In short, he soon learned that from Ripperda's unexampled favour with the reconciled sovereigns, his son was become an object of calculating and universal attention. Some of the Spaniards had even drawn off from the proud side of De Patinos. and glided towards Louis, to gain, by his means, a free passage into the circles which seemed so eager to make him their centre. De Patinos was young, handsome, and ambitious. He was the son of the Marquis de Castellor, and the near kinsman of the venerable Grimaldo, the present ostensible minister in the cabinet of Spain. Therefore, to see such almost regal honours paid to the Duke de Ripperda, whom the young Spaniard affected to consider only the agent of that minister, aroused all the indignation of his family consequence. But that himself should be overlooked and disregarded in the presence of what he called the upstart Marquis de Montemar,—because he was the son of this arrogant Ripperda, inflamed him with a hatred that only waited opportunity to show

its malignant nature.

While wealth and rank are generally considered the corner-stones of happiness, it was not to be wondered at, that a marriage with such a foreigner as Louis de Montemar should be considered an advantageous object by many of the most illustrious families at the German court. The restoration of Ripperda to his Spanish rights had given him rank with the first nobles of any land. His blood was superior to most of them, as it flowed from the mingled current of three lines of princes; and his riches—arising from his restituted property in Spain and the Indies; from his former wealth, transported from the Netherlands, and daily redoubling by the exhaustless resources of commerce, they became beyond the powers of calculation. It was not, then, a subject of surprise, though it might be of envy, that the heir of all this wealth and honours should be a point of ambition to the proudest mothers in Vienna; and, as the expectant was also handsome and accomplished, it was not a wonder that many of the daughters smiled upon the young De Montemar. He saw many fair and full of charms, but none so fair, none so conspicuously charming as the graceful Otteline, whose absent form floated in fond regrets at the bottom of his heart. He sighed to think that the spirit was not so fair as its temple, and then he sighed again, while he checked himself for the repining pang which accompanied the remembrance.

# CHAPTER XXV

#### THE COURT ASSEMBLY.

THE two following days were passed in official arrangements previous to the execution of certain articles in the treaty, which the Spanish sovereigns were impatient to have performed. Ripperda spent the evenings with the Austrian ministers, and Louis at the Princess de Waradin's. But on the morning of the third day, when he was sitting at his official post, making minutes of some preliminaries which the emperor, there in person, demanded to be done before the actual betrothment of his eldest daughter to the

Prince of Spain should take place, the empress, who was in her husband's private cabinet at this discussion, stood over Louis while he wrote; and when he had finished his memorandums, she said, in a low voice, "My daughter is now well enough to bear company; you will see her and Countess Altheim in my drawing-room to-night. You must speak to Maria Theresa, for we require of you to impress her as favourably of your prince as you have managed to impress her governess in behalf of yourself."

Elizabeth turned away, and Louis saw neither the paper that was before him, nor the royal presence leaving the room. He was lost in the tumult of his thoughts, till his father, touching his arm, told

him the council was broken up.

When Ripperda received the invitation for the evening for himself and his son, he asked permission to include the Count De Patinos in the proposed honour, as it would gratify King Philip to have the imperial notice extended in succession to the young grandees of the suite.

"But never to the exclusion of De Montemar," replied the empress; "I regard him as my own élève. Do with the rest as you please, duke; for you know the pleasure I have in promoting

your interest."

Ripperda knew all the avenues to the noble heart of Elizabeth, and he made a reply that lit up her gracious countenance with an

emotion direct from the soul.

Louis walked as in a dream from the hour in which he was told he should meet Otteling to the moment of his going to the palace. The imperial saloon was full, though not crowded. Having paid his homage to the empress, he turned as she directed him where eertain well-known sounds were vibrating on the harp. The object he expected met his eyes. The instruments of music were in an adjoining apartment, opened to the saloon by a canopied arch. Otteline stood there, just risen from the harp, and attending to something that was addressed to her by the arehduchess, her pupil, who was seated at the harpsichord. The timid bride wore the portrait of her future husband, Prince Carlos, suspended from her neck; and she was evidently preparing to sing to the emperor her father, who stood near her. Lovely she was, in the first morning of her youth; her soft blue eyes turned in a scraphic-like attention upon the face of her beautiful instructress; yet the glance of the beholder could not rest upon the blooming girl. That beautiful instructress seemed nothing less than a being of a superior order. She leaned over her like some bright creature of the air hovering near her sweet but earthly charge. Louis felt a mist pass over his memory. The abhorrent words of her lips, which he thought must burn before him in accusing characters for ever, flew at once from their station; and his heart rose in his bosom with an impulsive violence to throw himself at her feet, and forget all the world and himself in the rapturous moment of swearing for "ever to love her alone!" But, if celestial spirits do indeed surround the path of those who contend for heaven, the guardian angol of Louis at that moment breathed upon his dissolving soul, and strengthened it to virtue. With a bitter contempt of his weakness, he tore his eyes from the dangerous contemplation, and followed his father and the empress

to pay his respects to her imperial husband. While the emperor discoursed with Ripperda, Elizabeth addressed her favourite.

"Otteline," said she, with a smile, "I hope you will not grant less gracious notice to the Marquis De Montemar than that with

which you honoured the Chevalier De Phaffenberg?"

The countess looked up with a blush bright as the tints of Aurora: and while she sought to meet the eyes of Louis, which were covered with their "veiled lids," she softly answered, "the Marquis De Montemar is too well convinced of the esteem in which I held the Chevalier De Phaffenberg to require that I should increase my consideration of him under any other name."

He bowed in silence; but her majesty, seeing the emperor and Ripperda walk together into the adjeining room, while she turned to follow them, added, "De Montemar, I leave you to assist the

countess in selecting a duet for my daughter."

This command Louis could not disobey, and though a quivering fire shot through all his veins, he was not the less determined to persevere in the assumption of a coldness he would have given worlds to have then found round his heart. With obedient haste, and to occupy himself, he began to turn over the music books. The young princess took hold of the countess's arm, and artlessly whispered, "Do ask the Marquis De Montemar whether Prince

Carlos is like this ugly picture?"
Ottcline whispered in return, "I am sure the Marquis De Montemar will be honoured in replying to your highness, and he will tell you that Prince Carlos is very handsome."

None of this was spoken so low, but that Louis heard it all: and the archduchess, holding up the jewelled portrait, said to him in a timid voice,—"Do tell me, if he is so very disagreeable? I could never endure to leave my beautiful mamma, and charming governess, to look always upon a person like this!"

Louis glanced at the picture, which was, indeed, the portrait of a plain, but it was a sensible countenance. The ingenuous eyes of the princess turned from it to those of Louis with anxious inquiry. "I never saw the prince," replied he; "but your highness must

pardon me, if I do not think this portrait disagreeable. It expresses a noble mind; and without such an expression, the finest features in the world would want the soul of beauty."

Maria Theresa looked earnestly in the face of Louis. She had never done so before; and then, turning her eyes again on the

picture, she drew a deep sigh.

"Come, will not your highness sing?" asked the countess, pre-

senting a duet.

"No," replied she; "I shall go and beg mamma to permit you to sing alone;" then, as she was leaving her seat, she put her arm round her governess's neck, and softly said, "Oh, my happy Otteline! He that you are to marry has both a handsome and a noble countenance!"

Louis could not escape hearing this, nor seeing the quick pressure with which the countess strained her young charge to her breast, who, in some apprehension that she had been overheard, broke away with a slight blush tinging her lily complexion. He was now alone in the music-room with her whose presence he felt in every nerve. The parting whisper of the princess, and the responsive action of the countess, followed by a fluttering sigh, which vibrated to his heart, made him tremble for himself. He knew not how to fly, and he felt it was perilous to remain. Hastily elosing a music-book, he said with a forced smile, "Since the archduchess declines singing, my duty here terminates!" and with a hurrying bow he

started from the instrument.

Otteline was now in a no less agitated state than himself. She read in his averted looks, and haste to leave her, that she was no longer to consider him as her lover; and, not suspecting the real cause, her own ambitious views suggested to her that his father's higher prospects were the origin of this changed demeanour. Aware that earrying matters with too lofty a hand had lost her the son of the Marquis Santa Cruz, she determined on a different mode with that of kipperda; and while a large drapery of the curtained arch was yet between them and the observation of the company in the saloon, she ventured, in rapid but suppressive accents, to murmur out, "Oh, marquis, why are you not the obscure De Phaffenberg? then we should not have met—or never parted thus!" Her voice had arrested him. He hesitated; he stood; but he did not speak. She resumed, "It is as I foresaw. My enemies have prevailed! Your father objects to my humble birth: you turn from me to seek a more illustrious bride!"

"No, madam," returned Louis, believing himself now called upon to pass the final sentence upon his relapsing passion; "my father has not yet spoken to me on the subject. Neither do I seek, nor wish for any other bride. For, oh Otteline," cried he, turning on her a look, in which all the contention of his soul was deelared, "where could I find one so lovely?—one to whom I would more intensely devote this adoring heart? But yourself has separated us

for ever!"

She turned pale, as the pearls which bound her forehead.

"Then my enemics have been at work!" eried she. "If they have coupled my name with Don Ferdinand D'Osorio's in any tale of slander believe it to be false as that with which the Electress of Bavaria would so lately have sullied my fair fame. You know how I became the victim there! And this is invented to put you from making the only restitution that can now redeem me to the

world!"

The vehemence with which she spoke, and the mention of Don erdinand's name connected with her own, cast a new and an palling light upon the apprehension of her lover. He recollected at Don Ferdinand had left Vienna to rid himself from what, his ther told Mr. Athelstone, was a disgraceful entanglement of his fections; and, to find it possible that Otteline might have been sobject, confounded all his facultics. The broad appeal to his snour, in the last sentence of her remonstrance, did not the less myince him that all was not right, in the tenacity with which she rged bonds on him, she suspected he wished to break.

"Madam," replied he, "I have heard no slanderous tales against bu. Until this moment I was not aware that Don Ferdinand Osorio was even known to you. My heart alone is your accuser." The renewed emotion with which the latter words were uttered, and even their import, revived the colour of hope upon the cheek of the countess. She thought, if his heart alone were her accuser, she had also an advocate there that would be too powerful for so unassisted an adversary. She smiled bewitchingly, for it was through rushing tears; and, laying her hand on his arm, said in a tender and trusting voice, "And what does it allege against me?"

Louis did not look towards her, but the sensations which shook him only rendered him more desperate to fulfil his resolution, and he exclaimed, "That I did love you—that I was grateful for the regard with which you honoured me,—I believe I shall carry the scars on my heart to my grave!—but, with me, there is a power beyond love:—I would sooner have this heart torn from my body, or all it delights in buried from my sight, than purchase their enjoyment by admitting one stain on my eonscience. When I last saw you in the eonference with the chancellor and the empress, you declared, and proved yourself of an opposite opinion! You violated the sacredness of a seal; and you defended that breach of honour on principles which destroy me to remember!"

Louis stopped, and covered his bloodless face with his hand. The countess, though struck as by a thunderbolt at so unexpected a disclosure, gathered hope from the pale statue that uttered it. "His frozen virtue will relent!" thought she; and clasping his arm with the warm pressure of doubting agitation, she tremblingly said, "Oh, De Montemar, is such the reward of my self-sacrifice?

What am I to expect from this exacting virtue?"

"That I may die," replied Louis, with a strong effort; "but that

we meet no more."

This was the axe to the ambition of Otteline; and, with a shriek she could not restrain, she staggered and fell to the floor. The convulsive ery, and the confused noise of her fall were heard in the same moment in the adjoining saloon. Elizabeth, who was overlooking the imperial eard-table, rose from her chair. Charles was at quadrille with Ripperda, the Prineess De Waradin, and another lady. Every body started from their respective positions: but no one, except the young archduchess durst follow her majesty into the room, as she had not commanded the attendance of any.

The emperor laid down his eards, and asked what had happened. Ripperda was not aware that his son could be a party concerned; and, with perfect indifference, following the example of the sovereign, he quitted his chair. But the Princess De Waradin, who had observed Elizabeth leave Louis with the favourite, rather sarcastically replied to the emperor's question,—"If your majesty wild the Marquis De Montemar the honour to inquire of him, hemay give every information; he has been tête-à-tête with Countess Altheim in that room for some time."

Ripperda knew the character of the favourite; and, recollecting his son's admiration of her, with an alarm he did not allow to be visible, he requested the emperor's commands to assist the empress's interference, in whatever accident might have happened.

"Certainly," replied he, "and take anybody who may be of service with you." This licence sent everybody into the room.

Elizabeth had found Louis on one knee, by the side of the insensible Otteline. He was pale and speechless. She feared that he

might soon be in the same state with her he ineffectually attempted to raise; and, while the young archduchess clung, weeping, to her lifeless friend, the empress turned round at the approach of persons. The first that drew near her being Sinzendorff, in a hurrying, but suppressed voice, she said,—"Chancellor, take De Montemar from

these people's eyes."

Almost without consciousness Louis obeyed the impulse of Sinzendorff's arm, and soon found himself withdrawn from the gaze of strangers. The chancellor had led him, without speaking, across a passage that opened from the music-room into the imperial library. When he saw his agitated companion throw himself into a seat, and striking with clasped hands his forehead, whence the veins seemed starting, the worthy statesman laid his hand on his shoulder, and broke silence.

"Marquis," said he, with the emphasis of a friend, "will you

tell me frankly;—do you love the Countess Altheim?"

The tone in which this was asked, recalled Louis in some measure to himself; and without altering his position, for he shrunk from showing the weakness that might be discovered in his countenance, he answered—"I do love her, more than I could have thought it possible, after a full conviction that she can no longer be conducive to my happiness! Oh, my lord, you were present at the scene which decided my fate. What she then avowed, convinced me that she and I must never be united; I have just dared to tell her so. But the situation to which it has reduced her,

severs my soul from my body."

"Virtuous young man!" cried Sinzendorff, "let it not sever your principle from your soul. You are formed for better things than an intriguing woman's slave. Hear what I am now going to say to you. But, as you are worthy the confidence I place in you, and as a breach of it would ruin me with the imperial family, you must not discover, even to your father, that the facts I am about to state have been learnt from me. When I have told them, examine into their truth, and act on the result. Know, then, that the woman who causes you this emotion, is unworthy of a single regret from a mind like yours. Nay, start not!" Louis groaned, and the count proceeded. "Could you be satisfied with beauty alone, I acknowledge it is there in amplest perfection: but she is without one feminine feeling, wholly abandoned to ambition, and careless by what means she raises herself to the point of her hopes. At the age of sixteen, she married one of the worst characters in the imperial court, to be elevated to the rank of nobility. When a widow, she attempted the affections of several noble strangers, who, however, were too wary to be taken by her toils; but at last, she entangled the passions of my sister's son, Don Ferdinand d'Osorio, and wrought him to the most extravagant excesses, while her own selfish aim was only to perpetuate her rank. This his father told me. He interfered, and the young man recovered his senses. Her next trial was on yourself. And, I solemnly assure you, that, from the first of your appearance in this palace, she knew you were not the Chevalier de Phaffenberg. And, though you need not doubt her preferring your youth and graces, to the age and decrepitude of the dotard to whom she first sold her duty as a wife, I know her well,

and can aver, that she has no value for the superiority of your men. tal qualities. Do not mislead yourself, De Montemar, by investing her with your own feelings. It is not the loss of yourself that caused the situation in which you left her, but the loss of an illus. trious husband; -the loss of one who would have re-introduced her to the circle, which her pride, when there in right of her old lord, insulted, and the members of which dread, while they despise her. My dear marquis, excepting the infatuated empress, she has not one friend in Vienna!"

"She warned me, that she had enemies," replied Louis, in an interrupted voice; "but, with mc, her worst enemy is herself. Chancellor, I am grateful for what you have said, and you shall find by my fidelity that I am so. But not even these charges eould have weighed against the pleadings of my heart in her favour, had I not

been present that fatal evening in the boudoir."

"A man of your principles," replied Sinzendorff, "ought to regard it as a providential evening! If they be principles, you will abide by them, and I shall see you free, honoured, and happy. If they be no more than sentiment (which is common with youth!) they will evaporate in her first sighs, and I shall soon have to congratulate her as Marchioness De Montemar! In that ease I will forget all that I have said—since I cannot disbelieve it."

Louis felt the force and the friendship of this admonition. "Your excellency shall never have reason to forget the generous interest you have taken in my happiness. But, in apology for this emotion, you must accept the excuse of one, young as myself-(but, oh how enviable was his occasion and his triumph!) when he said,

my body trembles at the purpose of my soul!"

Before the chancellor could utter the commendation this resolution merited, a page appeared at the door, to inform him the emperor had dismissed the company, and that the Duke De Ripperda awaited the marquis in the vestibule.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

#### THE OPERA-HOUSE.

Not a word passed between Louis and his father, while they drove home. Count De Patinos was in the carriage, and would have sat mute also, had not the duke, with his usual power over all tempers, brought the sullen youth to converse freely on the entertainments of the evening. As soon as they alighted, Ripperda desired his son to accompany him to his cabinet. Louis was in such heavy internal distress, he hailed the command as a summons to unburden his loaded bosom, and to receive that advice, or rather support, in the fulfilment of his resolution, he found he so wofully required. It followed his father with a calmed step. When the duke had elosed the door, and saw that his son had sat down, he took a place near him

"Now," said he, "the time is come, when you are to give the confidence you promised. I no longer consider myself the arbite of your conduct. That responsibility I leave to yourself. The extensive duties of my own destiny are sufficient for me. I, therefore shall advise, but I command no more. You must rise or fall by your own resolves; and, if I guess right, you stand now on a point of no insignificant decision. Tell me what has passed between the Countess Altheim and you, to give rise to the extraordinary scene of this evening; and to sanction a request which the empress made to me at parting, that I would go to her to-morrow, to decide on the fate of one who was dear to her as her own life! Have you pledged yourself to the countess?"

"I hope not," earnestly replied Louis.

"I do not understand you," returned his father. "By what has just occurred, she has shown to the whole court, what she wishes people to suppose has passed between you; and you must be aware that the favourite of Elizabeth is not to be treated with idle gallantry. What grounds then have you to hope that you have not pledged yourself beyond recal? Or, did the warning voice of the

Sieur Ignatius come too late?"
"It came too late," replied Louis, "to save me from the intoxication of her beauties; and no prudence on my part could conteract the effects of that luckless rencontre with the Electress of Bavaria. Yet, in the wildest tumults of my heart, I still wrestled with myself. In the very moment of my greatest weakness, I recollected the Sieur's admonition, and, re-awakened to filial duty, checked the vow on my lips; and, telling her I was not my own, I trust, I saved my honour.

Ripperda shook his head: "Louis, did I not warn you against

the power of beauty?"

"You did!" vehemently replied he; "and from this hour I for-

swear it for ever!"

Being ignorant of the real cause of this adjuration, it surprised the duke. He had supposed that Louis's disorder had arisen from a consciousness of having trangressed the spirit, if not the letter, of the sieur's injunctions; and that Otteline's emotion was to be dated from fear that his father would not sanction the romantie passion of her lover. For many reasons, the duke had no wish to sanction it; and, while he regretted that woman was fair, and youth susceptible, he was pleased to hear the unexpected exclamation from his son. He did not remark on it, but required a recital of particulars, word for word, of all that had passed between him and the countess; that he might be an impartial judge of Louis's freedom or his bonds. He obeyed ingenuously, till he came to the parts where her conduct might be translated into a direct wooing of himself. Ripperda observed his hesitation.

"Proceed," said he; "I can divine what your honour, or your delicacy, inclines you to conceal. She played upon your open nature, to make you believe she loved you so passionately, she could not await your time of drawing the secret from her. I know the sex, Louis. For more than thirty years, I have been an object of their various practices. And, once for all, you may receive it as an unerring rule, that when a woman runs before a man in the profession of her love, her love is nothing more than profession. Her

views are something baser."

Ripperda pursued the subject; and Louis was at last brought to acknowledge that the countess had given him reason to believe that she loved him devotedly,—too devotedly; and then, without withholding any circumstance, he related the whole affair, from the commencement of their acquaintance to the appalling moment

when he wished to close it for ever.

"Oh, sir!" cried he, "I love, and I despise her. And yet, when I stood over her insensible form, which had become so from the wound I had inflicted, I could not but ask myself,—Am I a god, that I should thus ruthlessly condemn human error, and break the heart that loves me?"

The duke was a long time silent, after his son had ceased speaking. Then, looking up, he abruptly said,—"Louis de Montemar, you are the first man of your sort, with whom I ever came in contact. I see of what spirit you are; but it will not do, in the station you fill, nor in the times in which we live. The world is always changing and you must go with it, or it will leave you. I ought not to have left you so long at Lindisfarne!" Louis turned his

eye on his father.

"I do not blame your instructor for educating you like himself. But the style is obsolete, Louis. Had you been intended for a desert island, it might have been well; but a citizen of the world requires other maxims. The fault is mine that I did not bring you to me before. Now, you come into society like an unarmed man into the midst of his enemies; and, instead of hastening to shelter, you expose yourself to their weapons, by acts of impotent hostility. You must content yourself in maintaining your own principles; to stretch another's virtue to your standard, you will always find a vain work of supererogation." Louis again looked on his father with a questioning eye; for he could not comprehend to what these remarks tended. Ripperda laid his hand on his son's arm. "In all that you have described of the Countess Altheim," said he, "she has only acted as an ambitious woman would have done: and ambition is not less rooted in the sex than in ourselves. She must not, therefore, be contemned for that. Neither do I object to her on account of her obscure birth. The blood of your family is too essentially illustrious not to raise to its own elevation whatever we mingle with its stream. But I wish to strengthen our hands in Spain, by a marriage between my heir and one of its native daughters. Besides, the Countess Altheim is dangerous in herself. Her haughty spirit would embroil you with this, and every court to which you might conduct her; and persons would be inclined to disrespect the man who could suffer the weakness of passion to subject him to an union so universally scorned."

During this discourse the confidential "Beware" of the chancellor scemed to sound again in the ear of Louis. He recollected the hints which Wharton had dropped on the same subject; and, with sickening attention, listened to his father, who, in less reserved language, related every leading event of the life of the beautiful favourite. No word glanced at her honour, as a chaste woman; but every sentence completed the portrait of mean-spirited insatiable ambition. Shocked to the soul by the description of Count Altheim, whose character was of such grossness that it seemed impossible for a virtuous woman to consent to be his wife, Louis hastily exclaimed, when the duke rose to depart, "I will never see her more! I will never trust myself with any of her

betraying sex! Henceforth," cried he, with a feverish smile, "I will have no mistress but glory! the patriotic glory of my father! Why, why did I ever withdraw my eyes from its divine lineaments?"

"Such glory always suffers when woman disputes its rights,"

returned the duke.

Louis kissed his father's hand, and retired to his own apartments. His spirit felt beaten and bruised. It cowered under a sense of self-degradation; and, throwing himself on his couch, he passed a night of painful retrospection on all that he had seen and heard of

her who was so lately the object of his untameable wishes.

"Cold, calculating, unprincipled!" cried he; "and to such a woman, did I give the first flames of my heart! I lighted up its sacred altar to a phantom of darkness, in the form of an angel of Heaven! Wretch that I am to have so debased what was most noble within me! To sigh for a piece of painted clay,—to adore—and, even now, to weep over a creature, whose soul, if I could behold it divested of its beautiful garments, would disgust me by

its sordid earthward visage!"

The morning found his agitated spirits subsided to a calm. The intemperance of passion was extinguished in his breast: and, as he relinquished the desire of possessing her, who had now lost every grace in his eyes, he strengthened in the hope that the killing words he had last pronounced to her, were final to her views upon him. Noon brought visitors, who often interrupted the studies, which were his usual morning occupation, and, generally, his unfailing tranquillizers. Some of these unconscious invaders were young Austrians, come to invite him to share in diversions for the day, or the evening; and an hour passed gaily on, in the vivid conversation of versatile youth. A few of the Spaniards made their entrance, and disappeared again. De Patinos was not among them: he had reproached those who had shown a wish to cultivate the kindness of Louis; calling it a mean submission to the minion of temporary fortune; they, therefore, merely made their bow, and, without joining in the discourse, soon took their leave. Louis found an amusing diversity in the Austrian group. Most of them held commissions in the imperial service, and were full of the campaign against Turkey, which the valour of Prince Eugene had just brought to a close. Others were merely jocund spirits, "hot with the fires of youth, and high in blood." few had a philosophic turn—some in the strait, but most in the crooked path; and these latter were the least agreeable of the set, as they united an ostentatious assumption of purity of intellect, with a systematic corruption of morals. Louis soon comprehended their characters, and treated them with marked avoidance. The military young men were decidedly his favourites; their profession was that of his own secret preference; and their manners were most congenial to his taste. There was a brave ardour in their deportment, and a careless enunciation of their sentiments, which, whether wrong or right, had no aim but the utterance of the moment; and, commonly, could as easily be turned from the wrong to the right, as from the right to the wrong. The faction was in their blood, not in their understanding, and when the one was cooled the other might soon be recalled to order. While Louis was attending to Count Koninseg's account of the tremendous battle of Belgrade, a messenger arrived from the Duke de Ripperda. He brought a note for the Marquis de Montemar. With a blanched cheek he broke the seal; but the contents were a reprieve. The duke told him he had not yet seen the empress. She was gone to the baths at Baden with Maria Theresa, who had sustained a relapse; and Countess Altheim was their companion. The emperor had retired with his council for a few days to the Luxemburg, to avoid the persecution of the foreign ministers; and thither, by his command. Ripperda had accompanied him. Louis closed the note with a renovated countenance. He was left to do the honours of the ambassador's table, not only to its usual guests, but to a party of noble Austrians whom Ripperda had invited. The duke being absent, the Spaniards were haughty and reserved at dinner; and as soon as the desert was placed, De Patinos, and another of the name of Orendayn, rose from their seats; and bowing coldly to the young secretary of legation and his guests, quitted the room, to join societies more agreeable to their humour. Till the opera hour the time passed merrily with the Austrian group; and, forgetful of his bosom's care, by their animated host. The ringleader of discontent being gone, the rest of the Spaniards fell in with the cheerfulness of the company. Subjects of taste, war, and beauty, ruled the glowing hours; but on the latter subject Louis discoursed uneasily, and he was glad to see Koninseg point to the signal on his watch for adjourning to the theatre.

"My aunt will be impatient," cried he: "she is determined that he who danced with Amelia at her first ball, shall conduct her to

her first opera."

It was also the first opera to Louis. He had never seen any in England; and, until now, he had no opportunity of visiting that at Vienna. The Palais d'Espagne soon poured forth its gay inmates. Louis and Koninseg turned towards the mansion of the Princess de Waradin. It was lit up in the fullest splendour, although no other visitors were expected but De Montemar and her nephew. The artless Amelia smiled and blushed, and smiled again, when her mother, putting her own hand into Koninseg's, requested Louis to take charge of her daughter. He politely obeyed; and led her to the carriage, while she prattled all the way with the volubility of a giddy child, delighted at being treated like a woman. The opera-house presented but a gloomy appearance from the extreme scarcity of light, till the curtain drew up, and discovered a brilliant chandelier, which hung directly over the actors. The illumination of the stage cast the audience into deeper obscurity; therefore, of the company in the boxes Louis had very little cognizance; while the dresses and decorations of the opera, and the exquisite singing, might have filled him with admiration, had not the style of the music reminded him of the first time he had heard the like, when the fair Italian sung in his uncle's castle! He recollected his consequent feelings that night; and, humiliated, he compared those hours of infatuation with his admiration of Otteline, and exclaimed within himself-"What a slave have I been to my eye and ear! Music I shall never like again: and

beauty I shall abhor. Self-blame will not compromise!" As there was little of the latter, excepting youth and a blooming complexion, in the smiling Amelia, to warn him of his abjuration, her incessant questions and remarks on what was doing on the stage amused him; and, he was quite unconscious how much his atten-

tion to what she said gratified the views of her mother.

Apostola Zero, the father of the regular Italian Opera, had been invited to Vienna by the emperor; and, to reward his acquiescence, Charles invested him with two dissimilar but productive employments—imperial historiographer and poet of the court opera. The grateful Italian dedicated his comprehensive genius solely to his munificent patron, and the present performance was the first night of a new composition he had formed on the story of Proserpine. The last act was a representation of the infernal kingdom, laying bare the foundations of Ætna, and exhibiting all the terrors of the subterranean world. The curtain had hardly dropped, which it did in some confusion, when an extraordinary bustle was heard behind the seenes. Soon afterwards the theatre filled with smoke, and cries of "Fire!" were distinctly heard from behind. Persons from the boxes jumped on the stage, while the curtain was rent down by those before and behind it; and the scene of horror that was discovered to those who were not too entirely absorbed in their fears to be able to look round them, is not to be described. The fire was seen bursting out in several directions; men were mounted aloft on the burning rafters breaking down with hatchets the combustible apparatus in the way. Water was dashing and streaming everywhere. The terrible light which filled the stage too well pourtrayed the inside of a raging volcano; sheets of flame, like forked tongues, threw themselves forward from a thousand gaping mouths, lieking the ceiling and entering the boxes. Shrieks, and groans, and dismal cries, the iron clang of hammers, the fall of timber, and the rush of fire and of people, assailed the ear in one horrid moment of time. At the first alarm, the ladies in the box with Louis had been hurried out by him and some other gentlemen who had joined them in the course of the evening. The poor little Amelia, true to nature, no sooner thought herself in danger, than, breaking from the protecting arms of Louis (who had caught her in them to hurry her through the pressing crowd) she threw herself upon the bosom of her mother, and fainted away. The princess had more fortitude; and, assisted by her nephew, bore out the insensible girl; while Louis and the other gentlemen made a passage for them to the great door. In passing the entrance of an obscure gallery that led to an upper range of boxes, he distinguished, in the midst of the uproar, shrieks of peculiar distress. It was the very cry of despair. Looking round for a moment, he saw that his present charges were well enough protected, and that he might safely leave them, to attempt succouring this terrific appeal. But even in the instant he was turning to obey the impulse, he heard a fearful crash behind him; and a rush of people followed, who bore him and his party like a flood into the square before the theatre. All, then, was seeure with them. But for the poor suppliant, whose cries had pierced his heart, she was either lost or abandoned to the flames! At least, he would attempt to hear if her voice yet

sounded. Struggling his way back through the last crowds which were making their escape, some of whom, feeling him push by them in so appalling a direction, cried aloud, "Whomsoever you seek must have perished. The top of the stage has fallen in, and the theatre is full of fire." But Louis, still fancying he heard the voice, pressed more determinately forward, and soon found himself surrounded by smoke alone. No sounds were distinct, but the raging of the flames in the interior of the building, roaring under their work of destruction like the temple of Æolus with all its winds. The heat was so intense, that perspiration burst from all his pores, and the air around him was a burning vapour. He hesitated to advance; and while his lungs filled to suffocation, and the black smoke gleamed with horrid light, he was stepping back, when the shriek burst forth again. Louis flew to the sound. He rushed up a few steps into a narrow passage, answering the cries while he advanced, in a loud voice, promising help. At the extremity of the passage, which was short, he was interrupted by a closed door, on the other side of which stood the terrified suppliant, shaking it with frantic violence. "I cannot open it!" cried shc, in answer to his demand.

"Stand from it, then," said he.

He was obeyed; and dashing his foot against it, it flew from its hinges, and a lady instantly precipitated herself into his arms. Another started from her knees, and, with a hardly articulate cry of joy, threw herself towards him. Louis clasped his almost insensible burthen firmly to his breast, and bidding her companion hold fast by his cloak, for they must move swiftly to have any chance of escape, he turned round; and the lady, winding her arm in his mantle, flew by his side, till they plunged at once into the dreadful smoke, now red with advancing flames. He dashed impetuously forward, when his almost stifled companion, partaking the desperate exertion, even rushed before him, and in a moment afterwards they found themselves, with the issuing volumes, on the steps of the portico. To descend them, and be in the midst of the square with his motionless load, seemed but the action of an instant. Dangers of a different kind now menaced them,—the flying rafters from the consuming building, the pressure of people, with the throng of carriages, and every confusion attendant on so tremendous a scene. In an agitated voice his companion asked him whether he had strength to bear his insensible burthen to the opposite side of the quadrangle. Louis replied in the affirmative. She told him to go straight onwards to the convent of Poor Augustines; and, as he obeyed, she clung closely to his arm.

When they arrived at the back of the convent, she let go her hold, and taking a key from her bosom, opened a little low door in the building, and whispered Louis to enter. When he was in, she locked the door again, and bid him follow her in silence. She walked hastily along a narrow stone passage, faintly lit by a few glimmering lamps. Opening an iron grating at the end, she issued into a garden, which she as swiftly crossed, Louis still following, while the lady he carried appeared to be reviving under the influence of the fresh air. A high dark structure rose on the other side, the top of which was illumined by the reflected flames, which now

rose in spires from the burning theatre. In the side of this building was an arched door, surmounted by a cross. The lady opened it, and Louis followed her into a little chapel, thence, through several winding passages, till they brought him to a superb room. where he laid his charge, now warm with returning animation, on a sofa. His fair guide instantly applied essences to the recovering senses of the lady, and, in a few minutes, she opened her eyes. He could see this happy change only by the gleam which fell on them. while the lids slowly raised; for the apartment was immense, and one single wax-light stood on a distant table. A moment after, she looked apprehensively round on the chamber, then on her friend, and then on Louis; when, with a shriek of joy, she exclaimed, "We are saved !—and by whom?" Her head dropped on the arm she had seized, and tears followed this burst of feeling. Her friend bent only her head, and whispered something in her ear. The agitated lady replied. "No, no!" then raising herself from her weeping position, and turning to Louis, "I have no words," said she, "in which to thank my preserver; and I will not seek any to deceive him. Even by this light, I can see that I owe my life to the intrepid humanity of the Marquis de Montemar."

The other lady obeyed the motion of her friend's hand, and set the solitary candle on a stand near them. In the full light, Louis recognised the face of the Electress of Bavaria, in the person he had carried from the flames. He had no thought in the recognition, but satisfaction at having rescued female helplessness from so direful a death; and his reply was in unison with his feelings. It was not a princess he saw before him, nor the enemy of himself, and of his father; but a woman, agitated from past terror, and grateful to him for having averted its horrid consummation. The dishevelled, blackened, and even half-burnt condition of different parts of all their garments, showed how narrow had been the

escape of the preserver, as well as the preserved.

The electress explained the dreadful state of despair in which he had found her. For, having hastened with her attendant, Madams De Altenstein, through the box to the inner passage door, while attempting to open it, in the confusion of alarm, she turned the key wrong; and straining the lock by the violence of her second application, no effort could move it. She had then no resource but cries for help; but they passed unnoticed. And when the terrible crash, and the outcry at the fallen roof, assailed her ear, in aimless frenzy, she would have rushed back into the box, and leaped over into the flames, had not her friend prevented her, by clinging to her knees. Again she flew to the door;—again she rent the air with her unavailing shrieks,—"Till you came," continued she, "like a good angel, to my rescue!"

How different did the electress appear now, in the eyes of Louis, from what she had seemed in the two former times of his seeing her .In the boudoir of Countess Althoim, she looked, and expressed herself, with the proud acknowledgment of a superior to the vassals who had done her service. At the fête in La Favorita, she gazed around in haughty carelessness, and remarked with contemptuous sarcasm on every object. But now, she leaned on the sofa, conversing with him, with the frankness of one who felt

that danger and obligation had rendered them equal; and her fine black eyes, large and luminous as those of the wild gazelle, shone on him with eloquent gratitude. In all she said, the force of her character appeared; the strength of her understanding, and the energy of her feelings. She explained the nature of the whisper, which her confidential attendant had made in her car while she lay on her arm. It told her, the Marquis de Montemar was her preserver; and it asked permission to dismiss him without further discovery. "But," continued the electress, "would I not trust with my fortunes, him who has preserved my life?"

She then said, that, should it be known to her encourse that she had been at the Opera, they would blazon it abroad, as a decisive blow to her hold on the affections of the people. The year of mourning for her husband was not yet expired; and should it be reported that she had been at any public place before that stated period, the superstitious populace of Vienna (regarding it as a sacrilegious irreverence to the memory of the dead) would consider her, who had committed the act, as deserving excommunication from the church, repudiation from the imperial family, and a declaration from the empire that she had forfeited all claims to her

"Though all that may be mere prejudice," said she, "yet a prejudice having nothing to do with reason is inaccessible to argument; hence I can only avoid its sentence by concealment."

In excuse for the rashness of having incurred so great a risk for so trifling a gratification, she pleaded her attachment to music; the innocence of the amusement, and the frequency with which she had enjoyed its stolen pleasures without discovery. By the indulgence of the father of the Augustines, who was a kinsman of Madame de Altenstein, she passed through the convent garden, which joined the Bavarian palace; and thence, gliding along by remote passages in the sacred dwelling, always reached the Operahouse in security. No other person than Madame de Altenstein was ever her companion; therefore, when danger came, as no one knew she was there, she had none to watch her safety, or to seek

her preservation.

birthright.

Louis listened to her animated apology for so great an indiscretion under her then existing circumstances, with a wondering admiration of her eloquence; yet he missed even a thought in it referring to the ever-watchful Providence, which in such acknowledged extremity had brought a stranger's arm to her rescue. But while she rapidly pursued her discourse, he at times observed a fierté in her manner that recalled to his recollection her who had been represented to him as having sanctioned the several attempts on his father's life and his own. She soon after rose from the sofa with a countenance full of noble sensibility. "Come with me," said she, "and I will show you the heir of my gratitude." He obeyed the motion of her hand, as she passed before him with a light step into an adjoining room. It was a bedchamber, and in the bed lay a boy in profound sleep. She approached him, and drew Louis to her side. She turned her eyes, brimming with tears, from the child to her preserver; and putting the hand of the little sleeper into that of Louis, she gently pressed them together.

"This is my son," said she, "and thus I commit him to the

honour of a generous enemy."

Louis bent his lips to the cherubic hand that lay in his; and, without a word, glided back with the electross into the apartment they had left. She then told him, that, as the fortunes of herself and her son depended on maintaining the affections of the major part of the citizens of Vienna, her fate was now in the power of his lips. In such a crisis, what was she to expect from his honour to her, or his devotedness to the empress?"

"My silence on what has passed," replied Louis.

"Then I am your friend for ever!" cried the electress, her eyes flashing a triumphant fire, and her lips parting with a smile of conscious power; "you, and you alone, shall share my confidence with a man worthy to have been the adviser of Augustus. Come to me to morrow night at this hour, and I will bind you, heart to heart, with the glory of manhood—undaunted Wharton!" Louis started back. She laid her hand on his arm. "I know your bonds to the empress, my ambitious and unjust rival! Your father's views, and her glozing tongue, have fastened you there beyond recal. It is not, then, your services as a partizan that I invoke; but to give your society to my private circle. You are my preserver! I repay you with my friendship, and that sentiment alone I require in return."

She now held his hand. He felt there was no deception in this demand—no covert device; and the noble frankness of the speaker so reminded him of the beloved friend whose heart she had offered to him, that, with irrepressible emotion, he sunk upon his knee, and clasping the gracious hand he held, earnestly but respectfully, between his, he replied—"My veneration, illustrious princess, must ever be yours. But I am born to withstand my heart; and while, in reverence to you, I keep an eternal silence on what has happened, in fidelity to myself, I must never venture again into

this gracious presence!"

The electress was not aware that the agitation which rendered his voice and his looks so touching while at her feet, was excited by tender remembrances of the friend he again abjured in rejecting her society. She was pleased with what she regarded as proofs of sensibility to herself and to her cause; and urged him, that if he feared to make his visits openly, they might be paid in secret. With brevity and ingenuous freedom, he showed how impossible it was for the son of Ripperda (the known chief promoter of all that concerned the pragmatic sanction), and who was also a plighted servant of the legation, to visit the adversary of such a decree, either openly or in secret. If openly, he must assign a reason for such apparent contradiction in conduct; and the only adequate reason could not be given without injury to the electress. Secret visits could not be made without a chance of detection; and that incurred, the ruin of his own honour must be the consequence.

"I see the cogency of your arguments," returned she; "but I grieve to allow them unanswerable. Fortune may yet favour us. You have twice assisted me in distress. If it happen a third time," added she, smiling impressively, "take care of your destiny! At

present, I grant your release. Silence must be our mutual bond till we can meet in open day."

"Silence-inviolable silence," returned Louis, as he put her

hand to his lips, and rose to withdraw.
"Altenstein!" cried she, "give me that casket." The lady obeyed; and the electress, pressing a spring, opened it. She took out a small miniature of herself set in plain gold. "I intended this for the bosom of my best counsellor," said she; "but he will not object to the transfer. Take it, De Montemar. It will not, by word or action, betray your esteem for Maria of Bavaria.'

"I need not the picture since the image is stamped on my heart," said Louis, pressing it to his breast, and then laying it back into the open casket, "I must not be the possessor of so dangerous a

treasure."

A vivid colour kindled on the cheek of the electress: with a little clevation of her head, she closed the lid of the box upon the portrait, and said—"For a brave man. marquis, you are a very coward! But it shall be as you say. Farewell, till more propitious hours!' Louis bowed. "Altenstein," continued she, "shall conduct you out by a private door; and then—Farewell!" She stretched her hand to him, he again put it to his lips; and while she instantly withdrew, he mechanically obeyed the summons of madam to follow her.

While the faithful lady of the key (who certainly did not appear to have her name for nothing) dismissed Louis from a little obscure door into a back street, he observed three men approaching. At sight of him, they evidently drew back into the shadow; and, as he passed them, the gleam of the lamps attached to this part of the Bavarian residence fell on his face. Of this he was unconscious; and thinking no more of the eavesdroppers (on whom his absorbed attention had not east a second look), he walked swiftly along. The observers were no other than Duke Wharton and the two Spaniards, De Patinos and Orendayn. As soon as he had passed, De Patinos exclaimed, "Surely, that is De Montemar!"

"And from the Bavarian palace by stealth!" remarked Orendayn.

"What can it mean?"

Wharton was not less surprised than his companions at a rencontre with Louis at so incredible a place; and the more so, to see him issue from a portal which, to this instant, was sacred to his own regress at hours of untimely counsel. But surprise did not appear in him by look, start, or exclamation. "No," replied he, with perfect indifference; "it is one Phaffenberg, who I believe has been thought like the Spanish secretary.'

"By Heaven!" said the count, "I never was so deceived in my life! The air of his figure, and the turn of his profile, I could have sworn to; but, I now recollect, De Montemar went out a gay coxcomb, in embroidery and plumage, and this person is rather of

dingy apparel."

"A poor scrivener," replied Wharton; "so I know not how he

could be otherwise.

With this remark they proceeded down the street, towards the consuming theatre. De Patinos believed he had been mistaken, and gladly dismissed the subject of the hated De Montemar. But Orendayn, not less vindictive than his countryman, was more crafty; and suspecting the manner of Wharton (his own eyesight not being sufficiently clear to give him conviction), walked on in silence, ruminating on future observation. For the duke himself, though he discoursed on a thousand subjects, he thought of none but Louis, till he could hear an explanation of his appearance at that door, made to him by the electress herself.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE SOCIETIES OF VIENNA.

THE first thought that occurred to Louis next day, was a wish to inquire at the door of the Bavarian palace, after the health of its noble inmates. The frank and ardent gratitude of the illustrious widow had interested his feelings; and, adding to this, the undescribable attaching quality which springs within the bestower of such an obligation, seemed to draw him towards her with an irresistible attraction. Benefits and gratefulness, when interchanged by generous natures, are bonds garlanded in paradise. They draw by invisible cords, but their rivets are eternal. Gratitude looks up with endearing confidence to the bestower of its good; and the consciousness of yielding protection, like the divine Source of all benevolence, fills the heart with a sweet tenderness towards its object. With all this in his thoughts, Louis allowed prudence to put his wishes to silence; and he left it to accident to inform him of the health or indisposition of her he had preserved. His official duty of this morning passed with a deputation from the Austrian merchants of Ostend. He had received his father's commands to hold a conference with those gentlemen, respecting the sanction which the Spanish monarch had been called upon to grant to their Indian trade, to the certain umbrage of the mercantile interests of Great Britain and of Holland. The emperor had insisted on this guarantee from Spain; and the queen with her usual impatience, ordered it to be accorded without reserve. But Ripperda, when he yielded to the temporary necessity, guarded the cession, with a clause in the privileges to which Charles, as well as the merchants, continued to object. To know the result of the Spanish minister's further deliberation, was the cause of their present embassy. When Louis had discussed the affair with the merchants, their president retired with the young negotiator, to sign, in the name of the company, several papers which Ripperda had left for that purpose. Louis and he were then alone. When the merchant had endorsed the deeds, he took two caskets of different sizes from under his vest. He unclasped them, and laid them open on the table. They con-

tained unset jewels, of a value that seemed incalculable. "These, my lord," said he, "are poor tributes of the high consideration in which we hold the able conduct of the Duke de Ripperda, and of his secretary of legation in this troublesome affair. I am empowered by my colleagues to say, that the larger casket is worth 30,000%, and the lesser, 20,000%. But were they millions, they would be inadequate to repay our boundless obligations to the ambassador

of Spain; and, on the renewal of our guarantee, every ten years.

we will give the same."

This kind of gratitude was so little foreseen by the Duke de Rip. perda, he had not given his son any directions respecting it. Louis did not feel that he required any; it was not this style of gratitude that propitiated his good will. He closed the caskets, and putting them back into the hands of the merchant—"Sir," said he, "the ambassador of Spain and his secretary are sufficiently repaid for the discharge of their duties to their country, and to the world in general, by the approbation and prosperity of those they serve. Other rewards of this kind they cannot accept, as they neither understand

nor value them."

The dignity with which Louis said this, while he laid the implied bribe from his hand, struck the president for a moment speechless: but, hastily recovering himself, he held the caskets forth a second time, and was opening his lips to enforce their acceptance, when Louis, rather sternly, put out his arm, with a repelling motion, and interrupted him. In that moment Orendayn entered the apartment, to pass through. Seeing it occupied, he apologised, and retreated; though not so fast, but his sordid eye caught a view of the diamonds. Louis resumed. "Sir," said he, "do not irrecoverably offend the son of the Duke de Ripperda, by showing him that you have mistaken his father. Should be, or I, have influence in these affairs when the guarantee is to be renewed, we must forget that we have heard of, or seen these caskets, before we can put our hands to a second grant. You will excuse me, sir, if I now withdraw." With the word, he bowed and left him. The confused merchant gathered up his caskets, with his charter, and, with the air of a culprit, stole out of the room.

At the usual hour of stirring abroad, Louis bent his course to the Princess de Waradin's, to inquire of her health after the late alarm. While he drove along, he passed the crowded ruins of the Opera House, now lying a smoking mass of stone and smouldering timber. He shuddered to think that but for his perseverance, the amiable boy, whom he had seen in his mother's arms, would have been left a helpless orphan; and the lovely mother, who had led him to behold her son as he slept, would at this moment have been a blackened corse under the steaming pile before him. That he had been instrumental in saving two fellow-ereatures from so horrible a death dilated his bosom with a solomn gratitude; and, when he alighted at the house of the Princess de Waradin, he sympathised with unaffected piety, in her thanksgivings to Heaven, for the escape of herself and her daughter. Amelia was indisposed, and in her chamber. Her mother did not lose the opportunity of enforcing upon Louis her daughter's conviction, that she owed the preservation of her life to him. He combated the idea with frank eagerness, showing the little share he had in the exertions, in which so many had assisted. But it was useless for him to disqualify those claims on her gratefulness she was determined to think he possessed; and insinuating that Amelia alone could repay them, he felt more embarrassed than gratified with her flattering partiality.

The views which the Princess de Waradin had formed upon the distinguished son of Ripperda, made her use every maternal art to

domesticate him in her family; but the gay vortex into which he was plunged rendered that impossible. Every house of consequence in Vienna was open to him; and in all he found different orders of amusement, according to the character of the several sets. Though the rank of these circles might be on the same level, yet the component parts, by an involuntary attraction, formed themselves into distinct societies; according to their different degrees of constitutional vivacity, mental qualifications, or hereditary prejudices. In some, he was wearied by everlasting state ceremonies, and the stiffness and stupidity inseparable from a superstitious regard to formalities; in others, he was entertained, interested, or disgusted in proportion as he met with amiable manners, personal kindness. or riotous excess. To kill time seemed the great purpose of the world to which he was now introduced. Whether he dined with statesmen, with military men, or with philosophers, though the conversation at table might be to his soul's content of "battles fought, and glory won;" of the "Gordian knot" of policy; or the high-reaching thoughts of men, who analyze the universe; -still the evening ended the same. Some went to one place of pastime. some to another; and most, alas! to seenes of dissipation, against which his accustomed habits revolted. However, he remembered his father's advice, "to wear his own superiority meekly!" The gambling-table, the board spread to excess, the smiles of the meretricious beauty, all were found in the scenes to which his new acquaintance introduced him. He thought, "If of such stuff be the pleasures of young men, their best hours devoted to their lowest passions! it is well they are dissipations of mind, as well as of time; else, how could reflection bear the retrospect? It is a disordered state of being, in which nothing is seen, felt, or heard, but through the medium of delirium. I cannot mingle with it! I cannot make this sacrifiee of my life and feelings, even to comply with the wishes of my father."

He wrote to Ripperda to this effect. But the answer he received would not permit him to withdraw. The duke told him, that he was called upon to know, and to aet with mankind; and how could he do either, if he only saw them at their hours of form? He must attend them in the undress of their minds, when the passions unveiled their hearts. There would then be no need of a window in the bosom to understand how each man might be stimulated or restrained. With regard to Louis's own situation, in this crueible of character, while he felt disgust at what was temptation to others, he was told he might more brayely submit himself to the

apparent trial. Fatal sophistry!

Ripperda, "to ereate jealcusy enough. If you possess a mind above the common recreations of man, let that be, I repeat, to the private satisfaction of your own heart; it will keep your judgment cool, and your proceedings independent. But while you act with men, and would incline them to your purpose, you must appear to partake their nature. Let me hear, when I return, that you go wherever you are invited. Your companions will be too much absorbed in their own pursuits, to mark whether you are an actor or a spectator; but go with them."

Louis compared these principles with that of Wharton,—"I mingle with the drossy earth, to extract its gold." They were the same; they were specious to the adventurous virtue of youth: and, finding his partiality to the English duke strengthened by this sympathy in maxim with his father, Louis more readily determined to struggle against the delicacy of his taste, and to pass through things so discordant to him with sealed ears and eyes. But the old proverb is true: "You shall not touch pitch without being defiled."

During the lengthened absence of Ripperda, much prolonged by the emperor beyond the time he had proposed, Louis saw all that a luxurious capital could present to the seduction of youth and affluence. There were circles of dissipation, of a higher grade than those to which he had first been introduced; and these were at the houses of a class of nobility who lived to pleasure alone. If vice were there, she was arrayed by the graces with splendour and softness, sophistries and flatteries, to make man forget he was mortal, or had aught to do in life, but to sail with its fabling sirens down the silver sea of time. No voice of sorrow was ever heard in its air; no sigh of care ever breathed on its flowery shores; no tear ever dimmed the changeless lustre of that sky. Human nature's curse, of travail and of woe, man's distresses, or sympathy with pain, were all here excluded. The blest inhabitants lived for themselves alone; and all was revelry, from the rising to the setting sun; from moonlight to the morning star. But Louis still found no satisfaction. The bosoms that panted there beat with animal life alone. Such had no talisman for him. Often, as he passed through the crowded chambers, in which his spirit felt a happy solitude, the conversations of Lindisfarne occurred to him; and he leaned pensively against many a rose wreathed arcade, musing on the prophetic lessons of his earliest friend. All around was prosperity and enjoyment; but he recollected what his uncle had said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity!" Bitter to the taste, but aromatic in effect, they preserve nature from corruption. Man, in the indolence of repletion, breaks out with infinite disorders. For, like the ocean, whose constant motion keeps its waters pure, he requires exercise of mind and body. If the natural stimulus be not to good, it will be to evil: what lies between is stagnation; and its effects we know. Unchanging prosperity cloys with possession, and the sated spirit looks around for new excitements. It is then that the passions wander abroad, and are easily tempted to forbidden paths. The pastor of Lindisfarne had once paused on a page of Shakspeare, which Louis was reading to his cousins:—

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell!
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it Love in Idleness."

"Not that love, my children," cried the venerable instructor "which was bestowed by Heaven, to be a helpmate to our labours. Shakspeare means wantonness; that is the offspring of idleness. But the son of the bondswoman arrays himself like the heir of promise; and the sons and daughters of earth, are, awhile, mocked by his pretensions!"

When Louis saw this scene performed before him, he thought how melancholy it was to behold the cheat! how wretched, to see the blessings of life transformed to be its bane! To view men and women, of rank and talents, and abundant power to become the benefactors and examples of mankind, immerse all in one broad system of selfishness; till a dangerous delusion spreads over every faculty, and the character exhibits one mass of sentimental weakness, intemperate passions, splendid follies, and hardened vice! In many of these parties Louis met Duke Wharton; but he never staved more than a few minutes, though those few were hailed by an adulation that might have detained a prouder spirit. He ever left sighs behind, and Louis shared the regret, though still his friend passed him by unheeding; except sometimes by a smile from a distance, or a glance of the eye, while they mingled in the crowd. By a similar wordless communion, Louis found the impression he had made on the electress was not effaced. In riding through the Prato, he often met her carriage; and she always leaned forward, with looks he could not mistake; and when she thought herself unobserved, she kissed her hand to him with all the eagerness of suppressed but ardent gratitude. He generally gazed wistfully after her carriage; for the image of Wharton united with her idea. He was her counsellor, her friend! How great must be her qualities to have secured such a distinction! Louis would not now believe that she could have been privy to the murderous policy of some of her agents: he had seen enough in his last interview to excite his fancy to complete the flattering picture; and where his imagination kindled, his heart was too apt to glow. Indeed by this time gratefulness and enthusiasm had left nothing in his memory of Wharton, but that he was the most generous and calumniated of men. Things were in this state when the imperial family, and with them the Duke de Ripperda, arrived suddenly from the country. As soon as he alighted at his own house, Louis flew to welcome him.

"Follow me," replied the duke. Louis saw a contraction on his father's brow, which he noted as the herald of disagreeable tidings; yet he did not linger to obey. They entered the saloon. "I see you anticipate what I have to say!" said the duke. "The empress

is resolved on your marrying her favourite."

Louis was momentarily shocked by this announcement; but, rallying himself, with the hope that he had offended Otteline past forgiveness, he answered, "Could I be weak enought to second the empress's wishes, after what passed between me and Countess

Altheim in our last conference, she must reject me."

"If she loved you, she would. But, as it is all one to her by what means she ascends to distinction, she cares not whether it be on your heart or over her own delicacy. The empress, too, forgets her own consequence in eagerness to aggrandize her favourite. She protests that you have given Otteline every proof of attachment; that circumstances had demanded it; and that your honour is pledged to redeem the reputation she has lost on your account."

While his father recapitulated her patroness's discourse, in which, more earnest than judicious, she allowed too much of the selfish aim in the views of her friend to be seen, the entire remains

of Louis's infatuation (which still lurked in the shape of pity) passed away like a mist; and, with faculties at once cleared from every suggestion of vanity or of tenderness, he emphatically declared that he never could marry Countess Altheim. He allowed that he had betrayed too many signs of headlong passion; but he repeated, in its extremest frenzy, he had warned her he was at his father's disposal alone! and, for her reputation being sacrifieed, that could be no longer an argument, since the object of his visits to the empress need only be avowed, to sufficiently confute the slander grounded on them.

"It must not be avowed that your discovered visits to those apartments were to the empress. The emperor knows that you negotiated with Sinzendorff; but am I to remind you, that should be ever suspect her private interference in the affair, his latent jealousy would find his object? and the consequence I need not

repeat.

"Then," exclaimed Louis, in a sudden agony of disappointment,

"I am lost!"

"Not if your father can extricate you," returned the duke; "but

I fear you must marry her."

Though Louis's heart had just told him the same, the words uttered by his father were like a death-stroke; and, striking his

clenched hand upon his breast, he groaned aloud.
"De Montemar!" said the duke, "does not the spirit you so devoutly dedicated to my glory—does it not suggest a way to perform this hard act of duty to your country, and to me, and yet not allow its disagreeable consequences to trouble you beyond the present hour?"

"Impossible!" returned Louis: "in marrying the Countess Altheim, I shall marry my disgrace, and all its consequences."

"Not disgrace," replied his father; "the affair will pass as the natural effect of your headstrong passion;—or, a little more in your own way, as an act of romantic justice to the woman who has incurred dishonour for your sake. Passion always finds its apology with men; so the world may smile, but it will forgive you; and, when she is your wife---'

"My wife! never, never!" interrupted Louis; "my name shall never be rendered infamous, by giving the world to suppose that it was possible for me to make her my wife, whom even her future husband could persuade from virtue. How could the empress sully her matron lips with the vile suggestion? I never dishonoured the Countess Altheim in word nor deed; and I will not act as if I had been such a villain. I will not brand myself as a seducer, a dupe, or a madman! One of these three he must be who unites himself to the reputation she has marred by her own arts and follies alone!"

The duke permitted him to exhaust himself, and then again spoke. Equally averse with Louis to his son's union with the mere minion of any crowned head, he was aware that open opposition in this instance would embarrass all his other objects. The Queen of Spain's fury against France, and her eagerness for revenge, had put the Spanish interest totally into the power of the empress. In Isabella's first rage, she had written a letter to Elizabeth of such unguarded relinquishment, that Ripperda attempted to qualify it in vain. The empress saw the advantage Isabella had yielded; and, in spite of her friend's representations, she maintained it in the amplest sense. Spain had, therefore, by the fury of its queen, given up all check upon the non-execution of the most momentous articles in the treaty. She soon found the effects of her rashness; and, in letters of despair to Ripperda, acknowledged that it now wholly depended on his fidelity and contrivance, whether Austria should fulfil its engagements, or the business end in loss and ignominy. Elizabeth had surprised the duke by suddenly raising two or three obstacles, as if proparatory to one disappointment at least. He marked her manner, which had become strangely captious to himself; but a subsequent conference cleared the mystery; and he more than foresaw the vexatious delays she would throw in the way of the execution of the treaty, should he appear to thwart her wishes with regard to his son, and her infatuation for her favourite.

When the empress arrived from Baden at the Luxemburg, it was not long before she sent for Ripperda, to her private eabinet; and abruptly proposed to him the immediate marriage of Louis with her friend. The duke was not then aware how much her majesty had this object at heart. But when he attempted to give his reasons against his son marrying at so early an age, she turned on him, with a look and demeanour more like that with which Catherine De Medicis repelled the insinuations of Cardinal Mazarin, for a marriage between his niece and the king, than the familiar confidence with which Elizabeth had always regarded the Duke de Ripperda. Ripperda understood her suspicion, and her scorn; and, had he not possessed a political self-command equal to his towering pride, the reply of his eyes and his voice would at that moment have severed a friendship which had lasted eighteen years; and dashed to atoms the present vaunted fabric of peace to Europe for succeeding generations. He affected not to observe the air with which she uttered these, otherwise, innoxious words.

"Your son is old enough to be the colleague of politicians; and, surely, he is not too young to be the protector of an amiable and tender woman, whose only strength lay in my love and her spotless name! The last she has lost through his handsome face, her fidelity to me, and the malignity of the Electress of Bavaria; and my love and his honour must and shall restore what he and I have destroyed!" In short, she gave the duke to understand more than had ever passed between Otteline and his son; and sufficient to convince him, that she considered Louis bound beyond release; and that his attached mistress was so assured of the same, there was nothing on the earth could induce her to withdraw her claim. Elizabeth accused Louis of cold, dissembling vanity; treated with disdain the high principles which had impelled his rejection of her friend; and added, that she should influence the emperor not to permit the reversionary investiture of Don Carlos into the possession of the Italian dukedoms, to take place on the person of Louis, till Otteline should appear at the ceremony as Marchioness De  $\mathbf{Montemar.}$ 

After this insinuation, Ripperda saw there was no resource, but

to dissimulate, and gain time. But, knowing the high disinterestedness of his son, in all his final acts, when he called him to this interview, he thought it necessary to alarm his delicacy, and his honour, to induce him to embrace, without consideration, any prospect of escape from so disreputable a union. The duke, therefore, spared no point in his narrative to Louis. Various and indignant were the interruptions he gave to the recital. The base exaggera. tions of Otteline, in her representations to the empress of his conduct, and his own desperate entanglement with her, wrought him almost to distraction. The duke owned that, as circumstances were, there was a necessity for the marriage; or at least, an appearance of preparing for its celebration. Should events compel the ceremony, Louis might extricate himself from its domestic discomforts, as soon as the affairs between the two countries were brought to a happy consummation. He might then leave his bride for an indefinite period; being well assured, that she would be fully satisfied in the enjoyment of her new rank, by the side of her infatuated mistress. But this was taking the case at the worst; for, could they mislead the empress, and her favourite, by apparent compliance, and real delays in the performance, events might start forward to elude the whole.

"I cannot, sir," cried Louis, "I cannot compromise myself one moment on so abhorrent a subject! How could I look up, if I were to be pointed at wherever I move, as the future husband of this justly contemned widow of Count Altheim? My lord, command me in everything but this! Send me from Vienna,—banish me where you will; but do not entangle me further with that insidious woman! Do not subject me to the consciousness that I am any way deserving the punishment of being ensnared beyond the power

of extrication.

"Louis," replied the duke, "there is nothing that I would command, or counsel you to do, to unite, if possible, your private freedom with your public duty, but to adopt a temporary system of deceiving the empress and her favourite. When you entered a political career, you engaged, on oath, to sacrifice everything, your bosom's passions, and even your reputation with men, to the service of your country, should such be demanded! You are now called upon to perform the first part of this yow."

"Yes, sir, but I did not engage to sacrifice my conscience. That

belongs to God alone; and I will perish or keep it so."

"Then you must marry the Countess Altheim," calmly rejoined

his father.

"In the hour that I do," replied Louis, "I shall have given my heart's dearest blood to the country I have never seen! to the country I will never see! I will abjure the world; and retire to die, a despised wretch, where I may not hear the derision I have plucked upon the name of De Montemar."

"And will that be obedience to your conscience?"—asked the duke: "if so, mark its inconsistency; and sometimes doubt its text. Before I quitted the empress, I brought her to apologize to me, for the inuendos she had dropped at the beginning of our interview. I brought her to tears, when I reminded her, how I had served her and her daughter, in the establishment of the pragmatic

sanction. But, before I aecomplished this conquest over a self-willed and powerful sovercign, I removed every impression from her mind, that I had any other objection to the proposed union, than your youth, and the lady being so much your senior. In the moment of reconciliation I prepared your path. I alleged, that my duty towards my new country obliged me to write thither, to ask permission of the King and Queen of Spain to form this foreign alliance, before I could formally give my eonsent. In this the empress acquiesced. Here, then, is one delay secured. Meanwhile, should you appear to concur heartily in the arrangement, I have little doubt of winning upon Elizabeth, to grant the investiture before the messenger can return: the engine will then be restored to our own hand; and we may protract, and excuse, and finally break away, without danger."

"No, sir," replied Louis, "the eause of my abhorrence to this marriage was the want of all honourable principle, in the woman who had infatuated me: and I never will move one step to avoid it, by becoming the thing I abhor. If my liberty is only to be regained by acting a falschood!—a treacherous falsehood! I submit

to my cruel destiny, and I will marry her."

"That is to yourself alone," replied the duke, rising from his ehair with a disturbed and even a severe countenance. "But, remember, it is your duty to await the turn of my messenger from

Spain."

"I will wait, my father, as long as you please. But, I repeat, it is with no purpose to deceive. If I ever appear again in the presence of the Countess Altheim, to permit her to consider me as her future husband, it must be with the intention, on my part, to become so at the prescribed time. My weak vassalage to beauty has brought me to this, and heavy will be the punishment; but it is more tolerable than my own utter contempt."

"You must visit her this evening."

"Not alone, my lord! That never shall be exacted from me. Till she bears my name, no power shall compel me to be alone with her!"

"Who then must be your companion? I cannot."

"Tell the empress, I beseech it of her tenderness for the countess's honour, that some person be always present when we meet. Should I ever find it otherwise, in that instant I will withdraw."

"In that you are right," replied his father, and quitted the

apartment.

# CHAPTER XXVIII.

## THE INTERVIEW.

ELIZABETH'S reply to Ripperda's note, respecting the delicate scruple of his son, told him that herself would be present at the scene of reconciliation. To go to this portentous interview was to Louis like setting forth to execution. A curtain seemed to have dropped between him and all the world. It closed out not only every domestic comfort, but every aim of ambition. Fame was now robbed of its glory, and the ardour of pursuit turned into a joyless resolve of

fulfilling his task from a sense of duty alone. His heart felt like a petrifaction in his breast; his veins were chilled, and, with a cloud over every faculty, he paced his way, as a man in a dream, through the often-trod, but now hateful galleries of the imperial palace. He knew not how his faltering steps bore him into the boudoir, where he expected to see Otteline; but, instead of her pleading or resentful form, he found himself in the august presence of the empress. She advanced to meet him, all smiles; but what her first words were he knew not. She observed his pale looks, and the distracted wandering of his eyes; but she would not notice either.

"Whatever was your quarrel with Otteline in your last meeting," continued she, "her gentle spirit is ready to grant you for-

giveness. Shall I conduct you to her feet?"

"To her presence, madam," replied Louis, recalling his attention; "I shall be honoured in following your majesty, but not to her feet. I cannot ask her forgiveness for addressing her with my soul's integrity."

Elizabeth looked sternly at him. "Young man, you are not come here to brave the Empress of Germany! Beware, Louis de Montemar, of insulting my friend, beyond even her persuasions to

pardon?'

"I come to speak the truth," replied he,—"to declare that I am ready to fulfil every claim that Countess Altheim demands of my honour; but also to throw myself on your majesty's justice to me, and tenderness for her, by a frank avowal that I shall contract this marriage against my heart, and against my conviction—that my honour does not acknowledge the pledge she asserts." The empress remained indignantly silent, while he briefly and firmly, but modestly, recapitulated the cause of his repugnance to the union she was determined to accomplish. "It is as impossible for me to restore her to my esteem," added he, "as to relinquish my nature. But if, under the circumstances I have mentioned, your majesty deems me bound, where no engagement was made, and when I have already told her that our hearts are as separated as our natures, I am ready to submit to become her husband, but too certainly with the cold, soulless duty the name alone may enforce." Louis stood firm, though pale and respectful, before the resentful gaze of Elizabeth.

"Sir," said she, "you know how to insult, and you know how to attempt to wrest from a tender woman the rights you have given her over your honour. But I am her protectress, and shall hold the chain that binds you until death severs it." Louis bowed, with his hand upon his breast, but the indignation that was there could not be hidden—the empress saw it in the proud flash of his eyes; despair, and a passion even less familiar to his nature, was in that glance. Elizabeth thought she understood it. "Young man," cried she, "I know more of that vain heart than I can easily pardon. For another's sake I may; and yet you dare to tell me that your honour made no engagement with the Countess Altheim, because you did not say, in veritable words, I offer you my hand, my heart, my fortune, and my life. But did you not weep on her hand? Did you not press it to that faithless breast, while you rowed you loved, adored, and lived only in her smile? Did yon not

profer her your life, to clear her aspersed fame? Did you not pledge her your heart? Were you not sensible that you are master of hers? And what is all this but a bond to be hers— a pledge that you are hers? What is honour if it be only a word, and not an action? and, in this case, an interchange of soul for soul? All this has passed between you, and yet you talk of your honour being your own!''

Louis stood impressed, but not confounded, by the truths in this appeal. While he felt the reproach to many of his sex, he might

have said with Hamlet—

"Let the galled jade wince; my withers are unwrung!"

Elizabeth observed a change in his countenance, and, with all the woman in her imperial heart, she exclaimed, "Oh, man, man!" But, checking herself from completing the apostrophe, she turned proudly away, and walked up the room. She returned, and addressed him :- "I have condescended to argue thus with you, because you are the son of the Duke de Ripperda. His unswerving probity disdains subterfuge. Act as becomes his son, and I may

forget what Otteline is too ready to pardon."

Louis looked up. The noble candour in his eyes almost dazzled the steadfast, doubting gaze of Elizabeth. "Had I sought a subterfuge," replied he, "I should have merited the utmost of your majesty's disdain; but, from the first moment that I found myself too sensible to her charms, I struggled against the disclosure; and, when circumstances extorted the confession from me, with the declaration of my love, I also declared that I was not at my own disposal. These reproaches do not, then, hold on me; for, had she still appeared what I then supposed her, and had my father refused his consent, I would have proved my fidelity to her by never giving my hand to any other woman."

"Your father gives his consent," answered the empress; "and, as you yield obedience to his commands, it is well they coincide with the bonds of your honour. I accept for my friend your offered terms—your hand, with the consideration due to a wife. For know, vain boy, that Otteline has a spirit as dignified as it is tender, and will not brook obloquy either from her lover, the world, or her husband!" Louis would have spoken, but she put out her hand in sign of silence. "Follow me, marquis," cried she; "and the

consequences of the next two hours be on your head!"

The consequences he already felt in his heart; and, without further look of remonstrance, or attempt to utter another word, he bowed, and obeyed. She opened a door in the furthest spartment. and discovered the beautiful favourite seated on a sofa awaiting them. She was luxuriant in every charm, and, perhaps, the flush of a smothered resentment irradiated her complexion with redoubled brilliancy. But all was worse than lost upon the senses of Louis. Every beauty appeared to him like the serpents on the Gorgon's head—wreathing to sting him. She rose when the empress entered.

"Otteline," cried her majesty, "I have brought you a penitent.

Can you pardon, and receive him to you heart!'

"Oh, Wharton!" exclaimed the inmost soul of Louis, "this Semiramis and her subtle confidente have indeed coiled me unto death." While he approached, the countess made some answer, which he rather knew by tones than words, and almost instantly Elizabeth put the hand of Otteline into his. He held it, but it was without pressure—without recognisance of the delight with which he once

had grasped it.

"Now," continued the empress, "I am happy, since I see the son of my earliest counsellor thus affiance himself to the cherished friend of my youth." As she spoke, she pressed their hands together, while a mortal coldness shot through the heart of Louis at this consummation of his fate; stupified and abstracted, he neither saw nor heard for a few moments. In this interval the empress disappeared. Otteline sank weeping into a chair. He turned his eyes upon her, but no sympathy was in their beams—no belief in the semblance of her tears. She looked up, and met his rigid observation. Her beautiful eyes swam like sapphire gems in the summer dew. A soft attraction was in their lucid rays. A melancholy smile gave utterance to her faltering accents, and, holding out the hand he had dropped, she gently, timidly, and tenderly articulated—"De Montemar! is it a mutual forgiveness? The hand that is now yours is a feeble pledge of the reconciliation of

my heart!'

Louis did not approach her. He felt there was poison in that honeyed tongue, and though he came to commit himself to her for ever, he shrunk from being cozened again by her charms or her art to become a willing sacrifice. Could he now unite himself to her from any other impulse than hard extorting duty, how deep would be his degradation to himself! He looked down, to shut all these witcheries from his eyes. After a minute's pause, while he stood painfully silent, she resumed, in great emotion; -- "What is it I have done to deserve this harsh contempt? Oh, De Montemar! I have only proved myself a fond, a feeble woman. For your sake, I gave way to the suggestions of a zeal that would have carried me as surely on the points of your enemies' daggers, as to violate the letter which gave notice of your danger: and thus am I repaid!" With a suffocating gasp she fell back into the chair on which she sat. Her whole frame shook, as if life were passing in agonised throes from her body. The heart of man could not bear this. Could these mortal struggles be indeed dissimulation? Whatever they might be, he could not look on them unmoved. He hastily drew near her, and touched her hand. It was cold as death, but the plastic fingers closed on his agitated pressure. He trembled fearfully, while he drew that hand from her pale face, and beheld those matchless features convulsed with mental agony. Again her eyes opened upon him, as he hung over her. They fixed themselves on his face, with a languid but pleading sorrow.

"Countess," said he.

"Oh, call me Otteline,—your Otteline!" cried she, impetuously grasping his arm, and hiding her face on it; "or repeat that word, and release me by killing me! But I have survived your esteem, and why should I longer wish to live?"

His heart was subdued; and, with tears starting from his own eyes, he exclaimed, "And is it possible that you do really love me?"

In that moment she was on her knees beside him. She clasped

her hands; she looked up, with such beaming beauty in every feature, such effulgence in her dewy eyes, that his were riveted as by a spell. His lips seemed vainly to attempt sounds; and, finding them impracticable, she turned towards him, and, meeting the relenting expression of his countenance, smiled like heaven, and threw herself upon his breast. Louis's heart heaved and panted under the beautiful burden it sustained; but, even in that moment of female victory, the excess of his emotion smote on that betrayed heart. Sensible to all the shame of his defeat, the rapid current chilled to its former ice; and, with a tremour far from ecstasy, he replaced her in her ehair, and almost uneonseiously knelt down by her side. But the attitude was dictated by an humbled sense of his own weakness,—not indeed, addressed to her, though he now believed she loved him; and, while he looked on her agitated frame, he said inwardly,—"If I cannot be happy myself in the degradation to which I am doomed, at least I do not leave her miserable. I will cherish and protect; and, perhaps, recal that fond heart to respect the principles of her husband!" As he thus thought, he raised her hand to his lips; and, by that action,

sealed to himself the compact to be hers.

"My De Montemar!" murmured the countess, feeling the import of this mute symbol. At this crisis she looked up, and beheld the young archduchess, pale and standing in the middle of the floor, with her eyes riveted on the kneeling figure of Louis.

"The princess!" exclaimed Otteline, in a voice of surprise to

Louis.

He started from his knee, and, in the confusion of his feelings, retreated a few paces back. The gentle Maria-Theresa smiled mournfully, but did not speak. Taking her hand, the countess inquired her commands. The princess still kept her eyes fixed on Louis, while in a suppressed and unsteady voice she answered her governess.

"My mother wishes to speak with you. But, perhaps, had she known the marquis was here, she would not desire you to leave him. God bless you, marquis!" cried she, addressing him with agitated earnestness: "be kind to my Otteline; for, when you are

married, I shall never see her more."

With the last words she tore her eyes from his face, and threw herself into the bosom of the countess. Otteline looked her adieu to her lover, while in a tumult of undescribable disorder he hurried out of the room.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

## PERILS IN THE SOCIETIES OF GREAT CITIES.

THOUGH Ripperda had made it a point with the empress that there should be no public intimation given of the proposed marriage of her favourite with his son until the queen's consent should arrive, it is probable her majesty might have sent it abroad by a private whisper, had she not seen the prudence of not stimulating the ill offices of the Princess De Waradin and others by any hint that the heir they courted for their daughters was promised to their proudest

enemy. When Elizabeth appeared to grant this silence as a favour, she insisted that it should not deter Louis from making his daily visits at the Altheim apartments; it was a respect due to the amiable forbearance of his future bride; and it should be in the presence of

one of her ladies, who was also a friend of the countess.

Louis had now abandoned himself to his fate. But he had hardly given way to the asserted duty, and to the pleading credulity that was re-awakened by compassion, before a thousand eircumstances arose to bid all his former repugnance return. The veil of imagination had been too forcibly rent from his eyes ever to pass again between him and the object of his past idolatry. Unblinded by its delusions, every succeeding day showed him clearer views of a character she vainly sought to disguise in assumed sentiment and delicacy. He perceived that her defects were not merely those of a perverted education, but of a radically warped mind. She had no spontaneous taste for moral greatness. Grandeur was her object; but it was that of station. Still, however, she loved him! loved him with a fondness, a bewitching fascination, which at times made him almost forget she was not the perfection which might have made her the mistress of his soul. But the beautiful deception never lasted many minutes; and his heart sighed for its partner with a forlorn consciousness that spoke of desolation, and dreariness, and solitude, through the whole of his after life. In moments like these, how often has a frequent quotation of his pastor-uncle's occurred to him! "He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together. Such shows of fidelity are of conspiracy, not friendship."

In the midst of this banishment from hope of ever knowing the sweets of domestic comfort again, he received large packets from the dear home where his best instructor presided, and where perfect happiness dwelt with humility and innocence. The counsel of the venerable man strengthened him in every disinterested rule of life; but the letters of his aunt and cousins made his yearning heart overflow with self-abasing regrets: for the spirit of virtue and of tenderness breathed through every eloquent line that dropped from

the pen of Cornelia.

"Ah, sister of my soul!" cried he, "I could fly with thee into the bosom of paradise! Here is all celestial purity, all divine aspirations! and I wished to wander from such a heaven! I longed to busy myself in the ambitious turmoil of the world! I am in that world, and what is my achievement? I find myself chained to the foot of a woman my noble Cornelia would despise! How dare I confess to them, who love and honour me, so degrading a dis-

appointment of their hopes?"

He turned to the soothing gratitude of his sweet Alice, breathed in a letter which had been wet with her tears. Don Ferdinand had complied with her petition. He had written to her mother and avowed his love; but, throwing himself upon her pity, he implored her not to betray him to his father; while, to assure her that he meant nothing disobedient to him, nor elandestine to her in the demand, he released Alice from every vow, only reserving one claim on her compassion,—to be allowed at some future day to throw himself at her feet, should the issue of certain circumstances,

which still gave him the privilege to hope, hereafter induce his father to consent to his happiness. Alice added that her mother had written to Don Ferdinand, and to this effect:-She pardoned what had passed, in consideration of the amplitude of the restitution; she should preserve his blameable conduct from his father's eye, since it was repented of and relinquished; but he must not suppose by such indulgence she yielded any encouragement to the continuance of his attachment to her daughter; for she desired that here all correspondence must cease. "But," added Alice, "I know he will be true to what he has written, and I know I shall always regard him more for having taken that dreadful load from my heart. I am, therefore, quite sure I shall be content to await his father's consent, should it not come these many years. If you knew how happy I am, since I can lift up my eyes in my dear mother's presence, and no longer feel ashamed at being pressed to the bosom of my blameless sister, you would be as ready to pour as many tears of joy over the welcome of the little strayed lamb as your kind heart shed floods of sorrow that melancholy night when you found her so sadly wandered from her fold! Oh, my Louis, shall my gratitude to you ever find words to express itself?

Mrs. Coningsby's letter was not less energetic in thanks to her nephew for the judicious advice he had given to her almost infant Aliee, and for the activity of his exertions to bring it to effect.

Louis with glistening eyes read these letters: but a comparison between their simple and pure joys with the forced factious feelings in his breast, aggravated all its pangs; and rising from meditations that subdued, agitated, and maddened him, he rushed into crowds for that dissipation of thought he vainly courted in the exercises of

study or the fulfilment of his official duties.

Count Koninseg had lately introduced him to a house in which he moved about at perfect ease, and met with every gratification to put his usual indifference to gay society to the test. It was the abode of the Count d'Ettrees, a French adventurer of rank, whose wife and sister formed an attraction of wit and beauty that rivalled every other assembly in Vienna. Under their magic anspices, every amusement was presented that man could desire or devise, and all lavished with a splendour of luxury, an elegance of taste, and an affluence of expense which must soon have been exhausted had not the fountain as it flowed returned by another channel to its native bed. Count d'Ettrees drew a revenue from that spirit for play which his display of means excited in his guests.

Louis could never be induced to touch a card or a dice-box, despising them both as sordid and senseless amusements; but he found ample entertainment in the conversation of an indeed epitomised world. In these assemblies he saw persons from all countries, and of all parties, but they were the chosen of all. So select was the count in the rank and pretensions of his guests, it was deemed the highest proof of consequence, and of being un bel esprit, to be seen in this privileged circle. The Countess Claudine, and her sister-in-law, Angelique d'Ettrees, were ostensibly women of character, and really women of talent. But while all around showed a gorgeous pageant of amusement, wit, and genius, ruin lurked in the rooms dedicated to play; infidelity and pride lay

concealed in the philosophic colonnade; while poetry, Voltaire, Rousseau, and bewildering sentiment, discoursed with talent, or with beauty; and vice sapped the unwary footstep wherever it trod. At present, Louis was too self-absorbed by the struggles within him, to look deep into what was passing around him. It was sufficient that the varying intellectual enjoyments of the place wrested him from his thoughts; and he gave himself up to all their power with a desperate avidity. He found his mind roused and exercised by discussions with men of genius; he was delighted with the brilliant wit of the women, the graceful frankness of their manners; and, perhaps, he was unconsciously propitiated by the indirect flattery which was offered to himself by the countess and her sister, and which, being paid to his talents alone, he received without suspicion. One evening, while he was thus engaged, he observed De Patinos and Duke Wharton enter together. It was the first time he had seen the duke in the Hotel d'Ettrees. The Spaniard at the same instant descried Louis, who sat between the countess and her sister. De Patinos drew his arm from Wharton and approached the group; but, when near, he stopped, and turned away, easting a furious look at Ma'm'selle d'Ettrees. She left her seat; and Louis soon after saw her and the Spaniard in close conversation, while they, at times glanced at him, as if the object of their discourse. De Patinos seemed in great heat, and Angelique very earnest: they parted, with a sarcastic laugh from the Spaniard, and Ma'm'selle mingled with the crowd. Without any known cause of offence, a tacit acknowledgment of mutual dislike was shown by Louis and De Patinos. For some time their civilities had been confined to a cold bow at meeting in the Palais d'Espagne; when they met elsewhere, they passed as strangers. Baptista Orendayn was De Patinos' shadow in all things. But the conciliating manners of Louis, and (when he could emerge from his bosom regrets) his brilliant powers of amusement, had won the other Spaniards to court his society, and regard him with more confidence. This desertion from his party stimulated the anger of De Patinos; and a lurid fire burnt in his haughty eye whenever it encountered his admired rival. Louis left the side of the animated Countess d'Ettrees, and was passing from the rooms into a crowd of attendants, when his shoulder pressed against that of Wharton; their eyes met. Louis snatched his friend's hand, and the embrace of his heart was felt. Wharton's luminous smile played on his lip, while he whispered,

"Socrates, or Alcibiades, De Montemar?"

Louis did not answer, for at that moment he encountered the glance of Orendayn. He bowed with obsequious lowliness, both to him and to the duke, and passed on. Wharton and Louis had withdrawn their hands the instant they caught his eye; and the duke turned into the circle. Louis was conscious, however, to having been observed; but whether with a malicious, or an indifferent observation, he did not pause to think on. Indeed, persons of all parties conversed so indiscriminately in this Elysian society, where nothing seemed considered but the free enjoyment of all which was delightful in the human mind, that he saw nothing to apprehend in the simple circumstance of having been known to

speak to Duke Wharton in so privileged a scene. And for any inferences which the busy ignorance, or ill nature, of Orendayn might choose to draw, it could be a matter of no consequence; for most of the Spanish grandees in Ripperda's suite conversed openly with Wharton; and Orendayn, though a nobleman, was known to be a character of contemptible craft and falsehood; therefore who would regard his inuendoes? Thus Louis continued to throw away the time that was once so precious to him. But it was no longer the friend, with which he joyed to take sweet counsel, and lay open a bosom that knew no guests but hope and exultation. It was become a heavy monitor of remembrance; to remind him, in solitary hours, of the blank his youthful infatuation and hard destiny had made of his present and future days. Misery was on one side; oblivion, with blandishing solace, on the other; and despair was at hand, to urge the leap between. His official duties done, his home saw him no more till their recurrence recalled his steps, or the hour of rest demanded him to his pillow. An hour each morning was passed in the Altheim apartments, where the empress often met him, with unvarying graciousness; and Otteline received him with as stationary smiles. But the magic mask of art cannot elude the penetration of every day. In spite of her vigilance he became master of her secret; and, no longer deceived into self-complacency by the idea that she loved him, he saw himself eonsigned to be the prey of frigid, unfceling, circumventing ambition. From her he rushed to Princess De Waradin's; to his military associates; to the Hôtel d'Ettrees; to any vortex that would hurry him from himself, and present him with other meditations than Otteline, and his day of sanctioned contempt and scorn

The empress and Ripperda were now sailing forward on the unruffled sea of success. He had brought her to yield him such implicit confidence, that she excrted her own influence with the emperor, to hasten the investiture of Don Carlos in the duchies of Parma and Placentia. Charles promised that the official documents should immediately be finished: and the ceremony be performed with the earliest dispatch. He put into the duke's hand his final renunciation for himself and his posterity, of all claims on the succession of Spain; and he gave him written bonds for the payment, at certain seasons, of a large debt of some millions, owed by the empire to the Spanish monarchy. He also signed several new articles added to the secret treaty; one of which relinquished the Netherlands to Don Carlos, as a dowry with his intended bride. About this time Cardinal Giovenozzo arrived from Rome, on a special mission from the pope; and, with the usual caution of his holiness, all opposing parties were to be conciliated. To this end the cardinal's first proceeding was to collect the foreign ambassadors, and the leading men of the different factions at Vienna, round his table. At one of these entertainments, from which the accredited minister from King George the First of England, "Honest John Finch," happened to be absent on account of illness, it chanced that the Duke de Ripperda and the Duke of Wharton were placed at the same board. If there were any man in the world whom Ripperda absolutely hated, it was this rival of his politics; and he hated him because he was the only man who had ever effectively

crossed them. But, while he cherished this hatred, he would not own to himself that it was mixed with any fear of the talents he affected to despise. He, therefore, took no notice of the duke at table, but by a stiff bow; and he would not even have granted that had it not been at the board of the representative of the Father of Christendom, where such mutual recognition of universal brotherhood in the Catholic church was a regular ceremonial. During dinner some observations were made by Wharton respecting the balance of power in Italy:—they extracted two or three angry flashes from the eye of Ripperda; but, disdaining to appear to attend to anything advanced by him, he continued, with an air of indifference, drinking wine with the Russian ambassador, and conversing with the cardinal, at whose right hand he sat. The animated Wharton proceeded in his remarks, at the end of the table he occupied; and in a strain of argument and of eloquence that gradually attracted every ear. Even Giovenozzo himself bowed, without reply, to some passing observation of Ripperda; and bent forward to catch what Wharton was asserting relative to the pontiff's rights, in the transfers of some of the disputed principalities of Italy.

This temporary triumph of the English duke, over the imposing presence of Ripperda, stung him to the quick; and, for a moment, he laid open the wound, by the impatient scorn with which he glanced on the resistless speaker. The Portuguese minister, who sat next him, remarked on the powerful consequences of the last argument of Wharton. Ripperda contemptuously replied,

A gust of wind is sometimes mistaken for thunder.'

Wharton caught the words, and, with a gay but pointed laugh, looked towards the top of the table. "Jove wields both in his rod; and the lighter the stroke, the quicker the smart."

"When the bolt is launched against presumption," retorted Ripperda, "it harrows up a dust that blinds infatuation."

Wharton smiled. "I have no ambition to be the glorious victim!" And bowing to the duke, the reference could not be mistaken. Some of the company did not repress the smile that fluttered on every lip. It was too much for the incensed pride of Ripperda; and starting from his chair, he turned indignantly to the cardinal.

"When your eminence understands the distinction between the accredited representative of the King of Spain, and the lurking emissary of a dethroned and mendicant monarch, then the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty may appear where he is not to be

insulted."

Every person present rose from his seat: and Giovenozzo, not the least alarmed of the party, seized the Spanish duke's arm; and beginning a confused apology for the attention he had paid to Wharton, even attempted an excuse for the English duke himself.

"I beg your eminence not to trouble yourself with my apology!" cried the unruffled Wharton; "I meant all I said. And I am obliged to the candour of the Spanish ambassador for so publicly declaring the distinction that is indeed between us! He is the representative of a king in the plenitude of power, and the stream flows bounteously! I am the humble emissary of a dethroned and mendicant monarch!—but it has not yet been my good fortune to play the successful Gaberlunzie,\* in the courts of rival sovereigns; nor to beg alms for my prince at the gate of the Duke de Ripperda!"

Ripperda turned on him with an eye of fiame: and, at that moment insensible to anything, but the expression of his burning hatred, he sternly exclaimed,—"Were not Duke Wharton as impotent as he is vain, I might stoop to chastise what offends me: but I pardon what I pity."

"And I," replied the duke, "am proud to imitate so great an

example!"

Ripperda, almost beside himself with wrath, struck the hilt of his sword fiercely with his hand. Wharton turned gaily on his heel, and asked some indifferent question of the Duke de Richelieu. The cardinal followed Ripperda out of the apartment. Alarmed at the consequence of suffering him, who seemed to hold the balance of Christendom in his hands, to quit his roof unappeased, he drew the enraged duke into another room, and vainly tried to assuage his fury. Ripperda's pride was in arms at being so insolently braved before all the nations of Europe, in the persons of their ambassadors. He had shown himself susceptible of contempt from the man it was his policy to teach others to despise! Chafed at this weakness, and in a disorder of mind he had never known before, some of the wine he had drank being of an inebriating nature, of which he was ignorant, he poured on the cardinal all his resentments against the duke and himself. He saw that nothing could redeem him to the vantage ground he had so intemperately abandoned, out an ample and formal apology from Wharton: and he told Giovenozzo, he must force the English duke to make that restitution, else he should act from a conviction that they had been invited together to insult the politics of Spain in the person of its minister.

The cardinal feared Ripperda, and flattered himself that he might work upon the zeal and good nature of Wharton, to serve the interest of his holiness by this concession. When Ripperda arose to withdraw, on being informed that his carriage was ready, Giove nozzo attended him to the foot of the stairs, and absolutely promised to bring him the demanded apology next day. But, unfortunately, the company in the dining-room, supposing that Ripperda had been some time gone, moved to depart also. In the hall, Wharton again met his proud antagonist; and in the instant when, most unhappily, the spirit of discord seemed to have extended itself to their respective domestics. Wharton's carriage, and that of Ripperda, had drawn up at the same moment; and their coachmen were disputing the right to maintain the door. From words they had

recourse to whips.

"A comfortable way of settling a controversy!" exclaimed Wharton, stepping forward to order his servant to draw off; but Ripperda, who felt the late scene festering in his heart, supposing a different intention, and a new affront in the duke's prompt advance, cried aloud, with an air of derision,—"Less haste, my lord! or the whip of my coachman may chance to brush your grace's skirts!"

<sup>\*</sup> Gaberlunzie, the old title of a wandering beggar in Scotland, and ofter assumed in name and disguise by the young and romantic King James of that land.

"If it did," replied Wharton, with a glance, that told he understood the remark, "I should know where to repay the impertinence."

Ripperda was again in a blaze. "Insolent!" cried he.

Wharton, who had checked his steps on the first word from his antagonist, now leaned towards him, and whispered,—"The lion may be chafed beyond its bearing! It is possible for the father of Louis de Montemar to go too far with the Duke of Wharton!"

This assumption of forbearance Ripperda felt as the climax of personal offence; and starting back with all the resentments of his nature rushing through his veins, he touched the hilt of his sword, and in a subdued voice replied,—"If you do not shroud cowardice

under the name of my son, you will follow me!"

This had cleft the threatened cord; and in one moment the two dukes had vanished through the colonnades of the hall, into an interior and lonely court of the building. In the same instant they found themselves alone; the drawn sword of Ripperda was in his hand, and he called on Wharton to defend himself. There was no time for further forbearance or parley. Wharton had hardly warded off the first thrust of his determined antagonist, before a second and a third were repeated, with the quickness of lightning. The glimmer of the lamps which lit this little solitary quadrangle, marked each movement of the weapon, with a gleam on its polished steel; and Wharton continued rather to defend than attack. But a noise of approaching steps withdrawing his attention for a moment from his guard, a desperate lunge from the infuriated arm of his adversary. ran him through the breast, and he fell. The blood sprang over his hand, as he instinctively clasped it on the wound. His proud destroyer stood confounded at the sight.

"I forgive you my death!" cried Wharton; "but I guess your

son will not. Rash duke, to you he dies in me!"

The tongue of Ripperda clove to the roof of his mouth; and in the next instant the cardinal and the French ambassador appeared at his side. As the bloody scene presented itself, Giovenozzo shut the door and bolted it behind him, to prevent further entrance. Richelieu hurried to the prostrate duke, and spoke to him. Wharton looked up, and in hardly articulate accents, said—"Bear witness, Richelieu, that I acquit the Duke De Ripperda. He was in wrath, and I provoked him. Let not his high character be dishonoured by my death."

This was the first time that Ripperda's lofty consciousness of consistent greatness had ever shrank before the eye of man; he could not brook the strange humiliation; and, with asperity, he haughtily exclaimed—"My honour does not require protection. I know that I have been intemperate and rash. But let the world know it as it is: I have done nothing that I am not prepared to

defend."

Wharton raised himself on his arm to reply; but in the exertion

he fainted and fell.

The cardinal (in consternation at the report he must give to the pope of such an affray under his holy roof) implored his implacable guest to pass into the oratory. It was only on the other side of the court; and he besought him to await him there, till the French ambassador and he had borne the insensible Wharton to a place

where his state might be examined. Ripperda complied in silence; and Giovenozzo, wrapping his searlet mantle around the bleeding body of Wharton, between him and Richelieu bere him round the back of the oratory into one of the penitential cells. His eminence, having been a brother of the Order of Merey, understood surgery: and stanching the duke's wounds, so as to leave him for a short time in safety, though still insensible, he came forth with Richelieu. The French duke gave him his word of honour, that if Ripperda could be induced to keep silence on this terrible affair, whether Wharton lived or died, the secret should

never escape from him.

Richelieu had his own views in this secrecy; and took his part to return to the hall, and quench suspicion there. They who had lingered to know the issue, with what degree of credence suited them, listened to his hasty account; that he and the cardinal had just arrived in time to laugh at their zeal; for Wharton had given a merry explanation of his ill-timed raillery to the duke, laying it to the account of the cardinal's bright Falernian; and Ripperda, with the dignity of a great mind, having accepted the apology, no more was said about it. All appeared to believe this statement; for there was no disputing the word of honour of an ambassador! But there were a few drops of blood on the point ruffles and solitaire of Riehelieu, which, being observed by Count Routemberg alone, told him a different story; and he remained a few minutes behind the rest. When the hall was cleared of all, save himself and the French minister, he did not speak, but pointed significantly to the testimonies on the ruffles and ribbon. Riehelieu was hurrying out some excuse invented in the moment; but Routemberg (who was president of the emperor's eouncil) whispered something in the ambassador's car. They both smiled, shook hands, and parted.

When Ripperda returned to his palace, he entered the room where his son was completing some especial communications to Spain. Louis put them into the hand of his father. As he did so, he beheld that form and face, which a few hours before had left him gallantly habited, and bright in lofty complacency, now discomposed, pale, and haggard. He gazed on the alteration with surprise, while Ripperda seemed to read the despatch with a

moveless eye.

"It will do," said he, laying it on the table. He mechanically took up one of the candles, and was turning away to his own chamber. Louis could keep silence no longer.

"You are ill, my lord!" cried he; "or something terrible has

happened!"

"What is there terrible to have happened?" returned Ripperda, pausing as he approached the door, and looking on his son.

"Nothing that I ean guess," replied Louis; "but your looks,

my father, are not as when you left me!"

"How often have I told you, De Montemar," returned the duke, "never to guess at a statesman's looks! I have come from a party of many vizards; and you must not be surprised that mine has changed in the eontact. I am well; let that satisfy you." With these words the duke withdrew.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

#### A FRACAS.

MORNING reported all that had passed at the table of the cardinal. What happened in the hall was slightly mentioned, for little of that had been generally heard; but an account was circulated, that notwithstanding the good offices of Giovenozzo had produced a show of reconciliation, some serious consequences might be anti-

cipated.

When Ripperda entered to his son the next day, he perceived by his pallid hue and averted eyes, that he had heard something of the affray. Without preface, the duke abruptly asked what had been told him of Wharton's behaviour the preceding night. The informant of Louis had shaped the story under a flattering veil for his father; and the anxious son had heard nothing but of the insolence and scoffing speeches of the English duke, and of the dignified forbearance of Ripperda. The blood that accused his friend in his heart, rushed to his face when he repeated what had been told him.

"And how," demanded Ripperda, "do you mean to act towards the man who could so taunt, deride, and insult your father?"

"Though he twice preserved my life," returned Louis, "he has now wounded me in a more vital part. I shall ever regard him as

a stranger."

Ripperda shook his head, and laid his hand on his son's arm. "And what would be your decision were I to reverse the charge?" Louis looked on the flushed countenance of his father. "Human nature is fallible, Louis!" eried he. "After thirty years of undeviating self-control——" Ripperda broke off:—it was an acknowledgment he believed his magnanimity called on him to make; but in the bitterness of his mortification, thrusting his son from him, he exclaimed—"How must I hate the man who burst my fettered passions; and for one desperate moment made me their victim, and his sport?"

Louis did not speak, in his astonishment at what he hoped would end in some acquittal of his friend; but the pleasurable feeling was quickly smothered by this tremendous burst from his father; and he saw, revived before him, the terrible moment in which the Sieur Ignatius had elenched his dagger at his breast. Without a word or a look towards the duke, he stood, awfully expecting him to proceed. After a minute's pause, Ripperda turned,

desperately calm, to his son.

"Discredit the vile flatterers, who would tell you that Wharton alone was the aggressor. We met like hostile bulls; and wonder not that we should plunge at once upon each other's horns! Respect him still, for he is a noble enemy; but I am his for ever."

speet him still, for he is a noble enemy; but I am his for ever."
Louis threw himself at his father's feet. "My gracious father!
Oh, that the visible pleadings of my heart, that its dearest blood,

could make you regard him as a friend!"

There are hearts that cannot bend where they have injured. Ripperda's was of this proud metal; and looking down on his kneeling son, he exclaimed—"Impossible! that has passed between us

which has made our enmity eternal. Your proceeding in the affair I leave to yourself. But I can trust to you, that you will not compromise your father's honour, by broadly showing fellowship with his most open enemy."

Louis pressed his father's hand to his lips; that hand which was hardly washed from Wharton's blood! But he was ignorant of that part of the tale; and the duke, in a milder voice bade him rise.

"You will not soon be called to act the Roman part between your father and your friend!" continued he. "I saw Cardinal de Giovenozzo this morning; and he tells me that Wharton has disappeared."

This information was balm to Louis, as it seemed to promise a peaceful termination to so threatening an affray. That his friend had withdrawn seemed a pledge of his pacific wishes, and, with a lightened countenance, Louis rose from his knee. Ripperda said

no more, and his son was left to his meditations. .

Whatever details he afterwards heard of the dispute, were so confused and contradictory, he could form no certain criterion which was most to blame. But Giovenozzo at last put all to silence, by a declaration that he should deem all further discussion of a transaction which passed under his roof as an impertinent interference with his responsibility. He pronounced that neither the Duke de Ripperda nor the Duke of Wharton could have acted otherwise than they did, consistently with their own dignities; and he insinuated to Louis that a third person, whom he could not mention, was the origin of a dissension which had ended in a manner to reflect honour on his father. The Cardinal then hinted that Wharton had vanished on some occult mission—to circumvent the Italian investiture, or to bring a noted English senator to the feet of his lady of Bayaria.

"And so," added the smiling ecclesiastic, "our political Adonis seeks to revenge the triumphant magnanimity of his transcendent

rival."

From all this, though Louis could not learn much to criminate his friend, he gained enough to impress him with an increased conviction of his father's greatness of mind;—that a generosity, something like his own romantic nature, had impelled the few words of selfblame which had dropped from Ripperda in their first, and indeed only, conference on the subject. After that discussion, it was never resumed; and, the whole matter dying away from people's tongues, the Spanish ambassador appeared in every circle as usual, bright and serene as the cloudless sky of midsummer. The favour in which he was held at court was made more apparent; and, though the despatches which were to bring the royal assent to Louis's marriage seemed unaccountably delayed, yet, to show that no doubt remained in Elizabeth's mind of the father or son's sincerity, she permitted the solemn instalment of the latter, in the name of Don Carlos, into the reversion of the long-disputed Italian dukedoms. This important rite was no sooner completed, than a courier extraordinary from Spain brought to Ripperda his recall to the council of his sovereign.

The various objects of the treaty with Vienna had so alarmed the other kingdoms of Europe, that the cabinet of Madrid was besieged, day and night, by the clamour of their respective envoys. Grimaldo,

the prime minister, enfeebled by age, and adverse to the new system of politics, had begged to resign his office. Philip granted the petition; and now sent for Ripperda to take the premier chair, and (in the king's own words) to consummate the greatness of Spain. Their majesties desired that the Marquis de Montemar should be left chargé des affaires, and that the duke himself would immediately

set forth on his return.

Ripperda examined further into the royal packet, to find the expected consent for his son's marriage; but it was not there, and no notice taken of the application he had made for it. On questioning the messenger whether he had omitted to bring any part of his charge, the man told him that another special courier, which was Castanos, had been despatched a few days before him; and he was not less surprised than alarmed to find him not arrived, as he knew he brought despatches of great value. The disappointment Elizaboth sustained in this procrastination of the marriage of her favourite was, absorbed for a time in her regrets for the recall of her friend. Louis could think only of his father's glorious summons to perfect the happiness of his country; and when, in the midst of the duke's preparation for departure, the lingering messenger did arrive, this affectionate son hardly cast a thought on his prolonged reprieve: -Castanos brought no despatches: but had appeared, much bruised and lamed.

Castanos told Ripperda he had been beset in the mountains of Carinthia by a band of armed men, who rifled and left him for dead. A poor herdsman found him, and took him to his hut; where having recovered strength to pursue his journey, he came forward to apprise his master that he had lost the despatches, and, with them, a casket of jewels, from Don Carlos to the archduchess. The bruises on Castanos' person bore witness to the truth of his assault; and the empress and her favourite were obliged to resign themselves, to await a courier from Ripperda himself, when he should have

arrived in Spain.

On the third day after the declaration of his recall, Ripperda took his official leave, and presented his son in his new office. At parting, the emperor invested the duke with the star of the Golden Fleece, in which order he was the only exception to an undeviating line of sovereign princes. The empress presented him with her picture, set in brilliants; and, when the court broke up, she told him to follow her, to receive the farewell commands of her daughter. Louis waited in the ante-room, while his father entered the apartment where the still invalid princess sat on a sofa, supported by the Countess Altheim. Louis could not help discerning the lovely group through the half-obscuring draperies of the open door. The princess was pale and thin; and, though dressed superbly, seemed fitter for her chamber. When Ripperda drew near, a faint colour tinged her cheek.

"The duke approaches you, my love," said the empress, "to bear your commands to Don Carlos, and to receive from your hands the

portrait of his future bride."

"Where is it?" said the Princess, turning hurryingly to Otteline. The countess drew a beautiful miniature from its case, (which lay on the sofa near her,) and presented it to her young charge.

Maria-Theresa held it in her hand, and looked on it with a languid smile.

"It is very pretty, and very fair," said she. "Do not you think so, duke?" added she, putting it into Ripperda's hand, who received it on his knec. "But tell the Spanish prince I shall be much fairer before he looks on it." And then she cast down her eyes, and sat perfectly still and silent.

"What means my love by so strange a message?" inquired the

empress.

The princess did not answer, but merely sighed, and looked round uneasily. Elizabeth repeated the question, with inquiries whether she wished to send the prince anything else, that she

looked about so searchingly.

"O, no," replied the young creature, shaking her head, and rising from her chair; "I only wish to give this rosary to the Duke of Ripperda, for himself;—himself alone!" cried she; and clasping her fair hands, as she dropped it into his, she turned hastily round, with a glowing cheek, and flew tremblingly out of the apartment.

At the moment of her last raising her eyes, she had caught a glimpse of Louis, where he stood in a distant corner of the other room; regarding with a pitying eye the resigned victim, who, like himself, was to be offered up to the ambition of others. In evident emotion, Elizabeth put her hand on the arm of Ripperda, and, withdrawing with him into her closet,—Otteline advanced to his son.

Louis's soul was full of sympathy for the interesting Maria-Theresa, the import of whose melancholy message to Don Carlos he well defined: and his compassion for such thraldom, extending to himself, made him a very unfit companion for his own future bride. He could have wept over the sweet and faded Theresa; while the blooming cheek and rosy smile of Otteline,—at such a season!—withered him while she approached; and he stood, sad and absorbed after he had given her the ceremonious salute of the day.

The countess had found her account in not striving to change these fitful moods in her lover. But, while she suppressed the risings of her haughty soul, she often said within herself,—"Disdainful tyrant! My hour is coming! then you shall feel what you have done by trampling on the slave who only waits a few magic

words to be your sovereign!"

For the whole of the remainder of the day, Ripperda's house was crowded with ministers, foreign ambassadors, and persons of various descriptions. It was beyond midnight before the last of these levées was dismissed, in the midst of all of which Louis had seen his father like a presiding deity. He seemed the umpire of Europe; as if the monarchs of each realm stood before him in the persons of their delegates, to hear from his lips the flat of their weal or woe. To all he was as gracious as he was peremptory; and while he asserted the greatness of Spain, and proclaimed her demands on the various quarters of the globe, he breathed nothing but peace and prosperity to the nations that sought her amity.

Ripperda did not go to rest the whole night. He sat till morning, instructing his son on the objects entrusted to his completion. Louis received these lessons as distinctly as a mirror reflects the

face that looks on it; but where that fled, these were stationary. and remained indelibly stamped on his mind. With the rising orb of day, the travelling equipage was announced. Ripperda rose from his seat. Louis started up also, with an emotion to which he

would not give voice.

"I have spoken of all that relates to your public duty," resumed the duke; "I wish your private concerns were in as fair a prospect. But, in my last conference with the empress, I found myself obliged to assure her, (and without any mental reservation!) that I would not suffer the queen to put in any demurs with regard to your marriage with the favourite. But cheer yourself under the sacrifice. Believe, that in giving Otteline your name, you perform an act of self-devotion,—of a consequence to the interests of your country, I cannot now explain; but it is worthy the price. Like your father, my son, you must live to virtue alone; live for mankind; live to future ages! Do this, and all common concerns will be lost in the imperishable glory!"

Louis threw himself on his father's bosom. "For this once!" cried he, in the full voice of filial affection; "for this once, let me be pressed to the heart that inspires me to such virtue! Oh, my father, may I be like unto thee!—and all minor enjoyments shall

be nothing to me!"

The duke strained him to his breast. Louis's cheek was wet with tears; but his own flowed; so he knew not whether any of his father's mingled there. Ripperda strove gently to break from him. Louis clasped his hands, while he sunk on his knees; "Bless me, oh, my father!" cried he: "bless me, ere you leave me to this dangerous world!"

The duke paused, and looked for a moment on the bent head of his son. "Bless you, Louis!" said he. "But be firm in yourself, and you will need no beadsman's orison."

Louis hardly heard the latter sentence, in his growing emotions; and pressing the hem of his father's garment to his lips, it slid from his hand as the duke drew it away, and disappeared through the door.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

#### CARINTHIAN HILLS AND THE APENNINES.

RIPPERDA was gone. Day rolled over day; and the most splendid preparations continued to be privately made for the betrothment of Maria-Theresa, and the marriage of Otteline; but the empress had still to count the hours with impatience, until the ceremonial consent for the latter should arrive. Meanwhile, the conduct of Louis in the management of the intrieate affairs confided to him, gained the universal suffrage of the ministers with whom he conferred; foreign and domestie, all united in saying that had he been the son of the obscurest individual, his talents and strict fair dealing would have insured him every honour now lavished on him as the son of Ripperda.

Routemberg, the Austrian prime minister, affected to treat him with peculiar confidence; he invited him familiarly to his house; and he was with him one night when a packet arrived from his father. Louis returned home to open it. On breaking the scals, it contained the very despatches, with the jewels which had been taken by the robbers from Castanos. The duke accompanied the bag with a few lines, dated from a post-house in Carinthia, saying that he had recovered it in a very extraordinary manner: he would describe the circumstance in his first letters from Spain; but he now lost no time in forwarding it to Vienna, under the safe conduct

of Martini and a guard.

Subsequent considerations made Ripperda withhold this adventure; but it was briefly as follows: - Just as the Spanish suite had passed into the mountainous tracts of Carinthia, and Ripperda had entered a solitary post-house, in the forest of Clagenfurt, he was followed into the apartment prepared for him by his avant courier, by the master of the house. The man told him, that a person in a strange foreign habit, but of a noble mien, had been waiting for the Spanish ambassador some hours in an upper chamber; and that he now requested to speak with his excellency for a few minutes on a subject of consequence: but it must be in a room without light. Ripperda desired that the person might be told, it was not his custom to admit strangers to his presence; and never to suffer dictation in the manner he was to receive them. In a few seconds the innkeeper returned with a charged pistol, which he presented to Ripperda with this message: "The person who sent that was as little accustomed to arbitary decisions as was the Duke de Ripperda. He had matters of moment to impart to him. If he did not choose to receive them on the stranger's terms,—well!—they would rest where they were: -but if the duke decided otherwise, he must admit the communication under the obscurity of total darkness. If he suspected personal danger, he was at liberty to stand on his guard during the interview, either with his sword or that pistol." There was something in the boldness of the demand, and the gift of the pistol, that stimulated the curiosity of Ripperda. He could protect his life from a single arm; and, from a more supported treachery, he had an armed guard in his suite. Without further hesitation, he told the innkeeper to return the pistol to him from whom he had brought it; to take the lamp from the room, and to introduce the stranger. When the door re-opened, a man was let in, the outline of whose figure and apparel the duke caught a glimpse of, in the reflected light from the outer chamber. The person was tall; seemed in a military garb, by the clangour of a heavy sword in an iron scabbard, which struck against the doorpost while he approached. But there was a great involvement of drapery about him; and the black plumage of his head brushed the door-top as he stooped and entered. The door closed at his back, and the two were in total darkness.

"Your business, sir?" demanded Ripperda, with a tone of

superiority.

"It is to confer an obligation on the proudest man in Christendom!" returned a hoarse and rough voice. "Ten days ago your courier was stopped in these mountains, and robbed of his travelling-case. The contents are a padlocked casket, and a sealed bag. It fell in my way, and I restore them to you."

"Brave stranger!" returned Ripperda; "whoever you are, accept my thanks. Point but the way, and the proudest man in Christendom would feel himself prouder in being allowed to repay such an obligation."
"I doubt it not," replied the stranger; "but my taste is not

man's gratitude. If it were, I should starve in this generation."

"Try the man on whom you have just conferred this favour! Pardon me, but, by your language, you appear to have been outraged by mankind. Let me make restitution. I love a brave spirit, and could employ and reward it."

The stranger laughed scornfully. "Mine is Esau's birthright! that I have employed it manfully, witness this sword!" cried he, striking down its hilt with his hand, and rattling its steel upon the stone floor; "witness that bag of policy, and of riches I despise!which the Duke de Ripperda now holds in his hand, as the gift of an outlaw and an enemy!"

"You are a fearless man," returned the duke, "and have proved yourself an honourable one! You know my power. Name the country that has outlawed you, and I will obtain your pardon.

Name the price to make you my friend, and I will pay it."
"Ripperda," replied the stranger, "I leave that behind, which will direct you where to find its owner. If you use it wisely, it may be the lion skin of Hercules; if you reject it, the shirt of Nessus were a cooler gabardine!—Farewell."

Before Ripperda could from a reply, the stranger had opened the door, and passed through it like a gliding shadow. The moment he had disappeared, the duke called for lights, and the landlord brought them in. When Ripperda was alone, he examined the case his rugged visitor had put into his hand. He broke the seals of his bag, in which he found the key of the casket; and, on looking over the contents of both, missed none of the jewels, an answering list of which was amongst the despatches. The jewels were a magnificent present from Don Carlos to the archduchess; and a necklace, inscribed by the queen's own hand, for Countess Otteline Altheim: but amongst none of the papers was there any trace of the expected consent. The present of the necklace seemed a presumptive proof that her majesty did not intend to withhold it; but, until it was formally given, Ripperda could add no further sanction from himself. However, to inform the empress as soon as possible, of even this promise of Isabella's acquiescence, he lost no time in summoning two or three of the young noblemen who, wearied of Vienna, had chosen to return with him to Spain. He told them of his having recovered the state-bag-by the gift of a leader of banditti, he believed; and of his intention to forward it that night to

Don Baptista Orendayn, who was present, eagerly offered a suggestion that Martini, as the most trusty person, ought to be the messenger; and Ripperda, pleased with his zeal, having ordered a sufficient suite to attend whomsoever he should select, adopted this advice, and saw the faithful Italian set off, on his return to the Austrian capital, just as the dawn tinged the distant hills.

Ripperda's equipages were getting ready for the prosecution of his own journey; and, not having found any directing memorandum from the stranger himself, in the case which had held the casket, he was wondering to what mysterious manner of tracing him the man could have referred, -since none, certainly, had presented itself,—whe the landlord entered the apartment, carrying a scarlet garment on his arm: he laid it on the table before the duke.

"My lord," said he, "the person who came last night left this cloak in the chamber where he had waited for you. He told me to

bring it to your excellency in the morning."

Ripperda saw a splendid mantle; it was discoloured a dark red in many places: he nodded his head, and the man withdrew. Ripperda then took it from the table, supposing a name or an address might be affixed to it; but on the ample folds disengaging themselves, he started: it was marked with the keys of St. Peter!—it was embroidered on the shoulder with the arms of Giovenozzo! He had seen it before. It was stained with the blood of Duke Wharton! Ripperda cast it from him.

"Accursed Wharton!" exclaimed he, now recollecting, in the disguised tones of the stranger's voice, some notes of the duke's; "this insult shall not be pardoned. I am not to be cajoled, nor menaced into peace with you, my most detested, most insolently triumphing enemy! We have once measured swords!"—and his eye glanced on the blood-stained scarf: "when they next meet, the

blow may be surer!"

Wharton's graces of mind, body, and political management, formed the only character which had ever peered with that of his haughty rival. He was the only man who had ever foiled Ripperda by secret machination; he had made him feel that he had an equal —that he might have a superior; he had discovered that the allglorious boast of Spain was not exempt from the infirmities of common men; he had wrought him to commit an injury, and he had stood between him and the world's cognisance. To be so humbled in the knowledge of any living being was the vultures of Prometheus to the proud heart of Ripperda. Wharton, by the present action had declared his triumph—had presumed to promise or to threaten; and the hatred of his enemy was now wound up to a height that could know no deelension, till its cause was numbered with the dust. A wood-fire burned on the hearth. Ripperda thrust the eardinal's mantle into it, and stood over the mouldering cloth till the whole was consumed to ashes. He then quitted the scene of his new mortification; and, finding his servants had been some time mounted, he sprang into his carriage, with all the passions of the Hôtel de Giovenozzo re-awakened in his soul.

Comprehending that Wharton must have set his emissaries to waylay the Spanish despatches, and merely to afford him the opportunity he had boasted of conferring an obligation on his rival, Ripperda occupied the long hours of his journey with devising schemes of revenge; and thus musing, he rapidly pursued his way towards the seat of his power. He met with no accident nor obstacle, till on the night of the 25th of July. The tops of the hills were laden with thunder-clouds, and the turbid atmosphere laboured with the stifling sirocco. His long train of attendants had dispersed themselves for timely shelter amongst the shelving rocks which traverse that line of the Apennines which forms the mural diadem of the Gulf of Genoa. Ripperda's equipage wound through a long and twisting defile between two overhanging precipices. The intricacies and angular turns in the road separated him from his immediate followers. It was the darkest hour of twilight; yet enough of gleam remained in the lurid sky to show the outline of objects. As the duke's carriage passed into the gorge of the rayine, he felt it abruptly stop; and then heard a volley of oaths from his drivers, mingled with threatening imprecations from strange voices. While he was letting down the glasses to inquire the cause, the lash of whips accompanied the mutual swearing, and he felt the struggle of his horses to force their way forward. The next moment a pistol was fired, and a deep groan showed it had taken effect. When the window dropped, Ripperda saw his foremost postilion fall on the neck of his horse, and the whole equipage surrounded by banditti; but the duke saw no more. The carriage-door was instantly opened; and, before he could snatch a pistel from his own belt, he was dragged from his seat by the collected strength of several arms. Having thrown him to the ground, one man of colossal bulk cast himself upon their struggling victim; and kneeling upon his prostrate body, coolly and determinedly put a pistol close to his temple. Ripperda now grasped his own weapon, and with one hand striking aside the arm of his antagonist, the pistol went off; where that ball hit, he knew not; but with the ether hand, at the same moment, he lodged the contents of his own pistol in the heart of the ruffian. The wretch tumbled aside with a convulsive receil, and was no more. His comrades, deeming the duke's destruction sure, were rifling the carriage; while others had posted themselves behind in the defile, to prevent a rescue from his attendants. One of the ruffians turning round at the double report of the pistols, and seeing his accomplice thrown, a dead man, off the body of Ripperda, alarmed his fellows, and rushed towards their prey. The duke, who was now on his legs, determined to sell his life dearly; and drawing his sword, set his back against the precipice, and held them at bay. But the strength of his arm, and the bravery of his heart, could not have defended him long against so many assailants. The men in the defile, seeing the weapons of their comrades parried by the duke, called to them to try fire-arms: two pistols were instantly fired at him.

"He stands yet!" cried one of the ruffians; "give him another volley." A volley did come, but from the rocks above; and three of the villains fell. The rest drew back a few paces, in surprise; and, in the moment, several men jumped from the shelving precipice to the side of the duke. The conflict closed, and became desperate. Ripperda was bleeding fast from the graze of a ball on his head; and though he assisted his defenders with a resolute heart, he was nearly fainting. A party of his new friends had cleared the defile for the approach of his followers; and as they appeared, the discomfited ruffians suddenly laid hands on their wounded and dead, and, throwing them through a chasm in the rock over its precipice, were presently lost themselves amongst the bushy recesses of the same perpendicular descent.

The persons who had come thus opportunely to the rescue of Ripperda, assisted his servants to bind the wound; and to place him, now as insensible as his lifeless postilion, in the carriage. Martini being on his mission to Vienna; another valet was put in the chariot to support the duke. The man respectfully inquired of him who appeared the superior of the reseuing group, what name he must say, when his master should ask that of his deliverer?

"Some day I may tell it to him myself," returned he; "mean-

while, I change swords, as a memento of the circumstance."

He closed the carriage door, and ordered the trembing postilions to drive on. The valet, calling from the chariot window, implored his further protection; he nodded his head in acquiescence, and with his train, escorted the alarmed party safe through the gorge into the open country. At the end of this terrific pass, they perceived the remainder of the suite, under the leading of Don Baptista Orendayn, approaching from another road. At this sight, the gallant travellers turned their horses' heads, and leaving Ripperda to his friends, galloped across the plain in an opposite direction. The duke had recovered, though only to a dreamy recollection. But his medical staff having gone before him to Genoa, when he arrived there, his wound was properly dressed, and he became sensible to all which had happened. A day's repose left him no apparent effects of his adventure but the bandage ou his head, and his regret that such immediate insensibility had deprived him of the opportunity of thanking his deliverer. He questioned Orendayn, about what he might have observed of him; but the young Spaniard could give no account: he was lost among the mountains at the time of the attack. However, he informed Ripperda, that while inquiring his way, some goatherds told him of a noted banditti. which prowled in these parts in search of plunder; and he did not doubt these assailants were the very troop. He lamented, with great bitterness, that the stupidity of his guides should have led him so far astray, when his patron was in danger; and, while declaring his envy of them who had so happily come to the rescue. he added many encomiums on their timely valour.

Ripperda was pleased with the exchange of swords. The fabric of the one which had been left in the place of his own, was of a fashion that proved its owner to be a gentleman, as well as a brave man. Strange as it may seem, the former citizen of Gröningen had now imbibed so much of Spanish prejudice, he would have been sorry to have heard that his eagle-crested rapier was suspended at the side of a man of ignoble blood; even though the hand that hung it there was that of his deliverer. On the morning of recommencing his journey, Ripperda put the stranger's sword into his belt. It had once saved his life!—In how many a perilous scene did it

afterwards defend him?

# CHAPTER XXXII.

#### THE LUXEMBURG-AND BOAR-HUNT.

THE Duke de Ripperda no more troubled his son with a narrative of this attack in the Apennines, than he satisfied his curiosity by

the promised relation of the adventure in Carinthia. The one passed from his mind, not having been attended by any apparent consequences; and the other, though it lived in it, was connected with Wharton; and the memory of any transaction with him he would gladly obliterate for ever.

Martini had been enjoined silence by his master; and, when he had delivered his trust, he immediately set forth again to overtake him.

When Louis examined further into the contents of the recovered despatches, he found a schedule of directions respecting the pro-

When Louis examined further into the contents of the recovered despatches, he found a schedule of directions respecting the projected royal espousals, with the queen's commands that he should be the proxy of Don Carlos, in the august ceremony with the archduchess. He laid the papers on the table; for he thought the task would be a harder one, than even his own immolation. He had seen the princess lately, in most of his visits to her governess; and always like an innocent lamb, shrinking from the knife of its destroyer. Could his be the hand to plunge that knife? He shuddered. The next morning, he met her again; and she looked as if she read his horror of the deed, and thanked him for it. But that morning did not bring along with himself, the anticipated sanction to Countess Altheim. He had searched, though with an unwilling hand, throughout the whole despatches, for the ratification of his

own condemnation; but it was not there.

The empress was not satisfied with the queen's slowness in expressing her consent to the marriage of Louis; and the less so, as she wanted to have had it solemnized immediately. Otteline was summoned to Brunswick, to attend her dying father; and Elizabeth would have been glad to have seeured Louis by the bonds of the ehurch, before so many leagues should divide them. The day that had been fixed by the illustrious parents of the royal pair, for the celebration of the affiancing eeremony, now approached. Preparations were ready; congratulations on the tiptoe for presentation; and the adversaries of Austria's aggrandisement, with that of Spain, beheld these pledging nuptials with despair. Ripperda, with whom the whole scheme had originated, seemed omnipotent. Indeed, the splendour of his proceedings in his new office of prime minister of Spain, realized the visions of all its former statesmen. He moved forward with a magnificence of design, which surpassed Alberoni in grandeur and Cardinal Ximenes in determined execution of his will. The eyes of Europe were fixed on the mighty hand which moved all their interests, as the interests of his own country prompted; and, while a feeble prince sat on the throne, its minister bid fair to make the Spanish monarchy vast and dominant, as when under the sceptre of the Emperor Charles. The pragmatic sanction, and a marriage between a Spanish prince and the heiress of the German empire, might accomplish this! and other yet unknown plans which were bursting to their ripening. But the mildew was now breathed that was intended to blast this goodly harvest. On the night in which Wharton was earried insensible, and supposed mortally wounded, out of the mansion of Giovenozzo, the eardinal had conveyed him to a monastery in the neighbourhood, where he slowly recovered to life and strength. He learned enough from his only visitors, Giovenozzo and De Richelieu, to know that Ripperda had not merely disdained justification from his adversary, but had persisted, in every circle, to treat his name with not less pointed, though silent contempt. Wharton smiled at this littleness in so great a man, but determined that he should feel the power he despised.

With the active English duke, it was only to will and to do. Distances were to him as nothing; and difficulties, only stimulants to give his opponents a more signal overthrow. What Swift said of Lord Peterborough, might aptly be adapted to Wharton; for, while his rivals, in the various courts of Europe, were hearing of him at Rome, Paris, and London, and marvelling whether he would not next be in South America, or Prester John's dominions—

"Still as they talk of his condition, So wonderful his expedition, He's with them like an apparition!"

As soon as he recovered from the immediate effects of his wound, he set forward on his new pursuit; and he did not move to and fro upon the earth on a vain errand. Before his rencontre with Ripperda at the cardinal's, he had penetrated all the secrets of the Altheim apartments. The jealousy of Count Routemberg respecting some of the objects of the Spanish policy, and the private dispositions of the emperor on the same subject, he had also mastered, by having secured the key of Routemberg's bosom, the beautiful and avaricious Countess d'Ettrees. The secret wishes of half the nobility in Spain were also unfolded to him, by the envy of De Patinos; and the venality of Orendayn was still more at his service.

Wharton became fully aware of the disgust that Maria-Theresa had taken to Don Carlos; likewise of her romantic sudden prepossession for the person and manners of Louis; and of the empress's design to hasten the betrothment, on this very mal à propos account. The duke saw his vantage ground; and Ripperda's last conduct determined him to storm the breach he had made in these secret counsels. It was easy to gain the ear of Routemberg, through the woman he worshipped. By her insinuations, and the graver representations of his excellency's confessor (who knew the value of Wharton's gold), the minister was made to suspect much dangerous matter in Ripperda's complicated influence at Vienna. Claudine d'Ettrees accused him of more sway with the empress, than was consistent with her high station; that his designs in marrying a prince of Spain to the heiress of the empire were very apparent; while a secret connexion, suspected with the leader of the Bavarian faction, seemed totally inexplicable. To circumvent his evident prime movement, the eonfessor gave hints of the wisdom of uniting the archduchess to a prince whose interests would be wholly German; and Francis of Lorraine, a ward of the emperor, and who was just returning from his travels in Italy, was suggested as the most proper person. Routemberg detested Ripperda; and gave such efficient credibility to every representation, that he beset the emperor night and day, till he brought him to a full accord with these new views. Proof was given to him of Elizabeth having admitted Ripperda to private political discussions in the Altheim apartments. Also, that her daughter was devotedly attached to Louis; and that the worst consequences might be anticipated, which the ambition of the father, and the power of the son, could achieve, when the innocent princess should be entirely in their hands.

Wharton had seen the Prince of Lorraine at Venice. And the circumstance which inspired the idea of his supplanting the Spanish match, was a sudden recollection of his general resemblance in person, countenance, and manner, to him who now filled the heart of the youthful princess. The duke going forth on his new commission, and speedily meeting him again, found no difficulty in awakening the wishes, which were necessary to his scheme, in the mind of young Lorraine. His ambition was easily aroused to aspire to the heiress of an empire; and his imagination was not displeased with the picture Wharton drew of his proposed bride.

"In your progress," rejoined the duke, "you may consult me, as the ancient heroes did their gods; but I must be equally invisible."

Every impression was meanwhile made on the emperor's mind that Wharton desired. And, to carry forward his measures against the Spanish minister, and his empress, without a chance of impediment, Charles kept all that had been discovered to him, locked in his breast.

Elizabeth, in the interim, was filled with alarms respecting her daughter's unhappy infatuation. Her former placid temper had changed to irritability; and her conduct at times, became so wild and extraordinary, the anxious mother was in hourly fear of her doing something rash with regard to Louis. Since the departure of Otteline, her majesty had twice found it expedient to meet him alone, in the Altheim boudoir; and both times the young archduchess, by an unlucky coincidence, abruptly entered from the conservatory door, for some accidental purpose. At sight of her mother, and of him who was with her, her highness did not stop a moment. But her heart had felt his presence both times; and after each of these renewed impressions on it, the empress saw her daughter's repugnance to the Prince of Spain so demonstratively increase that there appeared no alternative but to smother the opposing sentiment at once, by hastening the hour of her espousal vows. The emperor was no sooner informed of his imperial consort's intention, than he made a feint of sparing his daughter's feelings during the preparations; and took her with him, to pass the intermediate time at the summer palace. Elizabeth had always intended that the marriage of her favourite should be solemnized the morning of the day in which the young bridegroom was appointed to represent Don Carlos at the imperial altar. Louis had always understood this; and she fcared to give his dislike of Otteline such advantage, as to yield him opportunity to retract his engagement, could she reserve no other great political object to hold him in check. In this dilemma, she determined to throw herself upon his honour; and, from her knowledge of his romantic generosity, she thought she might easily bring him to pledge it; and then she believed Otteline secure. She told him she was anxious to comply with a private letter from the Queen of Spain, no longer to delay the union between her son and the princess; and she would do so, provided he would promise to perform his engagement with Countess Otteline, immediately on her return. Isabella had already implied her consent, though its formalities were yet to be declared. On the strength of this, and his father's granted approbation, Elizabeth demanded of him to say, that he would raise no obstacles to his own nuptials; and, on such a pledge, she would allow the royal betrothment to proceed. All hope of escaping his hated union had long been over with Louis; and on Elizabeth representing that some strange clouds had lately hung over her husband's brow, which might burst she knew not where, to the subversion of all the Spanish plans, the young patriot was the more readily persuaded to give the word of honour she required.

"But," added Louis, with a smothered sigh, "in the august ceremony of next week, I conjure your majesty not to command me to be the proxy. There are others more illustrious—more

capable!"

The empress turned round. "De Montemar! that is a bold petition. By what presumption dare you offer it to the mother of

the Archduchess Maria-Theresa!"

"Her highness is young, and fearful of the engagements to which that rite will bind her; and as, in spite of myself, my heart will dare to compassionate even a princess in a moment of such awful responsibility. I dread my weakness might dishonour the solemnity."

"And you have no weakness but compassion for your future princess?" asked Elizabeth, turning her Pallas-like eyes full upon

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Louis felt their appeal; and, while a blush of mingled sensibility and modesty coloured his manly cheek, he laid his hand on his breast, and answered—"None; on the life I would dedicate to her

service, and to that of her illustrious mother!"

The empress turned from him, and walked up the room. Her own discretion seconded his plea; and when she approached him again, it was with a gracious countenance, and to say, that his petition should be considered with indulgence. But when the emperor returned with his daughter from the Luxemburg, a competitor more formidable than the image of De Montemar had taken its station in the breast of the young princess. Accident had seconded the policy of Wharton. Maria-Theresa was accustomed to accompany her father in his field-sports; but rather as a companion, because he wished it, than as a pleased spectatress, for she was too gentle to delight in the torture of anything. One morning, in a boar-hunt, by some strange mismanagement of her attendants, she became entangled in a part of the thicket which exposed her to personal danger. At this crisis, even in the moment of her most imminent peril from the furious animal, Providence conducted the Prince of Lorraine into the wood, and then by her cries to her rescue. He shot the boar, and she fell into his arms. In the confusion of her terrors, believing her preserver to be Louis, she clung to his bosom in speechless gratitude. Her alarmed father approached: he knew the person of the prince; and, full of joy, explained to her, that he who had saved her from the wild animal was Francis of Lorraine. She had risen from his breast. agitated and overwhelmed; but every day afterwards, during her residence at the Luxemburg, she gladly admitted him to her presence. The young prince was of the same age with Louis; and possessed so much of his grace of mind as well as of person, that the had no difficulty (by tender and unobtrusive attentions) to transform her fanciful attachment to De Montemar into a grateful

passion for himself.

The understanding of Maria. Theresa was beyond her years, and her affections warm and delicate. To unite herself to a stranger, had been always repugnant to her sensibility; but when that sensibility pointed ardently and tenderly towards a dear familiar object, the former idea was intolerable. The emperor, apparently moved by her abhorrence of the Spanish prince, and her predilection for the German one, sanctioned their mutual vows, but engaged her, by all her hopes of happiness, and dread of the misery she would avoid, to keep the whole affair secret from her mother, until he could find a safe opportunity of breaking with the Spaniard. This adjuration, and from the lips of her father, was conclusive with the princess; and that it was his counsel, sanctified to her the enjoined reserve. He encouraged her natural timidity to the resolution of an unswerving opposition; and exhorted her to persist in refusing the smallest appearance of yielding her assent to the day of betrothment. He promised that, if she would be firm, he would seeretly support her resistance, and throw obstacles in the way of the empress's measures until all should be obtained from Spain, and they might safely throw off

The resolute opposition which Elizabeth now met from her, who had hitherto appeared like a drooping lily bowing submissively to every blast, amazed and perplexed her. As Charles had been careful to coneeal his daughter's interviews with the Prince of Lorraine, and Francis did not come to Vienna, the empress could trace no cause for this extraordinary change; and when she talked to her husband of Maria-Theresa's stubborn refractoriness, he coldly remarked,-"The Marquis de Montemar has been admitted too familiarily to her notice. He is seeming fair, like his father; he may be equally as false."

Surprised at this unexpected, and, she believed, personally unprovoked aspersion on the duke, the empress cautiously took up

the defence of his honour at least.

"He is unworthy of your confidence," replied the emperor; for after all his affected hostility to Wharton, as the instigator of every vexatious aet from the Bavarian conspiracy, I have discovered, from unquestionable evidence, that he has secret intelligence with him. On what subjects, ambition, boundless and wild as his own, can alone guess. Look to his son, Elizabeth, and to our daughter."

Charles would not explain further, and left his consort in increased perplexity. In vain she interrogated her daughter; in vain she insisted on her union with Don Carlos; the princess was firm in adhering to her father's lessons—not to answer a word to any of the charges her mother would put to her as the reason of her refusal. When the empress was angry, Maria-Theresa remained respectfully resolute; when her mother was tender and imploring, the hapless princess wept in silence, but would not yield.

One morning Elizabeth entered her daughter's apartment, selfprepared not to leave it until she had brought her to the point, whence she was resolved there should be no escape. She spoke, persuaded, threatened, implored; but the princess was more determined than ever, though so agitated by her mother's language, that she fell back in hysterical emotion into her chair. The violence of her disorder discomposed her dress, and the vest of her robe bursting open, the eye of her mother caught the glitter of something like the setting of a picture. With an immediate impulse she snatched it from the bosom of her daughter, and beheld what she believed the portrait of De Montemar. Her eyes, for a moment, fixed themselves with a horrid conviction of a wide and nameless treachery. She looked from the picture to her daughter, with a frightful glare in their before mild aspect. Maria Theresa, alarmed out of her hysterics, had sprung from her seat, and stood before her mother, with her hands clasped, in speechless supplication.

"And when did he give you this?" demanded Elizabeth, in a hollow and almost sufficated voice. The princess dropped, trembling on her knees, without power of utterance; for, not aware of her mother's mistake, she thought the discovery of the prince's picture in her breast had betrayed the secret of her father; and, on its preservation, again and again he had told her, depended her future happiness. "Theresa, I command you to confess to me the whole of De Montemar's treachery. When did he dare to give you this?—and—unhappy, degenerate girl! how did you dare to give the encouragement, to warrant such treasonable presumption?"

Every word that now fell from the agitated empress, was balm to the affrighted nerves of her daughter. Her father's secret was, then, safe; and, still retaining her humble position, she said in faltering accents, "Spare De Montemar, my gracious mother! As I hope to see Heaven, he is guiltless of all my offences against you!

But ask me no more—I dare not answer further."

"He has bound you by a vow! Oh, wretched dupe, you have disgraced—" The mother's lips could not finish the charge she was about to put upon her innocent child. She paused, and threw herself into a chair; for her own heart recollected its youthful and chaste admiration of the father of this very De Montemar; and she burst into tears. The picture fell to the floor. Theresa looked where it lay, but forbore to touch it. Her heart was softened at her mother's silent tears; and her own trickling down her cheeks, she ventured to take the empress's hand, and put it to her lips. Elizabeth pressed the filial hand that trembled in hers; and then Theresa faintly articulated.—

"Oh, my mother! release me from this horrid betrothment, and you shall know every thought and deed of this agonized heart!"

The empress dried the tears from her eyes, and turning gently on her child,—"I pity you, Theresa," said she, "but I can do no more. You are born a princess; and your inevitable fate is to marry, not where your inclinations may prompt, but where the interests of your country dictate. Your birthright gives you a sceptre; ordains you to be the dispenser of good or evil to millions of dependent subjects; and you have nothing to do with love, with private, selfish joys. We that are born to such destinies must forswear the one, or resign the other."

"Then let the Electress of Bayaria take the reversion of the

German empire!" exclaimed the princess, ardently; "let me resign all state and power, and only make me the happy wife of—" She checked herself, and buried her head in her mother's

lap "Of him you must never see again!" returned the empress, rising from her seat, and kissing the burning forehead of her daughter, as she replaced her in her chair. "I pardon your youth and innocence; and yet was it innecence to forget the claims of Otteline? Oh, my child, how deep must have been his wiles! That unblushing face of falsehood; that affected champion of honour; never, never, will I forgive him. Theresa, you have seen De Montemar for the last time, till you are the wife of his prince." While she spoke, she moved back, and found something crash under her foot. She stepped aside. It was the portrait; crushed. crystal and ivory, into one shattered mass. The half-smothered cry of Theresa, at the sight of the destruction, and the tears which gushed from her eyes, as she involuntarily sprang forward to save the obliterated relics, confounded and penetrated her mother. "Oh, my lost child!" cried she, and wringing her hands, she quitted the apartment. In passing to her own chamber, she met the emperor; and, in the agitation of her maternal fears, told him all that had passed. Her heated prepossession changed the tacit acquiescence of her daughter, in the portrait having been that of Louis, into a positive confession that it was so. Charles was rather surprised at so direct a falsehood from his daughter; but as it was to maintain his secret, he rather wondered at her presence of mind than blamed its obliquity. The empress talked herself into every suspicion of Louis's art towards the princess, and insulting coldness to his own affianced bride. While the emperor stimulated her wrath, he tried to spread it from the son to the father, by new insinuations against the sincerity of both. He dwelt upon certain documents he possessed, of the quarrel at the cardinal's having been concerted between Ripperda and Wharton, to blind the French minister, who had suspected their private friendship. He also mentioned the stolen glances which the Electress of Bavaria was often observed to give to De Montemar; and that he generally replied to them in the same clandestine way. They had been noticed in the Prato; and particularly at the assemblies of the Countess Lichtenstein, where, one night, the electress evidently dropped her fan, that he might take it up; and, as he presented it, she closed her hand over his,—"and gave it a quick pressure, and a glance," continued the emperor, "that pretty plainly declared they were no strangers."

The empress listened to all with greedy because prejudiced attention. But nothing he could urge affected her with regard to Ripperda; a partial spirit presided in her mind, when he was accused; and her reason told her he must have lost his, before he could engage in such aimless treachery. Of Louis, she now entertained the very worst opinion; and, full of indignation, declared her intention of commanding him instantly into her presence; when she would tax him at once with all that she had heard, both against his father and himself. Charles remarked, that he knew from one or two of his young chamberlains, that Louis's profligacy was equal to his talents; that he was a constant frequenter of the most dissipated eircles in Vienna; therefore, her majesty must see the impropriety of committing the reputation of the archduchess, by even implying, to so vain and unprincipled a young man, the least hint of her preference for him; or allowing the possibility of his daring to turn an eye of passion upon her. Elizabeth perceived the delicacy of this caution. But, when she consented to restrict her reproaches to political subjects alone, she determined to avenge the dignity of the princess, and her own feelings as a mother, by precipitating the marriage which would make him her slave.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE COURTS OF VIENNA AND MADRID.

While this was passing at the palace, despatches arrived from Madrid. On opening the packet of latest date, Louis perceived that the queen supposed the archduchess was now the betrothed of her son, for it contained a congratulatory letter on the event. But there was also a packet of an earlier date from her majesty, which might not be quite so pleasing to Elizabeth, though Louis felt it eame too late for him. He received copies of these from his father; therefore read, with a bitter pang, that from Isabella to the empress, which retracted any consents he might have implied to the Marquis de Montemar's marriage with Countess Altheim. It was written with apologies for the necessity, but it was positive.

Ripperda accompanied this unexpected refusal with a vainly laboured epistle to his imperial friend. He excused the queen's changed sentiments by pleading a great point which she hoped to gain, by uniting his son in a different direction, With sincerity he expressed his own distress at being obliged to yield his wishes in favour of the empress's beautiful protégée, to the duty he owed his sovereign; but he concluded with repeating, "that in all essential circumstances, Elizabeth should find she had put no dishonoured

trust in his ever-devoted heart and services."

After all the polite eunning of Isabella's letter, and the hardwrung finesse of her minister's, it was easy to discern that truth was conveyed in neither. The fact was simply this: —De Patinos's correspondence with his friends at Madrid, and the whisperings of Orendayn, when he arrived there, had gradually made their way to the royal eabinet, with insinuations and representations of the empress's personal power over the duke and his son. So much was said, that the queen was at last excited to try how far it could cope with her own influence in the same quarter; and, as a touchstone, she told Ripperda it was her intention that Louis should break with the Countess Altheim, and marry one she should hereafter name. Not suspecting her motive, he represented the hazard of putting so great an affront on the favourite of the empress. Isabella was a passionate woman; and, when self-will urged her, she often acted as pertinaciously against her judgment as against her eounsellors. On this subject she would hear no reasoning, no representation of the vexatious resentments that might be anticipated from Elizabeth. The more he dwelt on the empress's mortification, the more she was resolved to put it to the test. She felt something of female vanity as well as of sovereign pride in this onportunity of showing her rival, Elizabeth, that she could make Ripperda sacrifice his early friend's wishes to his new mistress's commands. Isabella was peremptory, and the despatch was sent off; and with additional triumph, too; some report having made its way from Vienna to some of the attendants at court, mentioning the departure of a messenger to Madrid, with accounts of the royal betrothment. In vain Ripperda protested against acting on such vague information, or indeed on any information that did not come in the regular official train. Isabella laughed at his fears, and derided the idea that a rupture between his son and the favourite of the empress, could have any effect on the marriage of her son with the heiress of the empire. The messenger set off, and the issue soon followed.

While Louis was reading these despatches, he received a summons from Elizabeth to attend her immediately. He took the packet that was for her majesty, and proceeded to the Altheim apartments. The empress was there, but she hardly noticed him when he entered the room. She had caught a glimpse of his face as he approached, and the sight of its seeming nobleness incensed her the more against his believed actualdis honour. She gave no credence to the story that had been told her of his father's insincerity. She knew the slanderous inventions of envy; and confided without a shadow of doubting, in the friend she had trusted from her youth. But for the delinquency of his son she had ocular demonstration, and her indignation was hardly to be repressed.

Louis presented the queen's and his father's letters. Elizabeth commanded him to read them. He obeyed without remark, though with an unsteady voice, while he uttered communications he knew were so hostile to her expectation. She listened in speechless amazement, first to the one and then to the other. When he had finished, she took them from his hand, and turning them round in

silence, examined their seals and writing.

"It is his hand," cried she, in a tone from which the convictions of her bosom had rifled all its sweetness. Then turning to Louis, with all her lately suppressed wrath flashing from her eyes, "It is meet that a false tongue should have read such false language! Louis de Montemar, you are a traitor to me and mine!—and your father—he abets his treacherous son to the ruin of a name of fifty

years' unblemished honour!"

Louis was not less surprised at this charge than the empress had been at the communication which had aroused it. But, attributing her displeasure to a suspicion that he had wrought on his father, to influence the queen to prevent his marriage, he mildly and respectfully answered,—"that he was as faithful to all his bonds made under the sanction of her majesty, as he believed were the dictates of his father's heart. He regarded his promises to her, and his engagements to the Countess Altheim, as now too sacred to be broken by him, even at the command of his sovereign."

"Indeed?" answered Elizabeth, hardly attempting to conceal

her scornful doubt of his sincerity.

Her manner amazed him; it was so unlike the aspect of fair interpretation with which she usually discussed a dubious subject.

And you will marry the Countess Altheim?" continued shc.

"Assuredly, madam."

"And, knowing my affection for her, you will generously leave her with me? You will follow the suite of my daughter to Spain, and you will become the bosom counsellor of the wife of your prince? I apprehend your honour and your loyalty!" She paused, and fixed her eyes on the calm astonishment of his. There was a haughty condemnation in her looks he could not misunderstand; but still he was at a loss to account for the origin of so unmerited a judgment; and, with the confident appeal of an unburthened conscience, he entreated to be told how he had incurred the displeasure he read in her words and manner. She too well remembered the emperor's caution to explain the offence; though the resentment of a suffering mother could not be entirely repressed. She cast down her indignant eyes, and with petrifying coldness replied:-"Your offence is of no moment. The shadow of an eclipse, which leaves no stain on the fair disc it would have darkened!—But your father! He cannot start from his sphere without troubling nations, and quenching his own rays, which should have shone to eternity?"

While the empress spoke of Ripperda, it was rather to utter the lamentations of her heart over the dereliction of the coadjutor in whom she had gloried, than addressing his son, who she now thought too worthless for remonstrance. She sat for a few minutes. looking abstractedly down, grasping the letter she had received. Louis did not interrupt her reverie. Conscious of no blame in himself, and equally convinced of his father's uprightness, with patient respect he awaited her further explanation. At last she looked towards him with an austere but calm countenance. "Son of Ripperda," said she, "there might be more dignity in my ban-ishing all of that name from my presence without a word; but there would be less justice to myself: and you shall hear me." She then opened her charge against the duke, by repeating what the emperor had told her, of the pretended exchange of insults between Wharton and Ripperda at the table of Giovenozzo. She avowed that she had repelled the story as a slander; but the letter she held in her hand proved that Ripperda could surrender her dearest wishes to his own fancied interests. She warmed in resentment while she dwelt on his base compliance with the caprice of Isabella.

"One failure in fidelity," continued she, "is a sufficient earnest. I believe the rest."

As the empress had proceeded in her allegation, Louis's countenance brightened at the unfounded tale; and, begging her permission to speak without reserve, he unfolded to her all his father's hostility to Wharton: all, at least, that he knew; for he was yet ignorant that the contention at the cardinal's had ended in blood. He acknowledged his own attachment to the English duke; but added, that by the commands of his father, he had passed him by like a stranger; and in the same behest had been admonished never to consider him a friend. Ripperda, having extorted such a sacrifice from his son, and having politically opposed every

measure of Wharton's, during his past life, was it credible that he would now stake the grand objects of his existence, by forming a clandestine union with a man with whom he had no common interest, and whose personal self he determinately hated?

"If my father ever had a sin in his son's eyes," continued

Louis, "it was, and is, the inveteracy of that hatred."

During this defence, the empress frequently shook her head, and when it was finished, she rose from her chair. "It will not do!" said she: "I see the brink on which I stood, and the consequence must come."

must come."

"Madam," replied Louis, "I conjure you by the completion of your own object, in supporting my father in his labours for the peace of Europe, I conjure you not to permit the accusations of real traitors to turn your confidence from as true a benefactor of the human race as ever devoted his life to man! Their tongues, when credited by your cars, are of more mortal stroke than all the daggers which struck at him under the garb of the Sieur Ignatius."

"And what is your tongue? dissembling De Montemar?" cried she. "Had you been true, those words, that voice, would have been evidence to outweigh a multitude. But you are false;—

and your father suffers by his advocate."

"In what am I false?" cried Louis. "Not in affirming my father's integrity; for I am ready to seal my evidence with my blood! Not in re-affirming my resolution to marry the Countess Altheim; for I am ready to pass through the ceremony, whenever your majesty commands! But I should be false indeed, were I to say that I perform my hard-wrung word of honour with my heart as well as my hand."

"Then you dare avow---?" demanded the empress, turning

rapidly towards him, but checking herself.

"No more than what I once presumed to tell your majesty, on the same knee with which I now bend before this incomprehensible displeasure. I then said, and I now repeat, that finding all her principles discordant to mine, it is her own exaction, and my honour alone, that compels me to make her my wife. Truth urges me to this last avowal, and self-defence! that her benefactress may judge whether he can be false who redeems his honour at the price of his happiness."

the price of his happiness."

"Happiness! honour!" cried the empress, and she laughed bitterly. "Young hypocrite, I penetrate thy artifice! But, if you can yet have a hope that I can pardon what I know!—meet my Otteline, and at the altar, on the very day she returns from Brunswick? That over, treat her with the duties of a husband, and the respect due to my friend, and once more the name of De Montemar may be heard by me without detestation." With

these words, the empress left the chamber.

Louis returned home, appalled and distressed:—Elizabeth's indignation against his father, breathed the sort of jealousy that might be as readily appeased as it had been aroused. But her conduct to Louis himself showed there were charges against him in her bosom, which she did not choose to deliver. To rest under them might be dangerous; and how could he confute what she disdained to utter?

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### COURT-POLICIES, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

In the midst of this confusion of mind, Louis arrived at the *Palais d'Espagne*, and was immediately involved in a host of perplexing discussions. Ministers and messengers awaited him in various apartments. Supereminent talent, when united with believed probity and power, has a force almost omnipotent; and the sovereigns of Europe which aimed at aggrandisement by circumventions or aggressions, dreaded the master-hand of the new

minister of Spain.

This was a fact enforced on Louis in each succeeding audience; but while remonstrances, and even threats, from the representatives of these princes, assailed him in their different hours of conference, other applicants, in the shape of foreign consuls, factors, and agents, passing through Vienna to more distant allied states, crowded around him, to propitiate the great power of which he was the delegated medium. They spoke with deep interest of the Spanish trade, which now embraced the habitable globe; and added an eulogium on the Duke de Ripperda; comparing him to the sun, spreading its rays over the whole earth, sending the influences of his genius forth, cheering and fructifying it to the frozen poles; yet bending his parental eye, with a peculiar charge, on the internal prosperity of Spain. One important agent, a celebrated Jew from Portugal, remarked to Louis, "That by the duke's exhortations and example, he had persuaded the grandees of the Escurial to come down from their proud heights of indolent enjoyment; to disperse their riches by a liberal patronage of the arts; and to excite the less intellectually endowed classes to profitable, though more humble labours, by generously rewarding their industry. As for the common mass of the people whom the golden tides from Spanish America had for more than two centuries intoxicated with surfeiting wealth, and consequent idleness, had sunk to squalid poverty, he aroused them from their lethargy in want and laziness, by visiting their towns and villages; and stimulating the inhabitants to recover respect to themselves, and comfort to their families, by the active exertions of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce."

It was indeed true, what this worthy descendant of "the pilgrims from Palestine" reported to the young representative ambassador. The Spanish nation had been for nearly three hundred years a nation of drones; they were now becoming a commonwealth of bees, and the hive was filling with honey. He who had caused the change, being then almost honoured like a God; and, alas! perhaps he sometimes forgot he was a mortal! But there is a pinnacle of human success, and of human opinion, on which human foot was never yet permitted to rest. He who has attained it grows giddy, and the fiercest winds are ready to blow him from his eminence. Man's enthusiasm for his fellow-man is soon damped by the original sin of nature—rebellious pride! and where he cannot find a mote in the eye he once thought omniscient, he will fancy a

beam; and proclaiming the discovery, the supposed blind guide is at once thrust into utter darkness.

Such spirits were now at work against Ripperda, both in Spain and in the rival countries, and their labours, in undermining and laying trains, were equal to the great object of their overthrow. Routemberg, in the German court, and De Castallor (the father of De Patinos), in the Spanish, permitted neither sun nor stars to set upon a pause in their deep and dangerous machinations. Their agents were indefatigable and subtle, and as they were various and apparently insignificant, the work moved onward as surely as in. visibly to its aim. The empress was assailed by information, which none would have dared to hint, had not the emperor observed in her some signs of doubting the perfect sincerity of Rip. perda. Circumstances were brought forward, to prove his entire devotion to his new country—the devotion of ambition; for it was made apparent to her, that he was now its actual sovereign. Philip was a puppet in his hand, and the queen, who had exalted Ripperda to such despotic power, was to be propitiated by every sacrifice. One of her humours was, to unite the son of her minister with a niece of the widowed queen of Saint Germain's. It was represented to Elizabeth, that Ripperda had sanctioned the pragmatic deed, not so much to gratify her, as to flatter the ambition of Don Carlos, in making him the husband of the future empress; and that his reconciliation with Duke Wharton, who was alike the emissary of the Stuart and of the Bavarian factions, might now be accounted for in the Saint Germain marriage; though the termination of such complicated and opposing views were certainly beyond calculation. These, and other inuendoes and references to the remaining articles, public and private, of the late treaty, were amply descanted on; and the misled and irritated Elizabeth (the more irritated on account of her personal regard for Ripperda) was wrought to so high a pitch of resentment, that she did not deign to answer either his or the queen's letters, on the premature congratulation and withdrawn consent. She resolved to harass both the minister and his new mistress on one object, and to disappoint them in the other; and while she countermanded the preparations for the betrothment of her daughter, she hurried every arrangement for the marriage of her favourite. From the hour of her last interview with Louis, she had never admitted him to her presence, but she wrote to Otteline to hasten her return to Vienna, although she knew that at that time her aged father lay at the point of death.

Elizabeth now took as much pains to proclaim the intended union of the Countess of Altheim with the son of the Duke de Ripperda, as before, from fear of circumvention, she had been cautious to conceal it. The astonishment its announcement excited, broke out in wonder from some, and lamentations from others. It was the conversation of every circle, and discussed according to the dispositions or views of the speakers. Princess De Waradin wept over her disappointed wishes for her daughter; and Countess Lichtenstein railed at the mortification of hers. The women in general were incensed at such a triumph for the woman they despised; and the men smiled on each other at the young minister's folly. Count Sinzendorff alone felt no surprise, for he had foreseen this result

from the moment he knew of Louis's renewed visits at the Altheim apartments. Letters arrived from Otteline, which told her patroness that Monsieur De Blaggay was no more, and that a certain day should see her at the feet of her mistress. Elizabeth suppressed the death of the old man, resolved that nothing should delay the ceremony that was to gratify her favourite's ambition, and, she be-lieved, justly avenge herself on the double treachery of Louis and his father. Full of these thoughts, she went into the king's closet, where she knew she would find, on his official duty, her intended vietim, and the only time she condescended to notice him, before the arrival of his bride, was to name the day, and command him to prepare for his nuptials. He bowed in silence, and she passed on. He had written a distinct account to his father of the empress's charges against him, and of her inexplicable conduct to himself. He had also enforced the necessity of fulfilling their mutual engagements to Countess Otteline; and he affirmed it to be his own intention to obey the commands of Elizabeth to that effect. Her commands were now received, and he prepared to go through the unavoidable immolation with propriety and composure of heart. From these meditations he walked abroad into the open air of a retired glade, which diverged from the gardens of the Palais d'Espagne, towards the Danube. The evening was fresh and eheering, but the load was on his soul; no breeze could waft it thence, no human sigh shake it from its deep adherement.

"I contemned peace at home, and tranquil domestic joys; the gentle bliss of heart meeting heart in the soft and sacred relation of wedded affections! I must aspire to the agitating transports of self-devotion, in scenes of sacrifice and of peril. I must be all for glory, or be nothing! And now I bleed in soul for glory; and the result to this proud unnatural heart will be—nothing! Oh, no; the worm is there that never dies!—the consciousness of having taken to my bosom a creature with whom I have no link in spirit; a woman whom the world derides, and who paralyses every feeling within me, of father, husband, friend. Yes, ennobling love, honour-

able marriage," cried he, "you are avenged!"

He went on ruminating on the vain shadow into which his overheated ambition to act and to be distinguished had involved him. He had been bewildered in its depths, but not intimidated by its thundering or its lightnings; he had pressed forward in the visionary atmosphere till the gulf met him; and, alas! in what early youth did it betray him to this black destruction! He was returning homewards through an umbrageous aisle of chestnuts, which passed along at the backs of the gardens belonging to that suburb of palaces, when he saw Duke Wharton turn suddenly into the same avenue. Not a creature was in it but themselves. Wharton and he were approaching each other; but the duke was walking forwards, without raising his eyes, while in the abstraction of thought, he struck away the pebbles in his path with the point of his cane. The instant Louis beheld him, Elizabeth's accusations against his father, with regard to Wharton, rushed to his mind; but their confutation came in the same moment. He remembered how his father had execrated this noble enemy, even at the time he declared his worth. He remembered his father had acknowledged to him, that the wine he drank at the cardinal's had affected him as wine never did before—it had maddened his blood. In this mood he had pressed insult upon Wharton; and Wharton revenged himself by screening his adversary from blame, and applogising as if the offender. Ripperda, having brought himself to relieve his proud sense of obligation, by this avowal to his son, had commanded his silence on the subject; but the remembrance was anchored in his heart. At sight of this generous enemy, this faithful friend, how could he restrain the grateful impulse, to fling himself into his arms! Wharton was alone, no one was near to report the momentary recognition!

"Duke Wharton!" eried he.

Wharton looked up, and, for an instant, around; he face lightened with the flash of joyful surprise, and, opening his arms, Louis did indeed throw himself into them.

"Oh, this hug!" cried the duke, while he strained him to his bounding heart; "it is the resurrection of confidence in man. You

are true, and it matters not who is false."

"True! for ever true!" cried Louis, grasping the hand of his friend with unutterable feelings. In proportion to his conviction, that woman's love must henceforth be denied him, his sensibilities pointed now all to friendship, and poured into that sacred flame the collected blaze.

"I needed not those honest throbs to tell me so!" replied Wharton; "but the world has reported and slandered Louis de Monte-

mar, as I once prophesied.'

"Oh, Wharton, how much is on my soul, that you have so generously endured for me and mine! Again and again, I have turned from you, when that soul followed you. I fled from you in the palace; but you know that my residence at Vienna was then to be concealed. I treated your clinging friendship with harshness, and yet you pardoned me; you risked your safety to preserve me and the Sieur Ignatius from danger. And, when wine had unselfed my noble father, you received his passionate insults with forbearance, and forgave him! Wharton, had I a thousand hearts, they should be yours, for this unconquered friendship."

"And had I as many, dear De Montemar, to transfer into your breast, they would be insufficient to repay the life you saved to me,

in that of Maria of Bavaria."

The duke then hastily recapitulated the electress's account of the transaction, and her increased gratitude to her preserver for his having maintained it so profound a secret. Louis listened with pleasure, and dwelt with delight on the interesting princess and her son. Wharton smiled at his animation; and, with all his former sparkling archness, softly repeated—

"Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi Laudas Brachia, væ meum Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur."

Louis smiled also; but it was accompanied by a mantling check. The praises of woman might now have passed unnoticed from their familiarity, and, in general, it would have been so, but he respected

the electress; and admiration from her recalled the blush of modest consciousness. The duke intimated an earnest wish to contrive a meeting between her highness, Louis, and himself, at her villa on Mount Calenberg.

"I have much to say to you, De Montemar," added he, "much of importance. That rare voice of thine has conjured a suspecting devil out of Philip Wharton; and now you must have the arcana

of his heart."

Louis looked on him: -- "And could you, indeed, doubt me?"

"I will tell you more anon," replied Wharton; "come to morrow night at ten o'clock, to Mount Calenberg. There will be no danger in that place, though something of mystery; and," added he, with gaiety,—

> "' As veiled charms are fairest, So whispered vows are dearest."

Before Louis could answer in the negative, he heard voices in the adjoining garden. The friends were standing close to the wall, but, on these sounds, they moved away, and a key presently turned

"You come?" cried Wharton, while his hand gave the pressure

of farewell.

"Impossible," returned Louis.
Wharton stood for a moment. "You must," said he, "since she

"I dare not, for my life and honour."

"For your father's life and honour!" demanded Wharton: "Osez is my badge, and you will be wise to make it yours." Wharton uttered this with a peculiar force of voice, and an awful expression in his countenance. Louis started, amazed; and yet, how could his father be really involved in this adjuration? He was in Spain, therefore no longer in personal danger from his former enemies!

"My father's honour forbids my compliance!" replied he; "I dare not go to the electress's villa; I dare not meet even you by design."

The garden-door at that moment opened, and a bevy of persons issued from it. Wharton dropped the hand of his friend. "Faithless, deluded De Montemar!" cried he; and, breaking away, the friends severally disappeared.

# CHAPTER XXXV

### CONTEMPLATED BRIDAL.

THE influence of Ripperda over the minds of the King and Queen of Spain had reached its acmé. Isabella's enthusiasm for the new minister was more like passion than patronage; and Philip's deference to him possessed all the fanatic zeal of a devotee who worships the object he has beatified. The king believed he had converted Ripperda to the Catholic faith, and he exulted in the reclaimed heretic as a future saint. The minister's eye kept steady to one point—to raise the country he governed to the utmost pinnacle of earthly grandeur. But his manner of conducting his projects, and demeaning himself after their accomplishment, had suffered a rapid and extraordinary change since his return from Vienna. During his voyage from Genoa to Barcelona, he had been attacked by a de. lirious fever, the effect of the wound he had received in his rencontre with the banditti of the Apennines. It seemed to have jarred his nerves, and affected his temper; or rather to have taken off the curb which his self-control had hitherto kept on the motions of his passions; but this alteration did not appear at first. His habits of universal suavity prevailed for a time; indeed, till he launched so deeply into business as to forget all minor considera. tions in its great results. He then became, not merely zealous, but impetuous in the prosecution of his objects; not merely determined on a point, but dogmatical in its assertion. He did not now persuade the lords of the council by his always subduing eloquence: but he commanded, from the consciousness of mental superiority, and the conviction of power to execute all his designs. The pride of the grandees was incensed, and the precipitation with which he urged forward all degrees of persons, rather offended than served them. There is a restiveness in human nature that resists compulsion, even to its own manifest advantage. Ripperda saw no will but his own; he was sure of its great purpose; therefore, stopped not to solicit the good from others he believed he could do more shortly himself. He went on careering to his point, overturning and wounding; but as he speeded on, he left a train of enemies behind him.

Even the king and queen began to start from the patriotic despot they had raised. Enamoured of his vision of happiness for Spain, he snatched the prerogative too openly from their hands, and conceded privileges to the people novel to the Spanish laws. He dared to oppose the extirpating power of the Inquisition, by protecting eertain Jewish merchants from its fangs; and this being represented to Philip as a proof of Ripperda being a heretic in his heart, the monarch considered it unanswerable, and determined to watch him narrowly. His most active enemy with the queen was Donna Laura, her nurse and confidante, an old Italian, totally abandoned to avarice. Being irritated by his late disdain of propitiating her favour as formerly, by successive presents, she sold her interest to another quarter, and studied day and night to destroy him in the opinion of her mistress. She knew where Isabella was particularly vulnerable, her vanity as a woman: and the crafty dame had many stories to recount of Ripperda's early devotion to Elizabeth. She insinuated that it was rather to be near her, than to negotiate for Spain, that he so willingly consented to go to Vienna in disguise; and she easily corroborated her assertion, by turning Isabella's attention to his gradually changing manner since his return. But Isabella did not require to be reminded of the cessation of his homage. Ripperda had lately omitted all those gallant attentions which spoke the lover, who dares humbly devote his heart to the pure object of his wishes, while she moves above him in unsullied light, like Cynthia in her distant heavens!

Without adulation of this kind, Isabella could not exist; and it

never came so sweet from any lips as those of Ripperda; it never beamed with so graceful a homage from other eyes. It was her delight to mingle politics and chivalric devotion in their long conferences. It was her triumph in the crowded court, to see his gaze fixed alone on her; and to behold herself as much envied by her ladies as a woman, as she was the object of their respect as their queen. But when the change took place, and he became regardless of these devoted subtilties which might yet evince his unaltered admiring homage, official business alone seemed to absorb his heart as well as actions: and then Laura taught her majesty to believe he thought only of Elizabeth—"His idol Empress of Germany!"

His enemies in the cabinet were quick to perceive when their devices had taken effect on the king and queen. Amongst the most formidable of these illustrious conspirators was the hoaryheaded Marquis De Grimaldo, whose disgrace had preceded Ripperda's taking the supreme chair. The old grandee held a strict watch over his successor's proceedings, making it the business of each day to collect observations on their minutest actions, and to misrepresent or aggravate them in the ears of jealous majesty. The Marquis de Castallor, who had lost the office of secretary at war, when the new minister subtracted it in his own ample grasp, joined with Grimaldo, heart and hand, to overthrow his colossal power. To this end they devised a distorted epitome of Ripperda's favourite schemes; and, having printed it off in various copies, disposed of them to their retainers. These persons disseminated the papers to the people, with commentaries, in dark hints and distant observations. Ripperda was represented as the son of a rebel; one who had been born in a heretic country, and educated in its faith; who had embraced the true church merely from ambition; who was depriving the grandees of their privileges; and inventing plans to reduce the gentlemen of Spain to the rank of bourgeois and of slaves, by turning them to bodily labour and mechanic trades; and abridging them of their evening siesta and morning revels, under the shade of their own paternal groves.

While the fortress of the new minister's power was undermining at home, they were not idle who were preparing to storm it from abroad. France saw, with apprehension, his Catholic majesty drawing such strict bonds with the house of Austria. The Statesgeneral was alarmed at the treaty of commerce. England proclaimed a rough indignation at the demand for Gibraltar, which Austria had made in behalf of Spain. And, it being reported amongst the nations, that Ripperda's views were to arrest by force what he could not obtain by negotiation, his overthrow was considered a common cause. The various silent armaments which commenced under this apprehension were represented in appalling colours to Philip; and as the court of Austria so slowly fulfilled its part in the late treaty, his alarms were more easily awakened. The insincerity and insult of this delay were doubled in effect by the private correspondence of De Patinos to his father, which spoke mysteriously of the determination of Charles's cabinet, from some hidden cause, not to perform any more of the treaty.

Louis, meanwhile, unconscious of the storm that was circling

round his father's head in Spain, was stemming his way through the traversing movements of his enemies at the Austrian court. He contended firmly for political objects; but resigned himself, with gloomy despair, to the current which bore his private hap. piness to destruction. He had obeyed an intimation from the empress, that Countess Altheim was arrived, and ready to name the day and hour for their nuptials; and he went to her apartments to receive the abhorred appointment from herself. With unaffected rapture she mot his ceremonious salute, and softly whispered, that she knew the object of his visit. It was soon discussed; for Louis had hardly began to falter out in words, what his promise to Elizabeth extorted, before her eager favourite named the evening of the following day. He felt the paleness of his countenance spread to his heart, and, without pulsation in his veins, his lips parted in a vacant smile. At this moment the empress entered: and Otteline escaped showing any involuntary exhibition of her resentment at the cold demeanour of her lover, by rising hastily, and as hastily informing her majesty that she had obeyed her commands in naming the morrow for her nuptials. Elizabeth read the despair of his countenance, when he started from his seat at her approach, and, triumphing in her victory, she seemed in that how to forget all her inexplicable harshness, and to be as gracious as ever. She embraced Otteline, and gave him her hand to kiss, with repeated expressions of future confidence in the husband of her friend.

The marriage was to be solemnized with unexampled magnificence in the chapel of the palace; and the equipage which was to convey the favourite to her husband's residence was to be the gift of her patroness. Louis summoned himself as well as he could to prepare to perform that with cheerfulness to which hard circumstances had compelled him to yield, even as to a duty: and he conducted himself, during the remainder of the interview, with attention to his future bride, and calm respect to her royal mistress. The remainder of the day was passed in his official duties; but, when evening came, he could not endure his own thoughts: the anticipations of to-morrow sickened and distracted him; and he rushed out from the splendid mockery of his home, to fly himself, and the image of her who had blighted all the future of his mortal life. He hurried to the Hôtel d'Ettrees; but the scenes of careless gaiety he saw there seemed only to chafe his mind. The sight of young men of his own years,—some with similar pursuits, moving on with honour, and others worthlessly wasting their time, but all free and untortured by bonds like his,—barbed him to the quick; and he was hurrying from the gorgeous masque, when, in the outward saloon, which appeared nearly solitary, he was met by the Countess Claudine. She accosted him with reproaches for his early exit. In his eagerness to escape, he made some senseless excuse. Laughing, she sportingly touched him with her fan, and told him, "a little more civility to her, and a little less impatience towards his intended bride, would at that moment be more becoming in the representative of the most gallant and decorous nation in Europe!"

Louis rallied himself to reply in her own way: she rejoined; and putting her arm gently through his, drew him back into the

room. In her brilliant discourse, so sparkling with wit, so exquisite in sentiment, she united all the varied powers of "bland Aspasia. and the Lesbian maid;" and Louis felt grateful for the kindly interest with which she evidently tried to amuse his harassed spirits during the protracted evening. But, ere they parted, while she was walking with him down an illuminated, yet almost lonely avenue of orange-trees, that led through a long garden-like conservatory from the supper-room, she contrived to let him know that everybody wondered at his having urged Countess Altheim to so irreverent a step, as to meet him at the nuptial altar before the ashes of her father were cold in the grave. Louis repelled this charge on himself; and declared his belief that Claudine had received wrong information respecting the death of Monsieur de Blaggay; for it had never been intimated to him. His fair companion shook her head; and while she turned her full bright eyes upon his face, she calmly said,—"Were you convinced of this fact, would you marry the woman who could commit so unfeeling a sacrilege on the memory of her parent?"

Louis could make only one answer, and he did it with downcast eyes and a forced smile, "These are questions, madam, to which I now ean give no reply. At this moment, I consider Countess Altheim as having every claim on me; and her name is under my

protection."

"Generous De Montemar!" replied Claudine; "how have you been entangled into this engagement! Forgive me, that I lament buch a destiny for such a man! Had all men your honour—" She interrupted herself with a convulsive sigh; and, wringing, wather than pressing, the hand she had unconsciously taken, she charted from him. Louis disbelieved the story of Monsieur de Blaggay's death; but he was affected by the manner of his accombished informer, and slowly withdrawing through the now almost eleserted gala chambers, mused on the varieties of human misery.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A REVISIT TO THE CHÂTEAU DE PHAFFENBERG.

VHEN that sun arose which Louis believed was to set on him a ampleted wretch, he turned from its beams with a loathing sense if what his vain credulity had brought upon him,—a joyless youth, nold age of desolation! How different from his hopes in Lindistrne! He could not bear the reflection; and, with fervent impaence, hurried to the business of the morning. At three o'clock, ist as he had shut himself into his study, to consecrate these last ours of his liberty to the unburthening of his full soul in a letter his venerable uncle, a billet was brought to him from the empress. contained these lines:—"A circumstance, which shall be explained greafter, delays your nuptials: Otteline is gone for a few days to be Luxemburg. To-morrow, at noon, be in the boudeir, and you fill meet Elizabeth."

\*\* Such charming bowers and parterres, mingled with fairy fountains, are fual within the walls and roofs of the palaces of Vienna and St. Petersburg, tring their long and severe winters.

This was Heaven's reprieve to Louis: suspension was life; and, with almost hope of some unlooked-for escape, he repaired in the evening to the Château de Phaffenberg. His object in visiting that lonely habitation was to consult papers which remained there, on

a despatch he was making up for Sweden.

While the effulgent sunset by which he had extracted the memorandum dissolved into a sombre twilight, and the summer moon was rising in silvery glory over the hills, Louis felt the soothing aspect of nature; and, gliding through the garden door, which stood half open, he remained for a moment viewing the scene before him.

"How beautiful is nature!" exclaimed he: "how unobtrusive

her loveliness! how guileless all her charms!"

He gently descended the steps of the terrace. All was still. Not a zephyr ruffled the leaf of a rose, and a soft-breathing fragrance bathed his reposing senses. He walked on, and enjoyed the rapt liberty of the soul, in the sweet serenity of a beautiful solitude. No rebellious feeling of any kind then agitated his placid bosom: every passion was at rest; his ambition slept in its thorny bed; and his remembrances of Otteline were quenched in the balmy dews of a resigned spirit. Such power has the divine hand of nature on the son that loves her! and thus did he slowly move along, with the soothed temper of his soul beaming in every feature like the reflected face of heaven. In such blessed calm, his meditations had ascended far above this sublunary world, when he observed a man spring from the battlements into the garden. A second glance assured him it was Wharton. He recognised Louis, and hastened towards him. An exulting smile was on the duke's face while he hailed the object of his search.

"Well met, De Montemar," cried he: "this is safer ground than the *Horti Adonidis* I offered for our conference! No envious demon would think of tracing Philip Wharton to a desolate region like this!"

"I have found it a garden of peace," replied Louis, putting out his hand to him with glad surprise; "and, but for fear of the consequence of this rash seeking me, I should call it the garden of

happiness too."

"De Montemar," cried the duke, "it does not become friendship like ours to be always fearing consequences, and skulking past each other as if our meetings had guilty errands. How different are you, in this detested court of finesse, from the free-hearted, independent De Montemar, who won my soul on his own unbondaged mountains! Louis, where is that open eye—that open heart—that fearless, brave, uncuirassed bosom? All that you can gain in Vienna, or at Madrid, is not worth one of those proofs of manhood!" Louis turned on him a countenance in which all that Wharton had conjured up in that noble soul shone bright in the moonlight.

"If I have fear, it is to do wrong; and that is no change of my nature. If I shroud my heart, it is from them who cannot understand it; if I shroud my eye, it is from them who are not worthy to read my thoughts; and, for my shut bosom, Wharton, would it gratify you to hear it was unlocked to fools? You hold the key of it, my friend! A triangle encases my heart," continued he, with one

of his wonted smiles; "and you have one of its sides."

Wharton pressed his hand. "Then Cæsar has quite forgiven Brutus?"

"What could I not forgive thee?" replied Louis. All the trust of his partial and enthusiastic heart spoke in those words; and he thought within himself—"Oh, that I might give my whole life to filial love and sacred friendship!" As the hopeless wish passed through his soul, the iron entered with it, but did not pass away.

They walked together to the recess in the garden, where they sat

down, under the full radiance of the unclouded moon.

"De Montemar," said Wharton, "this hour is portentous. Hear me to an end, and you shall then have an ample reply to your question, of why I adjured you in the name of your father, when you broke from me in the avenue."

Louis was ready to listen; and his friend unfolded to him a scene in the German court, which petrified him with astonishment, and made him, indeed, maintain a breathless silence during the recital. Wharton displayed the insincere character of the emperor; and explained his manœuvres, in delaying the fulfilment of the great articles of the treaty while he only executed the small clauses, and managed to draw every resignation from the Spanish side. The duke next imparted to Louis, the secret arrangement between Charles and the Prince of Lorraine (though he withheld his own share in the transaction); and showed that the arehduehess was never intended by her father to be the wife of Don Carlos. He also declared that the emperor derided the investiture he had sent to the Spanish prince; and had remarked, that swords would cut through parchments. But the worst information was to come. Wharton knew that a plan was laid to accomplish the political ruin of the Duke de Ripperda; and, by that achievement, at once obliterate every engagement that had been made through him. At this intimation, Louis was all ear; for, during its varied disclosures, he could connect its details with eireumstanees which had embarrassed his own diplomatic proceedings; and internal evidence stamped the veracity of every assertion of his friend. Wharton then explained the empress's change towards Ripperda; first, from her womanly jealousies respecting the Queen of Spain; and, lastly, from her having given entire belief to the ealumnies of his rivals. She secretly abetted the emperor's duplicity, and only waited the completion of Louis's marriage with her heartless favourite, to dare her former friend in the face of Europe.

Louis's brain was in a whirl: he could not doubt Wharton's proofs of these facts; but, in the midst of a son's bitter anathemas against the faithless Elizabeth, and her deceitful husband, he yet found comfort in asserting the adherence of his own sovereigns to

their ehosen minister.

"You cannot judge of his security there," replied Wharton, "till you know the machinery his enemies have planted, even in

that quarter."

And then he urged to Louis the necessity of obtaining this information, and taking the justice of a fair revenge on the whole of the proud conspirators which would confound them, and excite

the admiration of all honest men. The information lay in the power of one, who could furnish him with the names of persons in Austria and in Spain, who were sworn to compass the ruin of Ripperda. But, could the conspiracy be laid bare, with its train of signatures, before it took effect, the eyes of the public would be opened, and the Spanish minister secured.

Louis declared his eagerness to seek such information at any

hazard. "But how is it to be obtained?" cried he.

"A bribe!" answered Wharton.

"Means base as our enemies! Oh, how they spread iniquity!" "When a besieged city suspects a mine, do not the inhabitants dig under ground, to meet the enemy at his work?"

'Poniards to poniards!" returned Louis, with a bitter smile. "Even so!" answered Wharton, "shall I give your invisible

friend carte blanche?"

"Grant him everything, in my name," replied Louis, "which can be done with honour. This conspiracy must be in my possession."

"Theu," returned Wharton, "in this spot, to-morrow evening,

and at the same hour, you shall see me again."

"With the document, and its train of signatures?" demanded

Louis.

"Doubtless," replied the duke; "with perchance a postscript, to free you in another quarter! I have my hand on many springs: and one has started Countess Altheim."

"Hush!" replied Louis, his former eager countenance contract-

ing into gloom; "nothing can free me there."

"Why, you would not hug your chains?"

"No, but they will clasp me until death. I am bound to her by every tie of honour."

"Show her what I will bring you to-morrow night, and your

honour will release you."

"There is but one thing could release me!" cried Louis, the ingenuous suffusion of virtue mantling his face: "is it any charge,

any proof of her dishonour?"

Wharton laughed. "If you mean by dishonour—a breach of truth, of honesty, of delicacy, of every principle respectable to man, and graceful in woman, you know, she is dishonoured below contempt. But, if you restrict it to the sense in which it is commonly applied to the angelic sex, I am not prepared to answer. She may be as chaste as unsunned snow, she is certainly as cold; but for warm, inspiring virtue! she knows it not; and she will wither it in every bosom to which she clings."

Louis's hand was now pressed on his aching forehead. The duke

continued.

"See, what she has done with the noble-hearted empress! And did you know the effects of her example on the innocent Maria-Theresa; how that young creature conceals a passion for the Prince of Lorraine, by affecting the appearance of one for you-"

"Impossible!" interrupted Louis.

"It is the fact," replied Wharton; "and on this argument Elizabeth accuses you of aspiring to her daughter, and urges your marriage with the favourite, against every opposition."

A strange emotion shook the frame of Louis: starting from his

seat, he exclaimed—"Wharton, my only friend! Bring me the double documents; and I will save my father and myself, or fall with him at once iuto the interminable ruin!"

"To-morrow night," cried Wharton, "you shall be master of

your fate."

Louis clasped the duke in his arms, who, as he felt the full heart of this anxious son throbbing against his side, said in a cheering voice, "Courage, De Montemar! These conspiring fiends have not yet found Jove's thunderbolt. Pay his ransom, and not a point of thy father's glory shall suffer by their alchemy."

"Nothing ean rob him of the glory of his virtues," replied Louis; "but by your aid, my tried, my faithful Wharton, he shall not lose even an earthly ray." Louis's face leaned for a moment on that faithful breast, while he added, "May the Providence which brought me such a friend and fastened my soul to him, may it bless your exertions in this crisis of our fate!'

A burning crimson flushed over the cheek of Wharton, while

Louis uttered this ardent appeal to friendship and to Heaven.

"Hero-fashion!" eried the duke; "but thy prayer is for a graceless!—and half at least will be dispersed in empty air."

"I will stand the hazard!" Again they embraced, and separated.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

### A TRIAL OF SPIRITS.

HAD not Louis been forewarned by Wharton, and enabled to compare what he saw with what he had heard, the events of the sueeeeding day were ealeulated to lull him to security. Elizabeth explained the delay of his marriage; and it was what the Countess d'Etrées had intimated, the death of Monsieur de Blaggay having transpired. The empress attributed to herself the concealment of the event, alleging to Louis, that she had done so to prevent further impediment in the way of a ceremony essential to the happiness of her friend. She then, in her most gracious manner, implied to her respectfully mute auditor, that she would receive it as a proof of his especial devotedness to herself, if he would urge Otteline, and petition the emperor to permit the celebration of the marriage before the expiration of another week.

Louis ventured to answer, "That after so solemn an event as the death of a revered parent, the haste her majesty had recommended might seem so irreverent in the eyes of the world, he could not persuade himself to attempt it, unless she would honour him by allowing him to present some apparently adequate apology to

society for such a breach in its laws?"

While the empress had been speaking, it had occurred to him, how he might show her his innocence, with regard to any presumptuous sentiments towards Maria-Theresa, and without implicating her happiness at all by any of the confidence which had been bestowed on him: for he felt well assured that the request he was about to ask would not be granted: It was "that he would make his petition to the emperor, provided her majesty would consent

that the archduchess should be affianced to the Prince of Spain the

same day."

Elizabeth started at the unexpected proposal. But whatever was its motive, she thought that she could put it to silence. And, with a well-feigned severity of look, she replied, "Yes, if you will stand the proxy!"

"I am ready, madam, should your majesty again honour me

with the command."

Baffled by this prompt assent, and astonished at the calmness with which he also renewed the remonstrances of Spain on some other delays in the Austrian cabinet, she listened to him to the end; and then, rising from her chair, fixed her eyes on him, and said—"Had I required anything more to assure me of the nature of the man who has so coolly and comprehensively argued all these points, I should find it in the especial coolness and questionable inconsistency of the first of his propositions. Marquis, I will reply to them all hereafter, and at my own time." She left him.

During his subsequent interviews with the different ministers

that same day, he could not but wish to have had a window in their breasts, to read who amongst them were the enemies of his father. Observation on men, however, had given him knowledge sufficient to guess that the most obsequious, the most fraught with smiles and complacency, and the most elaborate in compliment to the supreme minister in Spain, were the persons whose names were most likely to be found in the confederation against him. The president of the council, the crafty and luxurious Routemberg, overpowered Louis with assurances of his peremptory demands on the executive government, for the fufilment of every article in the treasy; and, but for the information of Wharton, the young chargé d'affaires would have quitted the chamber with the fullest confidence in his father's entire influence in the Austrian cabinet. The same game of finesse was played at his own table; for there De Patinos had for some time assumed an air of civility. But Louis would not trust the Spaniard's lurking and fierce eye; neither could he relish the sycophants who followed the tone of their leader. Yet he was polite to all; and a common observer would not have guessed that treachery was on the one side and antipathy on the other. Louis, however, had had no suspicions mingling with his dislike; for he could not suppose that young men domesticated at his table, and sanctioned by his father's patronage, could be cloaking an arm to stab him to the heart.

Notwithstanding these numerous avocations, the hours seemed to move on leaden pinions till the sun set, and he descried the moon's fair crescent silvering the gilded dome of San Carlo Borromeo. Then was the moment of his appointment with, he believed, the only bosom which beat true to him in that wide metropolis; the only tongue that spoke to him without guile; the only hand that would venture to shield his father from the professing friends who, like those who slew his great ancestor the Prince of Orange, pressed on him with caresses to destroy him more securely.

On the answer which Wharton was to bring him, from the two well-informed oracle of all this evil, depended the success of the conspiracy, or its failure! In short, in a few minutes, he might

have the safety of his father and the preservation of Europe in his hand. He could not disconnect these two ideas in his mind; and when they were united with the magnanimous friendship of Wharton, hope in that union silenced every argument to fear. The friend in whom he trusted did not make the heart sick to delay. He was mounting the parapet, at the moment Louis appeared on the terrace.

"Brother of my soul!" cried the latter, as their hands met; "to meet you thus;—proving the disinterestedness of that misjudged spirit! I would endure again, all the pain your information gave me last night, to purchase to my father and my uncle conviction of

this unexampled friendship!"

"Root the conviction in your own heart, De Montemar, and I

care not who plucks at the branches."

Louis urged his friend to the history of his embassy: and Wharton told him, he had seen the written memorandum of the whole plot. He informed him, there were persons at the Austrian court, who were to accuse Ripperda to the King of Spain, of a plan of self-aggrandisement bold as it was dangerous. He was to be represented as playing a double game at Vienna and at Madrid; and that the interests of both nations were alternately to bend, according to the veering of his own personal views. He was to be charged with clandestine communications with France and Portugal; and of being the secret instigator of the late attempt to poison his royal master. His object, in so nefarious an act, was supposed to be, the certainty he possessed of being established regent, and therefore dictator of the kingdom while under the sceptre of a minor. In short, every wild, presposterous, and sanguinary instigation of ambition was to be alleged against him. The charges were to be supported at Madrid by a powerful majority of grandees; and, should the scheme go on, there could be no doubt of the impeachment of Ripperda, followed by a cloud of false witnesses; and the usual consequence,—some iniquitous sentence against his life. The signatures at the bottom of this memorandum were hidden from Wharton's view, when he was allowed to read it.

"The possessor," added he, "will reveal them to no eyes but your own. However, I read enough in the body of the document to see that Charles and Elizabeth, and her Hanoverian cousins, are

deep in the plot."

The suspense with which Louis listened to this perfidious confederation was almost insufferable. "And this it is," exclaimed he, "to put our trust in princes! Ungrateful, treacherous to their truest servant!—their noblest friend!"

Wharton seized the moment of speechless indignation which followed this agonized apostrophe; and portraying in vivid colours the utter selfishness of Charles and the house of Brunswick, he urged Louis, by every consequent argument, to abjure the worthless cause, and to take a powerful and noble revenge by embracing that of legitimacy in the rights of the electress in Germany, and the claims of James Stuart on the land of his maternal ancestors. The reasoning of Wharton was forcible and clear, full of energy and conviction, and an eloquence that might have charmed an angel from its orb, "to list his sweet and honeyed sentences." He urged that the discovery of the plot to the King and Queen of Spain, before it could be brought to bear against Ripperda, would give him the just advantage of turning a full-charged battery upon the enemy who had planted it for his destruction. In that instant of proved fidelity to the royal pair, and in their proud shows of perfect confidence in him, he might change their politics from the north to the south pole! A word from him to Philip would revoke his guarantee to the pragmatic sanction: the electress's son would have a direct path to the imperial throne on the death of the emperor; and a brave army of Spaniards would put Philip in possession of Gibraltar! While this was transacting on the continent, England itself might shrink under the foot of Ripperda! for Wharton intimated that by the armed assistance of some powers whose politics he had turned into the same direction, it would be no difficult achievement to replace James Stuart on the throne of his ancestors.

"Here, Louis de Montemar," exclaimed the duke, "is a revenge worthy the descendant of heroes and of sovereigns! Though you wear not crowns, you may dispense them: Cæsar could do no

more!"

Louis wrung the hand of his friend. "Oh, Wharton! I am weary of sovereigns, and crowns, and sceptres. They are the price of men's souls, of all their earthly happiness, of all their future felicity! Talk not to me of embracing the cause of any one of them. When I clasp the splendid nothings, they crumble into dust in my hands." Louis walked forward with a rapid pace. His soul was tossed on the billows of a tempestuous ocean, in the midst of which he saw his father perishing. He stopped abruptly. "But where is this document?"

"It is yours, on a condition; and with it the implement of your

release from Otteline!"

"I eare not for my own release; but my father! my betrayed,

my virtuous father! Name the condition.'

Wharton did not answer immediately; but walked a few moments by the side of his friend, with his eyes bent downwards; then looking suddenly up, he gaily said—"Is there anything possible for me to propose, that could move you to precipitate yourself over that stone wall, as you did from the rocks of Bamborough?"

"No," replied Louis, with a wan and wintry smile: "nothing

that you would propose."

"Having met my novice at the Eleusinian mysteries," cried Wharton, laughing, "I marvel I should seem to question his initiation! The way is now plain before us. Go with me to-night, when that blabbing duenna in the sky is gone to bed, and you shall have the whole policy of Austria in your bosom."

"Where?" said Louis, not understanding the duke, and strangely

doubtful of his manner.

"That disclosure is beyond my credentials. But the awful secret will not be revealed in caverns, dungeons, or darkness. You may find it in a place to take the grateful soul and lap it in Elysium!"

The pulse in Louis's temples beat hard; yet he was determined not to anticipate, but make Wharton explain himself. "I do not

understand you; who is it I am to see?"

"A woman!" The manner of his saying this was a stroke like that of an iron rod on the heart of his friend; and he east the hand from him which now clasped his arm. "What, for another leap?" cried the duke. "But you are out of practice, and may break more neeks than your own!"

"And what is my resource?" desperately demanded Louis.

"A simple one—to smile upon a woman. A pleasant one—to be beloved by one who can fix no bonds on you but those of love! while she bestows herself upon you, and gives you the life and honour of your father!"

"With the loss of my own, and the perdition of my soul! Is this the alternative I expected from the lips of my only friend, in

this fearful extremity of my fate!"

Louis had covered his raging temples with his hand, and he has-

tened forward with distracted swiftness.

"De Montemar, the day for this folly is gone by!" cried Wharton. "You have been in the world, and you know that it is the privilege of manhood to make all nature subservient to his interest

or his pleasure."

Louis stopped to speak, but his parched lips denied their office, and his eyes only reproached his friend. Wharton understood them, and replied, "No, Louis; checkmate to that move! What drew you, night after night, to the scenes in which you know I met you? Anchorites are not accustomed to pay those courts a second visit; and you are not the better, in my honest eyes, for preserving the cowl when I know its vows have been broken."

Louis knew that his apparent conduct had deserved this inference, and he inwardly upbraided the policy which had thought it wisdom to incur such suspicion on his blameless life. How would the involuntary accusation against his father have been embittered had he known that the empress had drawn the same conclusion to his disadvantage! He would then have doubly felt that his sacrifice to such vile appearances, instead of propitating his rivals, had dishonoured him with his friends, and become a weapon in the hands of his enemies. Humbled to the soul, he merely replied,—"Wharton, you injure me."

"It may be so, and I am sorry for it," answered the duke; "though I cannot guess how. I offer you the sublime duty of rescuing your father from treason, and the enjoyment of a banquet, rifled from the sanctuary of your deadliest foe! Can you be a man,

and proof against revenge?"

Louis hurried on in perturbed silence. Wharton continued his arguments with vehemence and subtle consistency, on the supposition that he must admit his friend's repugnance to be sincere. Still Louis did not reply; but proofs of inward contention convulsed his pallid features. The duke, as well as his friend, had much at stake in bringing this part of his negotiation to bear. He tried the effect of ridicule; and to one of his arguments he at last extorted a reply.

"I will not purchase even the life of my father by my own conscious guilt. If I am proof against my own heart in so dear a cause, shall I not be proof against the poor allurements of vanity and sense? And are such arguments yours? Oh, Wharton! I

cannot call that peculiarly manly which is the peculiar pursuits of the lowest of our species. Any man may succumb to his appetites, or his passions! You say most men do; and that you, even you, sometimes find it policy and pastime to follow in the track!" He paused; and then added, with a piercing look, and a smile of despair-"What, if the boy De Montemar has ambition to go beyond ye!"

"Yes, I know you do not want ambition," replied the duke, gaily, yet pointedly. "I remember, some dozen months ago, with that same eagle glance, you likened yourself to Ammon's godlike son! He did not reject the torch that fired the palace of his ene-

mies, nor the Thais that gave it to his hand!"
"Wharton," said Louis, looking on him with severity, "had Clytus been such a counsellor, he would have deserved the javelin of his friend!"

"My breast is ready," cried the duke, "if thou hast the heart

to throw it!"

"I would I could, and cut away the worser part of thine!" answered Louis. "I have seen more of it to-night than I wish to

remember."

"But what message," returned Wharton, "am I to remember to carry to her who is awaiting your slow appearance? Is she to give you herself, your father's safety, and your own freedom? Or do you reject all? For all you must accept, or none; and then the scrupulous De Montemar may go wash his hands of the double parricide—his father's fame and his father's life!" This demand was made with scornful seriousness—with a ruthless application to the feelings of a son. Louis felt the firm collectedness of a man determined to live or die by one line of action. He turned on Wharton with a fixed eye.

"Tell her," returned he, "that father and son may perish together—that their names may be followed by falsehood to the scaffold and the grave; but I never will purehase exemption from any one of these evils, by the prostitution of my heart and my conscience

to man or woman!"

Wharton grasped his arm. "What superstition is this?-what madness? This message would undo you!"

"With whom, Wharton?"

"With the woman you scorn. Her revenge would exasperate

your enemies."

"Let it!" returned Louis. "They are already prepared to do their worst; and she has now bereft me of my trusted friend. Wharton—we are no more to each other!"

"Dc Montemar!" cried the duke.

"In my extremest need," returned he, "when I threw myself on your breast, for counsel and for aid—when I believed you Heaven's delegated angel to save my father and myself-you would have betrayed him to the dishonour of being bought by the guilt of his son-you would have betrayed me to hell's deepest perdition.

While Louis spoke with the stern calmness of a divorced heart, Wharton became other than he had ever seen him. With the fires of resentment flashing from his resplendent eyes, he, too, collected the force of his soul in the mightiness of a last appeal. He spake with rapidity for many minutes. He repeated and redoubled his arguments; and then he added, in a calmer voice,—"My heart is a man's heart; therefore is sensible to this stroke from ungrateful friendship; but you now know that I can shame your superstition, by bearing insult upon insult, when my patience would recal you to yourself."
"I am recalled to myself," returned Louis; "and my supersti-

tion is, to depend on God alone for the preservation of my father. If he fall, God has his wise purpose in the judgment, and I shall find resignation. For you, Wharton, that I have loved so long and so steadily, there may be a pang there, when he I trusted above all men has proved himself my direct enemy?"

"Your enemy, De Montemar—your direst enemy! The words have passed your lips, were engendered in your heart, and my ears have heard them. It is easier with you to hate than to love; to discard a friend than to accept a mistress; to plunge into the gulf of ruin than to avoid it through a path of happiness! Madman! did I not pity the folly I marvel at, I would rouse you by a tale. But no more. When next you hear of or sec Philip Wharton, you will understand the import of your own words. You shall know what he is, when he proclaims himself the enemy of Ripperda and De Montemar!"

His auditor stood immovable, with his eyes on the ground, while Wharton vehemently uttered this denunciation. Louis remained some time like a pillar transfixed in the earth, after the duke had disappeared. The first thing that recalled him to motion was the profound stillness around, after the sounds of that voice, which, till now, was ever to him a music of heaven. The horrible conviction of all that had passed pressed at once upon his soul—the dear and agonizing remembrance of how he had loved that false friend! and, raising his arms to the dark heavens, with a fearful cry of expiring nature, he threw himself upon the ground. The falling dew, and the howling wind, raised him not from that bed of lonely despair; and when he did leave the dismal scene of this last act of his miseries, it was like the spectre of the man who had entered it.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

#### EVENTS IN THE FAMILY OF SANTA CRUZ.

Wharton left Vienna the morning after his separation from Louis in the garden of the château. From that day, Louis moved through his duties like a man in a dream. He had despatched a special courier to his father, with as much of the conspiracy as he had collected from his now estranged friend; yet without leading to any betrayal of his name, though he confessed how the whole might have been in his possession, could he have brought his conscience to accord with the condition. Hoping that even this obscure intimation might be some beaeon to his father, himself went perturbedly on; racked with suspense, and feeling alone and unarmed amidst a host of ambushed foes. Except when obliged to go abroad on business, he shut himself within the walls of his house; for he now doubted every man who approached him; and the specious

courtesies of women were vet more intolerable.

The empresss did not condescend to intimate how she had considered his proposition respecting the ceremony of her daughter: but she sent her chamberlain to inform him, that the emperor had fixed the day of her favourite's nuptials, which were to be solem. nized in a private manner in the imperial chapel. Louis loathed the very characters of Otteline's name; and shuddered at any new bonds to a court, associated to him with every disastrous remem. brance. His soul was stricken; and the evils which appeared in visionary approach, before his father's path and his own, seemed too big for conflict. He felt he could have sustained the fiercest fields of war; could have died with an upward eye and an exulting spirit on its honourable bed. But to be a hero under the attacks of the coward breath of man; to stand before an obloquy that threatened the annihilation of his father's glory, and his own respected name, was more than he dared to contemplate; and, in appalled expectation, he mechanically prepared to obey the unwelcome behests of Elizabeth. He was giving his slow orders to a maître d'hôtel, respecting some arrangements for his future bride, when a letter was put into his hands, which had come by a circuitous route from Sardinia, and which he ought to have received a month or two ago. It was from Don Ferdinand d'Osorio. Until the public reception of Ripperda at Vienna Don Ferdinand was ignorant where to address the cousin of his beloved Aliee; and to express (what he felt) his sense of the justice of her appeal against his extorted bonds; and to acknowledge the delicaey with which Louis had seconded her remonstrances. When he heard that the Marquis de Montemar was in Germany with the duke, he lost no time in writing; and intrusted his letter to a Sardinian gentleman going to Vienna. But the traveller took a wide tour, and did not bring the letter to its destination until two months after its date. Louis dismissed his servant, and breaking the scal, read as

"My dear De Montemar,-I should be ashamed to confess the justice of all your remarks on my conduct with regard to your too charming cousin, could I not at the same time assure you that I have obeyed her wishes to the fullest extent, and followed your advice implicitly. I have written to her, and to Mrs. Coningsby, and she is perfectly free; every bond is relinquished, but that of the heart. If here be as firmly attached as mine we may confidently await the holy vows which, I trust, will yet unite us. You must have seen enough of my excellent father to know that he has one error among his many perfections, and that is an irreconcilable abhorrence of the Protestant religion. However, though I should despair of ever bringing him to tolerate its tenets, I have a hope of compassing his consent to my marriage with its gentle professor, your sweet eousin. Marcella, my only sister, and, alas! too lovely and beloved for her sad destiny, has been intended from her cradle for monastie vows. And on her day of profession my lonely hope rests. She loves me like her own soul; and her power over my father, except on one great point, has hitherto been irresistible.

But on that point, strange as it may seem, I ground my confidence; it is the only point that has ever been contested between them. But Marcella cannot do otherwise than yield. Her doom was fixed by an irrevocable vow of my father's even before her birth. He was not always 'the saint in the hero' he is now; and his youthful passions (now hushed to stillness) were the cause of her Jephthahlike dedication, long before those angel-eyes of hers opened to the light. Alas! my sweet sister, what a destiny is ours! But I will tell you the story, De Montemar, and then you may judge of my

prospects of happiness, through her devoted means.

"When the Marquis Santa Cruz was in his prime of manhood, his character too much resembled my own-self-willed and impetuous; and in affairs of love, as you will see by the sequel, he was even more determined than his son. At an early age he acquired great reputation in the army, and at the conclusion of one of the wars in Italy went on a party of recreation to Vienna, then, as now, the gayest city in the world. During the reign of the Austrian monarchs in Spain, many of our grandees intermarried with the German nobility; it so happened between our family and that of the Austrian Sinzendorff's. My father, then full of youthful spirits, visited the old Count Sinzendorff. The present chancellor of that name was then also young and thoughtless, and boasted to his kinsman of the great beauty of his fairest sister, whom his family had chosen to sacrifice to the fortunes of the elder branches, by consigning her to a nunnery at the age of nincteen. My father accompanied Sinzendorff to the convent, where they passed some hours with the beautiful novice. The interview was repeatedand, suffice it to say, a mutual passion was conceived between the two cousins, and my father persuaded her to elope with him. They fled into Switzerland, where they were married. In the course of time absolution for the sacrilege was obtained from the pope; but my father could never obtain it from himself. His wife's first and second children died in the birth. They were both daughters. He believed it to be a judgment on his crime, and tried to reconcile offended Heaven by making a vow, that should his next infant be spared, and of the same sex, and he live to the appointed period, he would dedicate it to a monastic life, at the same age in which he had seduced her mother from the altar. The next child was myself. Two or three more infant deaths intervened before the birth of Marcella. But from the hour in which she saw the light, and continued to live, my father hung a golden crucifix at her neck, and always addressed her by the name of 'the little nun. g "My mother could not see the justice of expiating the parents" inflence by the immolation of the child; but her husband was inflexible. However, she too made a vow, and that was never to

e separated from her daughter till the inevitable hour of her dediation. During my sister's girlhood my father travelled through most of the countries in Europe, and everywhere Mareella was my mother's companion. But at Naples, while she was quite a child, by a most unhappy fatality, the governante my mother engaged here for her was the widow of one of the illustrious cavaliers, wohn Macdonald, of the Scottish Isles, who had followed the forneunes of the wrecked house of Stuart, on to the continent. She was a learned and a noble-minded woman, and brought my sister up as became the high character of her instructress; but in Marcella's own gentle nature, all her thoughts were meekness and tender piety. My father led too occupied a life to investigate deeper than the budding fruits before him; and those being good, he was satisfied. Indeed, he often compared the beatific expression of his daughter's countenance with the heavenly forms of the Vatican; and I have heard him whisper to my mother that he beheld the future saint in their beloved child. But after two years the English lady died, and on her death-bed she declared herself to be a Protestant! In short, Marcella had been too long under her tuition, to become a willing devotee to the monastic rites of the Romish church. A superstitious horror of this discovery for some time prevented my father questioning her on the subject; but he proposed her immediate removal to a convent, and at once taking the irrevocable veil. My sister cast herself on her knees and implored, by everything sacred in earth and heaven, that he would not compel her to make vows against which her soul revolted. She engaged to pass her life in celibacy, and never to see any persons but her own family, if he would spare her those dreadful oaths, and allow her to live and die with her mother. But my father's vital principle became alarmed for her eternal salvation and his own, and his firmness could not be shaken. I never shall forget the silent woe of my poor My mother was in agonies; and the young Duke di Savona, who adored the dear victim, was frantic with despair. He was the pope's favourite nephew, and he threw himself at my father's feet, petitioning for Marcella's hand, with a full assurance of absolution from his holiness.

"'No, no,' cried my sister; 'no marriage,—no Duke di Savona! It is my mother,—the society of my mother, that I seek—' and throwing herself into her arms she was carried, fainting, from the

apartment.

"Strange as it may seem in one so young and so delighting in all she saw and heard, she yet spoke truly; for though the most affectionate of sisters, I believe she never looked on any other of our sex, excepting my father, with a more exclusive sentiment than a general good will. She was gentle and kind to the admiring circle around her,—like the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets; but never thought of love; and when I have seen her turn away from her silent idolators, unconscious of the sighs she neither could nor wished to share, I have thought of the lovely Marcella of Cervantes, who had only to look on man 'to deprive him of his senses.' Equally beautiful, and equally cold, had my father been persuaded, by the pope's offered absolution, to the cession of his vow, my sister's rejection of every proffer of marriage would have abandoned the amiable Savona to the same despair. However, my father was inexorable, and we quitted Rome. A dangerous illness succeeded the conflict in my sister's duty. My mother opposed to my father's her own vow not to suffer Marcella to leave her before the originally intended time for her profession. To this plea he assented; and he granted that my sister should remain under the parental roof till the year of her noviciate. But that year must come, and it will commence next January. Being aware, from my father's resolution on these subjects, that if my sister do not then resign herself to her fate, she will be compelled to meet it, though he would rather purchase her free consent at any price; I have therefore determined on trying to turn her mind to that peaceful issue, and by so doing insure my own happiness also. In truth, when I pledged my faith to your beloved cousin, I did it under a fond persuasion that I could move the pitying heart of my sister to do that willingly which she knows she must do, even under violence. And yet had she loved Savona, I would perish sooner than breathe a word of how she might avert my doom. But as the ease stands,—she, too much an angel to think on man, and I, too much a mortal not to adore an angel in a woman's form,—I feel the less repugnance in making her, even now, the saint of my destiny! In short, I want to have my father's sanction to my marriage with Alice to be the condition made by Marcella for her

performing all his vow without further hesitation!

"On my return from Lindisfarne (without then venturing to open my whole mind to her on the subject), I prepared the way, by describing the dear family at the Parsonage in such colours as to excite her particular interest for the fair and tender Alice. My mother's gratitude was eloquent towards Mr. Athelstone and Mrs. Coningsby; and again and again she wished to see the latter and her daughters in Spain, that she might in some way duly acknowledge their cares of her son. Time showed other amendments besides that of restored health;—certain changes in my habits (wrought, indeed, by my visits to your holy isle!) and I did not hesitate in attributing them to her happy influence. You cannot have been so long in Vienna (to me, fatal and detested Vienna!) without having learned that I needed the reformation and the peace of heart I imbibed at the fire-side of Lindisfarne. If I may, I will repay to your sweet cousin all that heart owes to her—to her uncle—and to you—and to my heaven-directed jealousy and emulation! I will not cheat you of your friendship by withholding the confession that when I quitted Lindisfarne I hated you, because I feared your influence with my Alice. But I now honour that influence, so worthy of her, and of all that is generous in man. And feeling myself not totally unworthy of the amnesty I ask, I offer you my esteem and confidence. But to return to my project for our future happiness. And to make it clear to your apprehension, I must apologize for having occupied you so long with this sketch of family history.

"My father and I had to proceed to Sardinia on public affairs, but we are to be recalled to Spain in the autumn. I shall then unbosom myself to Mareella, and I doubt not she will concede that to secure my felicity, which, should she withhold it, would only leave me to misery, without prolonging the time of her own liberty. At present, she is leading an almost monastic life, and the difference cannot be great, whether it be passed in a real eell amongst the Ursulines, and daily cheered by visits from her mother, or in a cloistered apartment at home, which is fitted up with every similar austerity, and has no advantage but the nominal distinction of

being in her father's house.

"Indeed I hope everything from Marcella's devoted affection for

me, generously pronouncing a full consent; and I know my father's parental gratitude could then deny her nothing; and thus, dear De Montemar, if you are not too much absorbed in politics and imperial favours to continue your warm interest in the fate of two faithful hearts, I trust soon to call on your congratulations on my success.

"By the way, when I contrast these matters, and behold in my mind's eye the images of your holy Lindisfarne in the far north, and what we good Catholics are bound to call Holy Spain! in the far south; when I find my filial heart, now knit to both as by a cord from heaven, I cannot but welcome to my faith a little of your north country's trust in certain omens, and observe on a kind of 'second-sight' coincidence relating to a keepsake-present my mother gave to me just before I parted from her to commence my travels with my father. It was a miniature of herself, set in a plain gold rim under a crystal; but instead of the usual appendage on the reverse side, a plaited braid of the lady's hair, there was another miniature, under a similar crystal, both encircled by the same gold rim, and placed back to back. This second picture was of myself, painted when a boy of five or six years, and sketched, in the pretty costume worn by Caledonian children of the higher classes, by the talented Scottish lady who had lived with us so long; and having a miniature of a young and beloved brother with her (whom she had never met since his boyhood), my mother saw it, and requested her to sketch me in the same picturesque garb. I repeat—the coincidence seems so strange and sweet a forebode of my future bonds to your dear northern borders, I cannot but cling to the presage; while I press my hand upon my throbbing heart and exclaim, 'How little did my revered mother think, when she hung the ribbon of this sacred locket round my neck and uttered her farewell blessing on my head, that it was a talisman to bring back her wandering son to virtue! and to a home, like unto my father's with her, the angelic bosom of a heaven-instructed partner of his days! and to a brother-friend in Louis De Montemar, her dearest kinsman, who has already been that to his ever grateful

FERDINAND D'OSORIO." " Sardinia. Louis closed the letter, with indeed a brother's prayer for the happiness of his endeared Alice; while, indeed, he hardly pitied the sacrificing destiny of the attached sister; for, from the state in which he now found himself blighted in his youthful heart between man's perfidy and woman's wiles, any refuge from the world seemed a heaven to him. The passions and opinions of youth are too often in extremes: consummate delight, or total misery—perfect virtue, or abandoned crime-no happiness, but in rapture-no grief, but with despair. But Louis's griefs were now sufficiently heavy, not to need the overcharging of fancy; and when he thought of all that he had suffered since his last fearful meeting with Wharton in the garden, his heart was wrung with unutterable anguish; and, taking the miniature of his entombed mother from its near neighbourhood to that virtuous and afflicted heart, he pressed it to his lips, and exclaimed-"Oh, my mother! would that I were fast locked within thy peaceful arms, while I am yet innocent of the great offence, and not unworthy to be called thy son!"

Scared from the world by its vices, it was not to be wondered that he sometimes longed to repose his wearied spirit in the grave. But he was now only entered into the lists, the contest was only begun; and he must brace his sinews to continue the combat, for which his ambitious soul had panted, while in the untroubled shade of his native home.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### AN OVERTHROW.

On the very morning, the evening of which was to see the wretched De Montemar perform his extorted vows to her who had once been the object of D'Osorio's passion, two couriers arrived from Spain. The one was Castanos, who came to Louis; the other was from the Marquis de Castellor, and went direct to Count Routemberg. The volcano had burst; and all the powers and all the honours of Ripperda were swept away! De Castellor was now in his seat; and when Castanos came off, the duke, stunned into stupor, remained

within his closed gates, overcome by the illimitable ruin.

Of the particulars of the catastrophe Louis did not hear till he could question Castanos; for the Spaniard, knowing the tidings of the packet he brought, had presented it in silence, and withdrew. Louis opened it impatiently, and took out his father's letter. He could hardly expect it to be an answer to his warning epistle, for the time appeared too short for an interchange of messengers; but, eager to know the complexion of things in Spain, he broke the seal. The letter was brief, and scarcely legible; but it was sufficient to announce the completion of his worst fears—that his father was no more the minister of Spain; that he was abandoned by the king, insulted by the nobles, and outraged with every species of ingratitude by the people he had served to his own destruction. The bolt was then fallen! And every hand in which his father trusted, had assisted to launch it.

Louis was transfixed with the letter in his hand. Now it was that he saw the world unmasked before him; now it was that he saw the views of life unveiled; now it was that all creation see med to pass from before him with a frightful noise, and he stood alone in chaos. The smiling face of man was blotted out; gratitude, virtue, were annihilated; and life had no longer an object! What had his father been? All that was noble and disinterested. What had he done for Spain? Redeemed her from poverty, contempt, and suffering, and planted her at the well-spring of riches, honour, and happiness. And what was his reward? He was cast, like the reprobate angel, from on high, and trampled upon by his conquerors, as though his actions had been like those of him whom he resembled in his fall! How long Louis sat in motionless, sightless gaze upon the fatal letter, he knew not; but he was aroused by the entrance of his secretary, who came to inform him that Count Sinzendorff waited in the next chamber.

Louis felt he was now called upon to breast the first wave that was to break on him from the deluge which had overwhelmed his father. He rallied his mental strength; and, looking upwards. to implore the staying Hand from above, he proceeded with the composure of an inevitable ruin, to the presence of the chancellor. The virtuous statesman advanced to meet him, while his counte. nance proclaimed that he knew all, and sympathised with its victim. Their conference was short; but it implied to Louis, that his delegated reign, as well as that of his father, was at an end. Sinzen. dorff had been in the imperial cabinet, when Routemberg laid his despatches before the emperor; and, to spare the upright son of Ripperda some rude disclosure of their contents, the chancellor took upon himself to inform him, that he was to transfer his portfolio to the Count de Monteleone, who had just arrived at Vienna. On Louis thanking the minister for his generous interference, Sinzendorff took his hand.

"I will always bear testimony to the fair dealing of the son, and to the disinterested conduct of the father; though we should never

meet again.'

Even while the words were on the lips of the chancellor, a message arrived from the empress to Louis, to hasten his attendance at the Altheim apartments. He smiled gloomily, in answer to Sinzendorff's smile of dubious meaning.

"I had forgotten," said the chancellor, "you have yet a fair

bond to Vienna; and this need not be a parting day."

"It is a portentous day, of most unpropitious nuptials!" replied Louis, hardly knowing what he uttered; "but every day, and everywhere, I must be honoured in the approbation of Count Sinzendorff.

The hour was beyond the time in which Louis ought to have been in the imperial boudoir, to await the hand of his intended bride. In a postscript to his father's letter, he had found hastily written— "Events prove that you have done right with regard to the em-

press's friend, if she be now your wife."

This approbation was a new bond on the sacrifice; and Louis threw himself into his carriage, to obey the peremptory summons of Elizabeth. All was solitude in the first three chambers of the Altheim apartments. While he hurried forward, with the desperate step of a man who had lost so much, that the last surrender was a matter of no moment, he saw the empress under the well-known canopy, but she sat alone. Louis bowed as he approached, and again when he drew near. She was pale, like himself; and did not look up while she addressed him.

"You are come, thus tardily, to ratify your vows? To redeem

your pledged honour?"

"I come to obey your majesty's commands," replied he.

"Your vows may be returned to you," answered Elizabeth; "but the honour that was never yours, cannot be redeemed."

"Dare I say," replied Louis, "that I do not understand your

"And yet the words are plain," returned she; "they are to tell you, that, low as Ripperda has fallen, he never can reach the depths

"Madam," exclaimed he, "I am now a ruined man! the intrigues of my father's enemics have cast my fortunes with his to the ground; but he shall not be humbled in his son. Virtue is the soul of his being, virtue is my inheritance; and I implore your majesty to say of what I am accused? Who are my accusers?"

She looked up, and, mistaking the ravages of anguish on his fine countenance, for the lines of guilt, she shuddered with a loathing sensation, and answered indignantly,—"How dare that false tongue profane the name of virtue, by connecting it with that of your father and yourself? The world teems with your accusers; and he bears witness to their veracity, by not having ventured one line to me in his defence." She then steadily enumerated the duke's imputed treacheries: that his claudestine coalition with the Duke of Wharton was past a doubt; that their secret meetings had been traced; that he had commenced a correspondence with James Stuart! and, from what motives, his mad ambition could alone tell, it was well known he, her now doubly treacherous friend! was then playing in Madrid the counterpart of Wharton's political game at Vienna. In short, he was covertly abetting every machination against the empire and the house of Brunswick:—"and," concluded the empress, "I am constrained to believe, that, to me and mine, his overthrow is as timely as it is irrevocable."

This charge on his father transported Louis beyond the forms of ceremony; and, with all the eloquence of truth and filial piety, he burst forth into a defence of his father's integrity; which to any other than the possessed ears of Elizabeth, must have carried resistless conviction;—but, with an impetuosity equal to his own,

she interrupted him:—

"Cease!" cried she, "dissembling, cozening De Montemar! hard, unblushing parricide of all thy father's fame! In every word, and look, and gesture, I see the tempter of Ripperda's ruin! He was honour's self, till he brought the serpent to his bosom, in the shape of his perfidious son. Shame to thee, young man! behold the price for which you sold him to Duke Wharton!"

Louis was confounded by this imputation on himself, as the instigator of his father's asserted treasons; but he did not shrink, nor

withdraw his assured eye from the face of the empress.

"That Wharton was my friend," said he, "I did not withhold from your majesty; that my father was, and is, his implacable enemy, I have just affirmed:—and that it is not in the power of Duke Wharton, nor of any man, to draw us from our allegiance to Spain, or our fidelity to your majesty:—name our accusers, and

 ${f I}$  am ready to maintain this truth with my blood.'

Elizabeth had now restrained the feclings which some pleading recollection of Ripperda had awakened, and with haughty composure she replied,—"You may revenge the discovery of your falsehood, by the lives of your accusers; but the times are past, when truth was proved by bloodshed. Yet, as you challenge it, you shall know your erimes. They are simple, but they are comprehensive. First, your nightly visitations to the Electress of Bavaria, under various disguises and names!"

"It is false!" cried Louis, placing his hand on his heart, and looking up to heaven: "by the all-seeing Eye of eternal truth,

I affirm it is false!"

Elizabeth raised her hands in horror. "Matchless villain!" cried she. Then frowning terribly—while with an indignant

movement he stepped backward; for he had to remember it was a woman who thus spoke to him; but his eye had given the defiance of his soul!—and she rapidly continued,—"And have you the audacity to affirm that you did not steal from her house by a secret passage, on the night of the destruction of the Opera House; that you have not had clandestine meetings with the arch-counsellor of her treasons; and that this seditious pair have not stimulated your presumption to draw my daughter to disgrace her rank, by listening to a passion from you?"

Louis was too much appalled by the two leading charges to show any surprise at the third. Had Wharton betrayed that they had met?—that the preserver of a princess he so honoured had once entered the palace? The blood which burned on Louis's cheek, at the accusation, faded before this direful suspicion; and his eyes, dropping under the proud beams of the empress, told her, that, in

this instance at least, his face was honest.

"You do not dare to repeat the perjury," cried shc: "leave my

presence!"

"Not as a guilty man!" cried he, looking up, with the bold desperation of innocence. "I have now nothing to gain, nor to lose with the Empress of Germany, but my honour; and again I affirm, that under no name but that of Louis de Montemar, did I ever enter the palace of the Electress of Bavaria. I never did enter it but once; and that was on the night your majesty mentions. I have also, by accident, met the Duke of Wharton in the courts of this palace, and in various assemblies; and, by compulsive necessity, twice I saw him in the garden of the château: but we never met again!" Here Louis stopped; for these two charges had so struck on his heart, from the belief they could only have been inflicted by the threatened vengeance of his friend, that he forgot indeed the self-answering accusation, respecting the archduchess.

"You own that you have visited the electress, and communed with her emissary!" cried Elizabeth: "avow your object, and it will answer to the point to which your effrontery has not yet spoken. Was it to dethrone my husband, and make my daughter a prisoner to the Bavarian empress? It would have crowned the adventure, to have rewarded her champion with the hand of a

captive princess!"

Stung to the soul, Louis threw himself at the empress's feet, to proclaim his innocence of all these inferences, before Heaven and

her. But she started back, as from a viper.

"Base hypocrite!" cried she, "I am not to be moved by subtilty. I know how you dedicated that attitude to the dishonour of your future sovereign; but she is now rescued from your arts. This foot crushed your pernicious resemblance, as the Heaven you outrage will, one day, crush yourself. You may grovel in the dust; but I will hear no more."

Louis rose from his knee. "Empress," said he, "I solicit for justice, no more: but I owe it to myself, to my hitherto unspotted name, to vindicate the honour of my conduct, even against the commands of frowning majesty! To you, and to all the world, I aver, that my presence in the Bavarian palace, was occasioned by a service I had accidentally performed to one of its inhabitants.

My meetings with Duke Wharton were an attempt to penetrate into a conspiracy, which I knew was forming against my father; but I failed in my purpose. The enemies of the Duke de Ripperda have annihilated his political life, and plunged his son into the same abyss of calumny; but I am not yet sunk to baseness, nor hypocrisy. Nor was it to the Empress of Germany I knelt, but to the power of justice in her person. But that is past; and I feel, that could birth give dignity; my ancestors of Nassau reigned in this very palace! And, if devotedness to their successor be a virtue in the posterity of Adolphus, my father has been faithful to the emperor, to the last article in the treaty; and I have been devoted to your majesty, to the sacrifice of my happiness. This we have done. But, young as I am, I have lived to see that when power is lost. birth is nothing; and virtue nothing, but to the possessor's heart!"

The face of Elizabeth blazed with resentment. "And thus you

defend your daring passion for my daughter?"

"The emperor knows I never dared to love the princess," replied Louis; "and to the honour of his imperial word, I refer your majesty." Louis bowed, while preparing to withdraw.

"Incomparable insolence!" exclaimed she; "stop, and learn that the emperor is your accuser!" Louis smiled, and with so insufferable an air of scornful superiority, that she was momentarily struck dumb; but, violently extricating her powers of speech, she sternly replied-"Every aim of that towering spirit is known to him, and to me; but every aim is crushed!"

"Human power cannot crush my aims!" rejoined Louis; "they are to uphold my father's honour, and my own truth. And while he deserves the reverence of the world, what can prove that they are

lost?"

The empress's hand was on her beating forehead; but she turned, even fiercely, to his question. "The position in which he now lies, by the determined falsehoods of his son! execrable traitor!" eried she; "foiled, but bequeathing mischief in thy ruin! Return to him, covered with thine own dishonour! Return to him, bearing the curse of the friend of his virtue—of the mother of Maria-Theresa! Return to him, spurned by the Countess Altheim, and abhorred and

stigmatized by all honest men!"

Elizabeth left the blameless victim of all this wrath, standing in the middle of the floor. Every word she breathed, every anathema she denounced, seemed urged by the quick revenge of Duke Wharton. All justice, all fair inference were denied him; his father and himself were alike shut out from the bosom of friendship—were alike betrayed by them in whom they had most confidently trusted! The burden was almost too much for him to bear; and, rushing from the apartment, he knew no more of what he said or did, till he found himself thrown upon a chair, and alone in his own chamber.

### CHAPTER XL.

LOUIS DE MONTEMAR'S DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA. THE official transfers were soon made. Monteleone received the diploma of chargé d'affaires. The emperor and the em-

press refused the usual forms of admitting the recalled minister to a parting audience; and not a man, Spaniard nor Austrian, appeared within the gates of the Palais d'Espagne. to pay a farewell compliment to the son of their benefactor. or friend. The finger of royal disgrace was affixed to the names of Ripperda and Dc Montemar; and all fled the spot on which it lay. Solitude was around those lately crowded courts; silence in every room; and when business took Louis abroad, avoidance met him in every passing countenance. The ladies who had opened their houses to him, now shut up their daughters till he had left the city. But few needed the precaution; for, with his fortunes, had vanished the most powerful charms, even of Louis de Montemar. This mortification, however, was spared to him; for, in the lofty consciousness of his own integrity, and a high disdain of the injustice he had received, he went nowhere to accept compassion, nor to propitiate candour. But, had he known the present sentiments of those venal women, he who had been well assured that Countess Altheim breathed the same, would have seen sufficient to transform the deed of general banishment, to one of welcome liberty. In the midst of all this gloom of adversity, his freedom from her shone like a star in the dark hemisphere; and it promised that night should not remain for ever. When his lonely carriage passed the barrier (for all his state attendants were left to the new ambassador), he threw himself back on his seat, and exclaimed-"How did I enter you? proud, feigning, faithless city! Full of hope, of enterprise, and honour! How do I quit you? Bereft, by you, of all!—ruined, dishonoured, desolate!"

The barb was in his heart: it was there, in the image of Wharton; and it corroded with a slow and deadly poison. Yet, as he journeyed forward, and compared events with their times of action, he could not but derive a double satisfaction from his blameless conscience, when he found by this calculation, that had he been weak enough to accept the discovery of the authors of this vast destruction, at the price of his innocence, it would still have been too late to prevent his father's overthrow. The empress had shown herself too entirely prejudiced, to have been affected by any document Louis could have presented: and while he thought on this, with gratitude to Heaven for his firmness, he conceived a deeper horror of the false friend, who might have beguiled him to such guilt, and left him no other payment than unavailing remorse, and deserved

infamy.

In his own person, Louis was now convinced of the truth of his father's charge against this once beloved Wharton—that he could bereave, but not bestow! In the garden of the château, he had promised a preservation he could not have performed; on the same spot, he had threatened a vengeance he had now taken! Louis attributed all Elizabeth's accusations, to the resentment of his treacherous friend; and, by that act, considered himself despoiled by Wharton of all that had been most dear to him.

"I will forget him!" cried he to himself: "my honoured father,

"I will forget him!" cried he to himself: "my honoured father, I come to thee, to stand by thee alone! To uphold and cheer thee! To uphold and cheer myself, with the conviction that I yet possess thee! To glory in the virtue that has given thee the fate of Aristides!"

In the pass of the Apennines, Louis's solitary vehicle was met by a courier from Spain. He brought a credential from Martini, which introduced the youth as his brother, who had lately been received by the Duke de Ripperda in the quality of a page. Lorenzo di Martini had come full speed to meet the recalled young minister, and to hasten his arrival at Madrid; where his noble father lay, in a state to hear no other counsellor, to receive no other comfort. Lorenzo got into the carriage, at the command of his master's son; and detailed the particulars of his mission, while they proceeded rapidly towards Genoa. Louis listened with unshrinking fortitude.

Immediately on Ripperda's return from Vienna, the king had published an edict, that a revision of all sentences, and a review of all transactions by judges, governors, collectors, and every other kind of royal officers, should be subjected to the cognizance of the Duke de Ripperda. This immense accession of authority put the individual interest of every man in Spain into the duke's hands; and made him no less terrible in the city and provinces, than formidable to the grandees, and an object of jealousy to the king's sons. In short, he was such a minister as never had been seen before; a kind of vicar-general, whose power wanted nothing of

supreme sovereignty but the permanency of a throne.

Lorenzo observed, that his brother had owned to him, that from the duke's free exercise of one branch of this extensive authority, might have been forescen the rupture between his master and the majority of the Spanish nobility. Since his return from Vienna. his manner to them, and to society at large, was completely changed. He no longer conciliated, but compelled. He summoned the greatest and most powerful of the grandees before his tribunal, whether the appeal came from prince or peasant; and did such strict justice that none could reproach, though all murmured; the great, for being made to feel there was a power above their wills; and the little, that the laws of Spain should be dispensed by a man who had been born out of her dominions. But even while his home policy was acknowledged good, and his outward politics were only held in the balance by the tergiversation of Austria, there were then men in the cabinet who privately ridiculed his plans as mere political romance. The end proved them so. What is speculatively right, is too generally practically wrong; for men's probable actions are calculated by the law of reason; but their performance is usually the result of some reckless caprice, or of sordid self-interest.

In the midst of the universal discontent excited by the agents of his numerous rivals and enemies, the main mine was sprung, and Ripperda's fortunes received their final shock. The king and queen of Spain were induced to believe the most contradictory, preposterous, and terrible catastrophes in his private intentions. And in one hour he received three successive messages from the king, to inform him that his offices in the state, the army, and the commercial interests of his country were taken from him; that Grimaldo, the Marquis de Castellor, and the Count de Paz, filled his places; and that a courier was despatched to Vienna to recall his son. Lorenzo related that the intelligence which announced his fall, and as a first measure, took from him the office of prime minister, was delivered in such a manner as to excite the indignation of the duke;

which he betrayed in so unguarded a way as to extend his reproaches from his enemies to the king; and in the tempest of his wrath, he uttered things of his majesty the report of which doubly incensed the monarch and his queen. The messenger of the premier deprivation was Baptista Orendayn, the nephew of the Count de Paz. The new ministers were well aware of Orendayn's insidious powers to insult and to provoke; and they selected him to convey their triumph to the duke. Ripperda, having exhausted himself under the influence of the young sycophant's irritating sympathy, remained in gloomy silence during the communications of the two succeeding messengers. When they were all departed from him, he sat for an hour motionless, in intense thought, with his hands clasped in each other, and his eyes fixed on the floor. Martini passed to and fro in the room without notice from his master. At last the duke suddenly started up, as one from a tranee.

"I will go to the queen!" eried he.

It was then about nine o'clock in a fine autumnal evening. Ripperda threw himself into his earriage, and ordered it to the Buen Retiro. He arrived, but was refused admittance. He returned to his palace, and ealled for his secretary, but no secretary was to be found. Not one of the officers of any of his late numerous offices were now in attendance. All were fled with the stream of power; and nothing but amazed and alarmed family domesties were seen gliding about the galleries in silence and dismay. Castanos, however, presented himself; and by him Ripperda wrote to his son and the empress, and despatched him to Vienna. In this part of his narrative, Lorenzo could not relate what he did not know; but subsequent events proved that Monteleone had encountered Castanos on the way. He found the old Spaniard had a price, and having purehased the perusal of the packet, suffered the fallen minister's hurried billet to his son to pass; but the resistless appeal to Elizabeth, Monteleone committed to the flames. No casualty in the journey interrupted the recital of Lorenzo, nor withdrew for a moment the close attention of his auditor. Lorenzo continued. While Ripperda was writing other letters, his fixed occupation was at last diverted by an unusual sort of tumult in the square before his palace. He had been accustomed on his return to, or issuing from his gates, to be hailed and lackied by the aeclamations of the populace. His largesses were abundant, and the uproar of vehement thanksgiving had been ever on the watch from the venal multitude. But for their own present purposes a similar dole, but in double quantity, had lately been dispensed at the porches of the new ministers; and the same mob who, four-and-twenty hours before, had rent the air with shouts of Long live the great Duke Ripperda! now tore their lungs with eurses on his name, and threats of vengeance for his ruin of their country! The violence of the people lashed itself into madness! and the fury with which they assailed his gates with torches, clubs, and hatchets, left little doubt that they meant to fire the palace and massacre its inhabitants.

Martini urged his master to withdraw privately from the danger. "What!" cried Ripperda, "fly like a coward and a criminal before the ungrateful rabble of Madrid? Never, though their king were at their head, to urge the murder of their benefactor. I am

dispossessed, but am not fallen, and that myself will show them." While he spoke he rushed towards the open balcony, which projected over the great gate, and extended his arm to the people in the act to speak. The blazing lights in the apartment behind him, and the broad glare from the torches beneath, showed in a moment the noble figure of the duke and his commanding gesture. Struck with surprise, the silence of profound awe for an instant stilled the assembly. But before the big words of vehement indignation could burst from the lips of Ripperda, a watchful emissary of his enemies fired a carabine at the balcony. Aggression once committed, every restraint of reverence and of shame were cast away, and others near the assassin echoed his cry of "Death to the heretic!" Martini threw his arms round his master, and, dragging him within the balcony, forcibly shut its doors. The duke turned on him a look of unutterable meaning.

"You would be more in fashion," cried he, "if you threw your

patron over the battlement!"

Martini urged his lord on the only plea to which he would now listen—to save himself for future vengeance! His carriage was brought round to a door in the back street, and Ripperda was at last persuaded to enter it. But there was a spy in the house, and before the vehicle, which contained the duke and Martini only, could pass into the second street towards Segovia, it was met by the howling populace. The windows and doors were quickly beaten in, and Martini, who had hastily covered his livery with one of his master's cloaks, was dragged out amidst the imprecations of his determined murderers. Ripperda would not tamely witness the sacrifice of his faithful servant, and with a pistol with which he had armed himself, he shot the man who had seized Martini. He then snatched the fellow's pistol from his belt, and fired it, but without effect, upon the ruffians who attacked himself. He heard Martini groan under his feet, while he had to grapple with countless miscreants, who threw themselves upon him. Death flashed in his eyes at the point of every poniard. But a shield was yet held over the head of Ripperda. The tumult increased in the rear; the clattering of horses was heard, mingled with the cries of the mob, who evidently were flying in terror before the gleaming swords of several cavaliers. Ripperda had already received several flesh wounds, when the stroke of a sabre beat down a huge rough hanger, aimed at his life by a pardoned galley-slave—one who thus struck at the man whose chief offence was having conciliated the roval mercy to such miscreants. These horsemen sufficiently dispersed the mob to allow their leader to dismount; and, advancing to Ripperda, who had extricated himself from the writhing limbs of the wounded wretches beneath him, "Duke," said he, "follow me, and these brave men will guard you to safety."
Ripperda, at the same moment felt a hand on his garment. It

Ripperda, at the same moment felt a hand on his garment. It was Martini, bruised and bleeding, lying beneath the shattered carriage. He drew himself out, and stood, though feebly, by the side of his master. The cavaliers formed around the group, and, charging before it, made a clear way amongst the flying populace, till they conducted Ripperda to the side of a plain travelling chariot. The leader, in a suppressed voice, requested the fallen

statesman to enter it. Suspicion of some refined species of treachery glaneed upon his mind. By a feigned rescue, he might be betrayed to an interminable captivity!

"To what asylum would that carriage convey me?" demanded

he, in a tone that intimated his doubts.

"To the honour of an open enemy," was the reply; "I am

Duke Wharton!"

At this part of Lorenzo's narrative, a cry unutterable in words burst from the oppressed heart of Louis. It was light breaking upon chaos! Regardless of the presence of the Italian, he fervently clasped his hands, and inwardly exclaimed, -"I thank thee, my God, for this!" Then, covering his face, he gave way to the balm of tears.

Lorenzo gazed on him with sympathy; but it was under a belief that the young marquis was thus powerfully affected by the simple fact of his father's reseue. The amiable page knew not that it was for the rescue of all his future fellowship with man. The sun was again in the heavens to Louis, in the fidelity of Wharton; in the generous revenge he had taken of both son and father! Strange, ineonsistent, noble, erring Wharton! The good was so blended in thee, with the ill, that the soul of affection hovered about thy erratic

steps, with the watehful tenacity of a guardian angel.
"Oh!" eried Louis to himself, "the germs of the tree of life are in that misguided but noble heart! He has saved my father, and

I may weep upon his bosom again!"

The happy agitation of Louis was so great; so pre-eminently did he prize the real virtue of the beings he loved before their appendages of fame or power, that it was with an upraised countenance, and an open eye, he listened to the remainder of Lorenzo's narrative.

Ripperda no longer hesitated to step into the earriage of his preserver. Wharton made the bruised Martini enter also; and accompanying them himself, the voiture set off, escorted by his personal servants. The whole party remained silent for some minutes.

Ripperda was the first that broke the pause.

"Duke Wharton," said he, "you have at last accomplished your object! The proudest man in Christendom has found no friend in his necessity, but you, his bitterest enemy! This is not a time in which I can express my sense of the obligation you have laid upon me. You have saved my life; you must now save my honour. One of the treasons alleged against me, is collision with you. If I seek refuge at your lodgings, I abet my slanderers! No; I will perish by their bullets or their daggers, rather than give them the advantage of witnessing one of their perjuries, by a dubious action of my own!"

Wharton approved of this caution; and observing that the duke's villa at Segovia would now be as unsafe as his palaee at Madrid, he proposed to him the bold measure of proving his sineerity to the house of Brunswick, by throwing himself at once on the protection of General Stanhope, the British ambassador in Spain. Ripperda saw the advantage of this suggestion; and the earriage was turned towards the residence of this gentleman, which was a mile out of the city, on the road to St. Ildefonso. On arriving there, the ambassador was from home; but Ripperda did not hesitate to

assume the rights of hospitality at the house of the representative of a sovereign, to whose legal accession to the throne of England he

had obtained the acknowledgment of half Europe.

Wharton went in with his companions. And while some of the servants were gone to arouse the medical attendants of the English ambassador, to examine the wounds of his guest, the two dukes remained in private conference for half an hour. When Wharton withdrew, Martini, who, with the assistance of an honest North Briton, was binding up his own wounds in the ante-room, remarked that their preserver's countenance was clouded, and even stern; but he smiled when he passed him, and bade him take care of "Cæsar and his fortunes!"

General Stanhope arrived a few hours after the departure of the English duke, (whose name had not been mentioned in the house,) and was not less surprised than perplexed at finding who had

claimed his sanctuary.

The hurts of Ripperda were more serious than those of his servant, and sufficient to authorise the surgeons in recommending immediate repose; but the duke would not hear of any rest for himself, until he had seen the ambassador. When Stanhope entered to his guest, he found him lying on a sofa, in a high state of fever, both from his wounds and agitation. Ripperda rose at his appearance, and in the name of honour, and the privileges of his station, claimed his protection from the immediate attack of his enemies. What more passed between his master and the ambassador, Lorenzo could give no account; only that General Stanhope re-ordered his carriage as soon as he left the chamber of his guest, which was then within an hour of daybreak. He set off for Madrid, and did not return till the morning was far advanced. He was then eloseted with Ripperda for two hours; and Martini heard the voice of his master very high. However, it appeared he was to remain unmolested in the house of the ambassador, though it must undergo the form of a Spanish guard. The bustle of these proceedings proclaimed the asylum of the duke; and Lorenzo, who had only arrived that day from the Segovian villa, having to his great consternation found the house at Madrid deserted by the servants, and its bureaus ransacked by the police, lost no time in seeking his brother, with their persecuted master, in his reputed sanctuary. The duke admitted him; and while he walked the room (for the perturbation of his mind would not permit him to take the repose his wounds demanded), he told Lorenzo to go instantly and meet the Marquis de Montemar.
"You will find him," said he, "somewhere between this and

"You will find him," said he, "somewhere between this and Vienna. Describe to him what you have heard and seen. My pen would consume the paper, should I attempt to write my injuries. Tell him, that my life has been assailed by those who now sit in my seat! Not by their own coward hands:—they spirit up the rabble, to do their bloody work, that they may throw my murder on the indignation of the people! There, however, my fortune baffled them. Now they insult my protector; they demand his promise that I shall not escape; and when that is given, they set guards on his house, as if he were a gaoler, and I a prisoner for high-treason! But they venture not to charge it on me: their own infamy is all they dare proclaim; to treat me like the worst of criminals, before

I am convicted—before I am accused! Show my son these things; and let him hasten to my support. Tell him, when he is by my side, I will confront them face to face; I will let Spain and all Europe know, that though honour is banished from the world, it lives

and reigns in the bosom of William de Ripperda."

Louis listened to all these details with various inward emotions; but he was now braced to quell the smallest outward appearance of any. He spoke little in return; but his step was firm, his eye clear, and his port erect, as he gave his orders at the port of Genoa, for immediate embarkation. A vessel was ready to sail; the wind fair, but boisterous; and, under a heavy gale, he launched on the ocean that was to convey him to the land of his forefathers.

# CHAPTER XLL.

#### MADRID.

MEANWHILE the cabal against the ruined Ripperda raged with redoubled fury in the Spanish eabinet. No appeals from him were suffered to reach his majesty, while he was accused of every political crime that could eriminate a minister. One of the most offensive. was that of bribery from the merehants of Ostend; and this, Baptista Orendayn protested on oath, having seen the golden easkets in the hands of Ripperda's son! Charge after charge was brought forward by the Spaniards; and Baron Otho de Routemberg, (a brother of the Austrian minister, and his envoy at Madrid,) supported those which related to Austria, by a show of evidence; till, at last, the king believed them all; and even was so far persuaded of the attempt to poison him having originated with Ripperda, that he privately summoned a committee of the council of Castile, and laid the proofs before their judgment. With equal secreey, they declared it expedient to commit the intentional regicide to some stronger hold than the English ambassador's; till the full eouneil could be assembled, and a solemn judgment denounced on

General Stanhope afterwards learnt, that while the new ministers affected indignation at what they represented to be Ripperda's clandestine intelligence with the emissaries of James Stuart, they were severally giving private audiences to Duke Wharton. Philip was entirely in the dark, as to this avenue of their intelligence; for the duke's presence in Madrid was not generally known; though the queen herself was more than suspected of having admitted him to a conference in the disguise of a priest. But Stanhope had proof given to him, that Wharton had passed several hours alone with Grimaldo on the evening of his rescuing Ripperda from the populace; and that on the night of the sitting of the committee of the council of Castile, he was seen gliding out of the chamber of the queen's confessor; who, immediately after, went to her majesty; and thence carried a message from her to the king, just as he was passing into the cabinet to decide on the compulsive removal of Ripperda.

The sentence that was then determined on and sanctioned by the royal assent, was executed the following morning soon after dawn. While all was profoundly tranquil in the city, the chief alcaid of the court stepped into a carriage equipped for travelling, and, with a strong escort, set forth towards the British residence. A double detachment of soldiers was already there, with orders to support him in case of resistance. It happened that the house-porter had risen before his accustomed time; and supposing, from a stir he heard without, that the recent guard was going to be relieved, he opened the door to amuse himself with the ceremony. The alcaid and his officers seized the favourable moment, and entered the house without opposition. Some of the soldiers secured the porter from creating an alarm; and the rest, filling the hall,

fastened the door.

The alcaid, having learned from the terrified domestic in what part of the residence the Duke de Ripperda slept, went, with his alguazils, and a military guard, up stairs in the described direction. The tumult they made, in hurrying along the passages, awoke General Stanhope; who, hastening out of his room to know the cause, met the officer of justice in the lobby. A few words explained his errand; but the brave Englishman would hardly hear it to an end. He had received the royal word, that the Duke de Ripperda should remain unmolested in the British residence, until he was demanded to public trial; and Stanhope declared, that, on the peril of his life, he would resist all illegal proceedings to the contrary. The alcaid presented a letter from the Count de Paz, begging his excellency to read it, at least, while an officer went forward to apprise the ex-minister of the sentence against him. Stanhope, having no other covering than his dressing-gown, took the letter, and retired in angry haste, to run it over, and hurry on Its contents were to this effect; and they were his clothes. addressed to him.

"His majesty, knowing the integrity of the British ambassador, appeals to that, and to his good understanding. His excellency must be too well acquainted with the Duke de Ripperda's delinquency, not to see fatal consequences to all royal authority, should his majesty bear any longer with the temerity of the duke, in braving his sovereign with propositions in the language of a prince, rather than in that of subject; and all, from being in the fancied

security of a foreign ambassador's house.

"Such a reflection ought to engage his excellency to surrender the Duke de Ripperda on the first summons; and that summons is now made in the name of the king, who commands it to be imparted to the British ambassador, that if he insists on the sanctuary of his house, he places the duke equally out of the reach of his majesty's merey as of his justice. If, on a further impartial inspection of the Duke de Ripperda's ministry, it should appear that he had not only betrayed the interests of the State, but had devised the death of the king! when the delinquent is in the power of justice, then his majesty will either make him a great example of deserved punishment, or, what is infinitely more precious in the royal sight, show the world a greater example, that of elemency, in pardoning so formidable a eriminal."

While Stanhope was reading these, and other arguments, to persuade, where force was already determined on, not merely an

officer, but the aleaid and his guards, had approached the door of the duke's ante-chamber. On their opening it rather rudely, (for all now depended on dispatch,) Martini sprang from his mattress. and seeing the armed men, demanded what they wanted.
"We must speak with your master," replied the aleaid.

Martini had now approached; and recognising the officer of police amidst the drawn swords of his attendants, the faithful servant was at no loss to guess the purpose of the visit; but placing himself before the entrance of the interior chamber, he replied with firmness—"My master is not accustomed to intrusion

at an hour like this. You must await his commands till noon."
"Seize that fellow," returned the aleaid, motioning to his men.
Two of them obeyed, and Martini was held pinioned between them, while the officer, followed by the rest, passed into the chamber. Since his misfortunes, the duke's slumbers had become peculiarly profound, and he now lay in a deep sleep. But the aleaid, fearing resistance from the ambassador, should he rejoin the invading party before Ripperda had surrendered himself, darted towards the bed; and, drawing back its curtains, roughly awoke the duke. Ripperda started from his pillow, and beheld himself surrounded by gleaming sabres. Before he could speak, the officer of justice proclaimed his errand—"That he arrested him for high treason, and came to carry him to the state prison of Segovia.

"It shall be my eerpse!" cried the duke, snatching a sword from the unprepared hand of the soldier who stood nearest to him,

and attempting to spring from the bed.

But the alcaid had concerted a sign with the men below; and while those present threw themselves upon the duke, the other guards hastened upstairs, and filled the chamber. Stanhope came into the room at the same instant, and ealled loudly against the illegal proceeding; against the breach of his privileges as an ambassador; against such shameful violation of the elaims of honour,

and the sacred rights of hospitality!

The duke was now insensible, from a blow he had received on his temple in the seuffle. This sight redoubled the indignation of the apright Englishman; but the aleaid drew forth his own order, signed by the king, "to take Ripperda, dead or alive;" and then the minister found himself obliged to resist no longer. However, though he stood quiescent while the lifeless duke was wrapped in the eoverlid, and carried to the earriage, he called on all around to witness, "that he protested against a deed so contrary to the law of nations, and to the commonest bonds of faith between man and man."

When the insensible body was conveyed through the hall, Martini, who had been forced thither, seeing his master in so lost a condition (for the veins of one of his hardly-elosed wounds had opened afresh, and bled through the coverlid), broke from his guards, and, with a dreadful malediction on his murderers, rushed towards him. The soldiers attempted to strike this faithful servant away from his clinging hold on the mantle which wrapped Rip. perda; but, struggling amongst their swords, he so affected General Stanhope by such proof of attachment, that the kind-hearted Englishman said to the alcaid,—"If it be not against your positive orders, let me see, sir, that you have some regard to humanity, in respecting the fidelity of that man.—Let him accompany his master."

The alcaid replied, he had no orders but what related to the person of the duke; and therefore, to oblige his excellency, he

would permit Martini to attend his master.

"Not to oblige me," returned the English minister, "but to lessen the account of outrages I shall immediately charge upon this court to my own! Therefore, on the peril of your safety, beware of augmenting that sum by any voluntary aggression from yourself."

The alcaid bowed to Stanhope, and ordered Martini to be placed in the carriage with his master, between a soldier and an officer of the police. The vehicle then drove off at a rapid gallop, followed by the alcaid and a grand escort of cavalry, towards the dismal alcazar of Segovia.

## CHAPTER XLII.

#### SEGOVIA.

STANHOPE'S indignation continued equally manifest, as it was sincere, against what had been done; and to every one of the royal ministers, separately and collectively, he spoke his mind with corresponding boldness. Indeed, his protest was so strong, and what he urged in the duke's favour so powerful, that as it came repeatedly before the king, they began to fear the issue.\* Difficulties in substantiating their various allegations against Ripperda were starting forth every hour; and the charge of poisoning was completely disproved. From all these considerations, the new rulers saw the necessity of keeping the ruined minister from any chance of gaining the royal ear, which they augured could hardly be prevented when his son should arrive; whose high character, notwithstanding the aspersions of his enemies, was whispered about from several espistolary representations out of letters from Sinzendorff, to some of his correspondents in Madrid, demonstrating young De Montemar's perfect integrity of conduct, both public and private, on all occasions, in which that well-experienced minister had found him concerned, while at Vienna. Indeed, those of the party who had seen Louis, and knew the foibles of the queen, were afraid, should she see him, that she might transfer those favours to the son, which personal jealousy alone had withdrawn from the father. Impelled by these apprehensions, they moved every engine to convict Ripperda of heresy before Louis could arrive; and in that case, should the Inquisition once claim the condemned criminal as its victim, they knew the bigotry of Philip would abandon his former favourite without another question.

While these machinations were going on at Madrid, Ripperda

<sup>\*</sup> William, General Stanhope, this noble representative of the British sovereign and nation, was afterwards raised to the rank of a peer of the realm by King George II., in memorial of his gallant and noble services. He was the ancestor of the present Earl of Harrington.

found the alcazar at Segovia answer every purpose of his triumphant rivals but that of subduing his spirit. They had placed him in the charge of a creature of their own. And though the noble priserillay for several days in such extremity that, for as many nights, the faithful Martini despaired of his master ever seeing the light of another morning, yet no physician was permitted to enter those dismal walls. A dungeon was the duke's chamber, and the coarsest fare his support. The men, who would not dare to administer poison or strangulation, calculated, without remorse, on this way of ridding themselves of an obnoxious life. When they thought him sufficiently reduced by sickness and bodily hardships to allow his firm soul to feel their torture, they sent a well-tutored priest to extort a confession of his crimes. The demand was backed by an insulting assurance that, on such a proof of penitence, he should be permitted the indulgence of the state apartments, and the range of the garden for exercise.

Ripperda rejected these insidious proffers with merited contempt. They were repeated again and again, with aggravating propositions and threats, and sometimes the language of his inquisitor provoked him beyond all self-control. Between the delirium of illness and the frenzy of despair, he more than once was left raving, or insensible, in the arms of his servant. As time wore away, and no tidings of Louis nor of Lorenzo arrived, his enemies took advantage of this circumstance; and, on Martini incautiously dropping a hint of the young marquis's future revenge on the injuries of his father, the priest intimated that "Louis was in too good an understanding with his own interests to unite himself again with a discarded

traitor, though he were his parent."

This imputation on his son was too much for the small remnant of patience that remained in the duke. He was now reduced to a maddening state of mental irritation—to an exasperated hatred of human nature—and, denouncing Austria and Spain in one wide malediction, he fiereely commanded their agent to leave his presence. The man, however, sat unmoved in soul or in countenance, while Martini looked with anguish on his master, as on a noble galley he had lately seen proudly stemming its steady way through the raging sea; but now beheld, bereft of rudder and compass, and at the mercy of the weakest blast. The malignant priest waited for a momentary calm, and then threw out some dark hints, that, in a few days, Ripperda would be removed to a surer durance. New matters had come to light, which convicted him of the double charge of secretly maintaining the principles of heresy in himself, and of having entrusted the interests of Catholic Spain to his son, whom he knew to be a professed heretic. All this was listened to in gloomy silence; but when the subtle agent proceeded to say, that Louis De Montemar had offered his evidence to witness the same against his father, Ripperda started from his chair; he now knew no bounds to his wrath, and he proclaimed it in such a manner that the terrified priest flew before him. Insult and outrage seemed to have given that bodily vigour to the duke which medicine and surgery had taken no pains to restore.

"Revenge is here!" cried he to Martini; "a new principle of

life! I will free myself; and then they shall feel the strength that

lies in this single arm!"

Martini learnt, from the servants of the prison, that the pricst's denunciation was no vain threat; for preparations were silently making for the duke's removal to the Inquisition, as soon as the king could be brought to sign the warrant. All knew that warrant was the signal of death; and of such a death, that human nature shuddered at the bare idea of its horrors. Martini hastened to his master with the intelligence. He found him leaning over a map of the world, which he had spread on the table. Ripperda attended to his servant's information with profound attention. When he had finished speaking, the duke commanded him to withdraw for an hour, after which time he would tell him his resolution.

Two hours elapsed before Martini was called in from the antechamber, which was his usual anxious station in watch of his master's safety; and then Ripperda calmly told him, that it was his determination to effect his own escape, and to take his revenge from beyond the Pillars of Hercules. While he spoke, he pointed with his finger to the spot on the map which marked the Straits of Gibraltar. Martini readily embraced these plans for liberty; and gladly heard his master discuss them with all his former sobriety

of manner and decision of purpose.

"But," asked the faithful servant, "should the marquis visit this prison when we are gone, how is he to know where to follow you?"

"My actions shall proclaim to him, and to the world, where to follow me!" replied the duke. "If he be the parricide these people represent him, he will then repent the poor part he has now taken; and see the policy, if not the duty, of being true to the fortunes of such a father. But, if these wretches have slandered him, and he be indeed my son, then I will make that England which fostered him what I would have made this ungrateful, ruined country."

Martini saw that a temporary mist clouded the mind of his master; but that noble nature had been so smitten by universal ingratitude, who could wonder it should doubt, in every dubious appearance? But Martini had seen enough of Louis to admire and to love him; and he zealously exerted himself to overthrow the suspicions against him which occasionally rose in the mind of his father. Something influenced by his reasoning, Ripperda employed the greatest part of the day in writing a large packet to his son. He enclosed it under a cover to the Marquis Santa Cruz, who had a villa in the neighbourhood. Martini delivered it the same night, into the hands of the marchioness, her husband being still in Sardinia; but she assured the faithful servant of her care of its contents.

Ripperda's attention was next directed to putting his plan of escape into a train of execution. It was modelled by the difficult situation of the alcazar. This prison stands on the summit of a huge rock, overlooking the city of Segovia on the one side; while on the other, which is nearly perpendicular, and covered with matted underwood, it precipitates down to a fosse, filled from the river Atayada. The castle was erected by the Moors; and is fortified according to their ancient mode. The large old square towers are bound round their battlements with a heavy stonework of

chains; proclaiming from afar the subjection in which the Moresco princes formerly held the Spanish land. This once formidable fortress, like their banished race, is in many parts in a state of decay; and, in others, totally destroyed. Some of the buttresses were still mouldering away, and where one of the towers had fallen its ruins damned up part of the ditch; at least, it raised a causeway under the water, so high, that a person acquainted with its direction might pass over only knee-deep in the stream. In a dungeon of the corresponding tower, on the moat-side of the castle, was the prison of Ripperda.

Martini prepared a couple of stout mules, and concealed them amongst the thickets on the opposite side of the fosse. In that part, it was little better than a morass, from the occasional overflowing of the waters at the rainy seasons. He also procured the habits of muleteers, for the duke and himself, and a ladder of ropes to descend from the window of the prison to the top of the rock, whence they were to scramble, the best way they could, down its declivity, to

the edge of the ditch.

On the very morning of the day fixed for their momentous attempt, Ripperda was visited by a Jesuit of rank. He came on a special mission from the Marquis de Paz, to apprise the duke that the king had signed his warrant for the Inquisition; and then be proceeded to mock him with the assurance, that nothing could now save him from the extremest vengeance of the offended church, but a full acknowledgment of all his heretical and political iniquities. The gracious message continued, "that in such a case he should be represented to the pope, and, possibly, might be pardoned."

The Jesuit expatiated on the curse of Heaven, which now manifested itself on the head of Ripperda, in every relation of his life:—"Whether in his public or private circumstances, all bore the marks of universal excommunication. His son had deserted him; and the fortunes on which he leaned, as on a rock, were now sinking in the ocean, or becoming the prey of corsairs, to swell the iniquity of intidels like himself." All this circumlocution only informed Ripperda of a misfortune, unworthy his attention at the present moment: the loss of his Levant merchantmen; part in the late heavy

storms, and part taken by the pirates of Barbary.

To impose upon this new emissary, he had received him lying on his bed, where he affected to have sustained a relapse of his illness, and, during the whole discourse, he had kept a stern silence. At last, being vehemently urged for some reply to the proposition respecting an appeal to the pope, Ripperda, started on his arm, like a lion roused from his lair, and fiercely replied—"Tell your employers, that before they again lay hands on the Duke dc Ripperda, he will have made his appeal to a tribunal which shall make them tremble! And, for your arguments—I too have studied in the Jesuits' college. Begone!"

The priest supposed the duke anticipated his own death, and meant the tribunal of heaven; and shaking his head, while he pronounced the words "reprobate!" and "accursed!" he left the

apartment.

After the information which the Jesuit had brought, Martini saw the approach of an Inquisition familiar in every shadow that

flitted across the dungeon wall; and, full of terror, he continued to urge his master that nothing should delay their departure that night.

Ripperda sat a long time absorbed in thought. He heard no word of Martini's—he saw none of the devoted man's busy arrangements for their flight. The corsairs of Barbary, his own Moorish ancestors, and the banishment of part of their race, while his own line remained great lords in Spain, were all before his mind's eye, in fearful prompting apparition. His warlike progenitor, Don Valor de Ripperda, two centuries ago, had married the only daughter of the Moresco King of Grenada.

His son, the renowned Don Ferdinand De Valor, shook the Christian kingdoms of Spain to their centre when the dark policy of Philip II. issued the edict to expel his Moorish subjects from their ancient seats in Spain. Aben Humeya was the title of the Granada princes. De Valor resumed it when he raised the rebel

standard on the Alpuxara mountains.

"Another Philip shall hear that name again!" muttered Ripperda to himself; and, laying his head down on the traced and retraced map, to prevent any outward circumstance disturbing the current of his meditations, he sat without word or motion, till the dungeon became wrapped in total darkness, and the hour of his

attempt drew nigh.

Martini had furnished himself with gold from his master's villa in the neighbourhood, which he had visited secretly by the duke's directions, through ways known only to himself, and also to a treasury underground, which had escaped the scrutiny of the police, and was abundant in jewels and ingots. The wealth which Ripperda deemed necessary for his expedition was sewed into various parts of their muleteer garments. Martini appeared from his little ante-room, with a lamp in his hand, while the prison clock struck ten. It was a rough autumnal night; a bright moon at times showed her head through the flying clouds, and at others was totally obscured under a billowy mass of vapours rolling over each other, and descending till they touched the hills. The gaoler had locked his prisoners in, and retired to rest; the sentinels were planted at their posts, each on the ramparts of the curtain between the towers. Ripperda roused himself from his portentous trance, and arrayed his noble figure in the rugged habiliments of the muleteer. In vain he dyed his visage with the vista-nut; in vain he shrouded himself in the leathern jerkin, unshapely boots, and huge Sierra bonnet: still the grandeur of his air and the grace of his person proclaimed the descendant of princes, and him who was used to command and be obeyed. The light Italian looked what he assumed—a brisk, active muleteer, full of life and merriment. Their belts were filled with loaded pistols, which they covered from observation by the fringes of their vests; a poniard was in each well-guarded bosom, and trusty swords by their sides. Being fully equipped, Ripperda looked around on the walls of his dungeon. It was still in the verge of possibility that his son might seek his father in that dismal chamber. He paused, and hastily wrote a few lines, to say that parent still lived, and would yet proclaim himself with honour to the world. He directed the brief letter to the Marquis de Montemar, and left it on the table.

Martini threw up his hooked rope, which caught on the iron staneliel of the window; and, clambering by it to the top, he dislodged the bars from their slight holding. A few days before he had filed away their adhesion to their soekets. Having made open passage for his master, he fastened a rope-ladder to the opposite side of the window, and, dropping it out, slid down its sides till he reached the bottom. Here he drove its spiked extremity into the earth. By that time the duke had mounted to the window, and, drawing up the rope by which he had ascended, remained seated on the stone casement till Martini had fixed all right below. It was no sooner accomplished, than Ripperda was on the top of the ladder, and in a few seconds at its foot.

The sentinel was singing a sequedilla above, and its notes came to the fugitives on the wind. The moon was now full upon them; and Martini, putting out his head a little from the wall, distinctly saw the musket and waving feather of the soldier, while he walked to and fro at his post. Their garments, happily, were dark; and they moved cautiously amongst the underwood at the bottom of the curtain till they reached the ruined tower, the fallen masses of which had lessened the perpendicular of the descent. Like the rest of their track, it was covered with thicket, and they clambered down from bush to bush and the projecting roots of trees now no more,

till they arrived at the brink of the fosse.

Martini had tried its ford the night before, and, plunging in, which example Ripperda followed, both found a firm footing in the water. They crossed with safety, though in total darkness; and Martini, rolling the duke's usual garments with his own round a loose fragment of the ruin, sunk the close-coiled mass into the muddy depth of the ditch. This was done to avert suspicion of their having changed their clothes when they fled. The moon again shone out from the black clouds, and Martini jumped into the thicket to seek the mules.

"Fortune favours me!" cried Ripperda, while he looked up to the bright orb and then to the frowning battlements he had so lately left. "Thy ensign may light me back to this castle in a different garb from that in which I leave it! When Spain sees me again, it will not be as a benefactor." He turned into the wood to follow Martini, and was soon lost in the labyrinth of night and

trees.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

THE COAST OF SPAIN-MADRID, AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR-THE ALCAZAR.

THE second night after Louis had sailed from the port of Genoa, the vessel which contained him was blown to sea by the severity of the weather, and drove about, contending with the tempest, far from the coasts of Spain for one and twenty da-s. Each succeeding day seemed an age to the heart of a son impatient to console and to cheer a suffering parent under his undeserved misfortunes; and sleep seldom closed those vigilant eyes which were ever watchful for a change in the wind, or for some repose in the turbulent

element that bore him along with unstemmable fury from the shores which contained his father. Again and again Louis questioned the page on every particular which had occurred, propitious or adverse, to the Duke de Ripperda during his administration. Sometimes this affectionate son's anxiety to join his father became so uncontrollable he was ready to throw himself into the waves, and breast their torrent to the Spanish coast; at other times he called upon himself to endure this hard trial which Providence had laid upon his filial patience, and await its good time to bring him to the side of his honoured and so cruelly afflicted parent. At last the storms changed their direction, and with equal violence blew the little vessel towards the Balearic Isles. To persist in stretching for Barcelona would have been madness in such boisterous weather; the commander, therefore, determined to make the nearest Spanish port. When the ship approached on this tack, and Louis for the first time beheld that country which had so long been the bourne of all his wishes, he gazed on it with a strange tumult of mind. It was the land of his forefathers, and with what views, with what feelings, was he first to set his foot upon its shores! Their high and abrupt outline cut the horizon between sea and sky like a superb citadel of mountains guarding the rich Hesperian vale. It was evening when he saw the golden clouds, rolling from the sides of those stupendous natural bulwarks; he thought of his father's setting sun-of his last beams gilding the country he loved-of that fair country, opening before himself as he had anticipated, luminous in glory like the unfolding gates of Paradise! But, even while he gazed and mused and felt a pleased augury in the splendid show, the golden hues faded from the ethereal amphitheatre; the clouds. darkening in their shapes, collected around the headlands; they rested in grey and sombrous masses on the jagged summits, till a fierce and eddying wind, blowing suddenly from the south-east, dispersed them in one wide and obscuring mist over the whole scene. Louis turned from the side of the vessel. Next morning it anchored in the bay of Valencia. The business of disembarking and of resuming his journey by land to Madrid prevented all particular reflection till he got into the carriage. Lorenzo deemed it prudent not to say at any of the post-houses or towns he passed through who was his companion; and, though Louis felt he was stealing into the country of his ancestors, like a stranger and a spy, yet by this discretion they travelled rapidly towards the capital of Castile without any unusual impediment, or even the knowledge that Ripperda had been removed from the protection of the British ambassador. Whether he were passing over plain or mountain, cultivated fields or barren tracts, all were the same to Louis: his eye was fixed alone on the one object of his journey. He entered the barriers of Madrid at midnight; but nothing could prevent him driving immediately through the city, and the northern gate, to the British residence. When his carriage drew up to the portico another vehicle had just driven away, and through the yet open door of the house Lorenzo saw the English ambassador passing through the hall. In a moment the travellers were out of the carriage. Lorenzo ordered the porter to conduct the Marquis de Montemar to his Excellency. General Stanhope had just entered

his saloon when Louis was announced. Stanhope started at the name, knowing it was that of the son of Ripperda. Louis approached him; his hat was in his hand, and with hardly articulate accents, justed of what he meant to say, he could only utter the

agitated words—"My father——"

That countenance could never be once looked upon by an unprejudiced eye, without making an immediate interest in the heart. Though now worn and pallid, Stanhope felt its power. He saw all the son in its haggard lines, he heard all the son in those few indistinct sounds.

"You expect to find your father here, sir?" replied the general. By the manner of this question Louis apprehended something of what had happened, and with inexpressible alarm he replied,—

"And where is my father?"

"To the eternal disgrace of the cabinet of Spain," returned the minister, "its orders violated the sanctuary of my house, and by an outrageous execution of a most unjust decree, tore him from his bed, to incarcerate him in the alcazar of Segovia!"

Louis did not stagger under the shock of this intelligence, he firmly replied,—"I am to understand he is a prisoner?—On what

pretence?

"Treason against the state," returned Stanhope; "but they cannot make their charges good. Visible facts outweigh false swearing; and though Duke Wharton has been their counsellor night and day, nothing can be proved against your father, but that once he was a heretic, and that you are still the same."

"Duke Wharton!" repeated Louis.

"Yes," rejoined the ambissador; "he made a show of rescuing the Duke de Ripperda from the fury of the populace, but it was only to betray him to the ministry. Wharton left your father in my house, and then drove to Grimaldo, to tell where he might find him."

Louis sunk into a seat, and remained with his hands locked and his teeth grinding on each other in death-like ague, while the ambassador continued his account of the affair. He assured his agonised auditor that, notwithstanding the circumspection of the present ministers to conceal their communications with the English duke, the fact had been ascertained, and that their correspondence with Wharton had preceded the fall of Ripperda several months. The duke's task was to draw Ripperda into all the situations which had now been wrested to his disadvantage. It was represented to the king that Ripperda had privately conferred with Wharton, in a pass of the Carinthian mountains, and that in some other place, an affair of secrecy had been discussed between them, at which Richelieu, the French ambassador, was present. These things were told to Stanhope by an authority he could not dispute, but must not mention; and the same informant added, that "whatever were the objects Ripperda had coalesced in with Wharton, the cause of James Stuart was not one; for it was in resentment of Ripperda refusing to embrace his views there, that Wharton had betrayed his correspondence with the duke, and alleged against him treasons of other and terrible tendencies.

Stanhope observed that from some of the present ministers being secretly inclined to the Stuart cause, he well understood why Duke Wharton had abandoned all bonds of honour to maintain them in their seats. But could be have found any signs of a changing principle in Ripperda, it was not to be doubted that he would have preferred a single auxiliary of such mental strength to any combination of more feeble powers. Stanhope continued his recital, by saving that before he repeated to the fallen minister what he knew respecting his pretended deliverer, Ripperda had spoken of his rescue as a deed of generosity in Wharton, that left its object no words in which to express sufficient admiration. Stanhope then disclosed to the noble victim all he had learnt from his secret informant, and at once branded the story of the previous meetings between the two dukes as a mere falsehood, or the confession of such, an unexampled instance of perfidy in the English duke. Ripperda at first listened incredulously to the charges against his deliverer; but when the rencontre amongst the Carinthian mountains was mentioned, and some other corroborating circumstances followed that disclosure, the betrayed minister abruptly exclaimed, —"He is perfidious! for the facts are true!"

At this part of the narrative Louis turned his powerful eyes upon the ambassador. Stanhope thought he read their suspicions. "Hear me to an end," continued he, "and you will find the whole perfidy belongs to Duke Wharton."

Louis dropped his heavy eyelids over his scathed sight, and bowed without a word. General Stanhope then repeated to him all that the impassioned resentment of Ripperda had excited him He declared his ancient and inexorable hatred of to avow. Wharton and his politics; he boasted that the transaction to which the Duke de Richelieu was privy had been one of mutual vengeance; that a sharp dispute had arisen between them at the cardinal's table, and the same night they took their revenge with the sword. Louis again looked upon Stanhope. The ambas-

sador continued.

"I failed reaching Wharton's heart," said Ripperda; "but my sword went so near it, we believed him slain. He was taken up for dead, and Richelieu and the cardinal conjured me to hush the affair. I obliged them, and heard no more of my antagonist till, like my evil genius, he appeared in the very mountains he speaks of. It was under total darkness; and he returned to me the despatches which, I doubt not, his own emissaries had taken from my courier. I did not know it was he till several hours after his departure. A mantle, the supposed outlaw had worn, was then brought to me, and I recognised it to be that of the cardinal, in which I had seen him wrap the supposed dead body of Duke Wharton. His blood was on it. Stanhope, we were enemies!—always mortal enemies. Think, then, what must have been the revulsion in my breast, when he I had assailed to such extremity, rescued me from the murderous rabble, and brought me to the unquestionable refuge of your house!"

Stanhope subscribed to the reasonableness of Ripperda's first impressions, as the immediate effect of such pretended generosity; and as warmly seconded the duke's determination to take a states. man's revenge, since it was proved that Wharton was actuated by the reverse of a generous motive; that he had busied himself in the secret counsels of Ripperda's public enemics: that he had influenced the queen to reject every letter from her once prime favourite; and that, not satisfied with these treacheries, he had even had recourse to representing eircumstances which contained no offence in themselves, under colours so invidious as to wear whatever treasonable shape he chose they should assume. Irritated by these convictions, Ripperda, without further hesitation, opened out to Stanhope the whole of Wharton's converse with him, during the half-hour they were alone together in the British residence. It was to urge him to revenge himself on his implacable foes in Spain and Austria, by immediately embracing the Bavarian and Stuart claims. Wharton argued that should Ripperda take this step, France and Prussia, three parts of Germany, and all Italy. would contend for his guiding hand.

"In short, Wharton's persuasions were such," added Stanhope. "that your father owned to me, that did he not connect honour with revenge, he would have been tempted to have accepted the traitor's offers; but, determined to die as he had lived by his principles, he rejected all. The consequence was, the disappointed emissary of these double treasons immediately accused him of his own crimes. And that he might never meet a second chastisement from the man he had betrayed, it was he that urged Grimaldo to hold your

father in perpetual imprisonment."

Louis saw in this terrible recital that the substance of Wharton's proffers to his father were so like those he had made to himself, and their rejection having been followed up by the very conduct he had threatened in the château garden,—"That Ripperda and De Montemar should find what it is to have Wharton for an enemy!"—he could not doubt this treacherous vengeance being a fact, and, crying within his soul against him who had perpetrated so black a revenge, he started from his seat. The expression of his face was terrific, the image of sweet humanity secmed blotted from it; and, with a burning eye and a complexion of death, he turned from Stanhope, and, totally forgetful of his presence, took a pistol from his belt. The Englishman grasped his arm.

"Marquis, what do you intend?"

Louis scarcely moved his head while he replied,-"To seek

Duke Wharton.

Stanhope laid his hand gently, but firmly on the pistol. "Give me this useless weapon," said he; "the treacherous duke is already hidden from your vengeance. Last night he was closeted." with the triumvirate; and this morning, at daybreak, he left

Madrid; but in what direction no one can guess."

Louis yielded his pistol to the demand of Stanhope. At that moment, the crime, and inefficacy of bloodshed, in avenging injuries like his, or any injuries, struck upon his soul. And, turning from the supporting arm of General Stanhope, while the venerable form of Mr. Athelstone seemed to appear before him, he buried his face in his hands, and stood immovable, lost in the multitude and agonies of his thoughts. The ambassador left him to recover alone. When he re-entered he found him walking up and down the room with a composed step. Louis advanced to his friendly host.

"Will you pardon all that you have seen of my weakness, and assist me to join my father instantly?"

Anticipating this request, Stanhope had despatched, successively, two messages to the Count de Grimaldo (who, he knew, was not yet gone from council, though the hour was so late), to obtain an order to the warden of the alcazar at Segovia, for the admission of the Marquis de Montemar to the imprisoned duke. To the first message, the count gave a civil refusal; adding, that such permission would be a dangerous indulgence to so signal a criminal as the Duke de Ripperda; and the enterprising spirit of the son might be feared. Stanhope sent his secretary back, with a strong remonstrance against the injustice of this refusal; adding, that should it be repeated, he must consider the act as a personal offence to himself: it was hostile to every principle of an Englishman; and, he had hoped, to every principle in civilized man. "In England (said he), law and equity war against crime; not against nature. There, a criminal under sentence of death is suffered to see those near and dear to him. Humanity must bench with justice; or punishment becomes crime, by degenerating into revenge. The Marquis de Montemar, though he bear a Spanish title, has had a British education. He may be willing to avenge himself of his father's enemies; but as neither plot nor treachery are taught in a British school, trust his father's captivity to his honour, and you cannot hold him in stronger bonds.

The Spanish minister did not deem it politic to repulse a second request from the English ambassador, at this point of the subject; and, with a polite excuse for his former refusal, he despatched the signed order for the admission of Ripperda's son. In the course of half an hour, Louis was re-seated in his travelling-carriage, with four fresh horses furnished from General Stanhope's stables; and,

accompanied by Lorenzo, he set forward to Segovia.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### DE MONTEMAR'S VISIT TO THE ALCAZAR OF SEGOVIA.

THE sun had risen, when the equipage that contained Louis de Montemar ascended the mountainous heights of the Guadarama. From a rocky valley diverging down to the eastern horizon, and shaded with every umbrageous tree and shrub of that luxuriant climate, a distant view of the Escurial was visible. The rays of the brightening day were bright upon it, and the superb palace of the Spanish kings shone in its fullest splendour. Lorenzo looked round on Louis. His countenance was still the same as when he entered the carriage; and the page did not venture to call his attention to the magnificent view before him. League after league was traversed. St. Ildefonso's gilded pinnacles next presented themselves on the declivity of a beautiful hill. Its fountains and its ambrosial vistas rivalled those of Versailles; in emulation of which the grandson of Louis XIV had caused this palace to be erected. But here again Lorenzo was silent; and glittering domes, and sparkling fountains, lowly cottages, and gliding rivulets, all were alike passed by the abstracted eye of Louis, without note or cognizance. It was high noon. The chesnut woods of Antero de Herrares opened their enamelled glades before the travellers. They crossed a marble bridge. Its pillared arches and classic balustrades clasped the broadest arm of the river Atayada, which here flowed in a deep and pellucid stream. Onward was a range of colonnades of the same superb material, diverging on each side from a triple gate, and surmounted by arches; the architraves of which had been wrought by Spanish artists who had learnt their art in Italy, at the expense of the noble owner of that mansion. A golden eagle, the armorial ensign of the Ripperda family, crested the central arch. Within were the park and the deer, and the house rearing its Corinthian columns amidst the redundant groves of a Spanish autumn.

The same feeling which had chained the tongue of Lorenzo while passing indifferent objects, however noteworthy, now precipitated him to speak, and he exclaimed—"Here, my lord, is the duke's Segovian villa!—all the windows are shut up, and not a

soul stirring, where we were once so many and so gay!"

Louis glanced on what might have been his home; and the flying horses shot by those splendid gates, to find their owner in a prison! He did not answer Lorenzo, not even with a sigh; but looked steadily forward till the dark towers of the alcazar appeared over the intervening woods. He read their name in their blackness and their chains; but he neither groaned nor shut his eyes on the dismal abode to which his noble father was transferred. After ascending a long and widening road, they passed through the oldest quarter of the town of Segovia, also upon a slope, till, on crossing the rattling timbers of a drawbridge, the carriage stopped beneath a deep archway. Several sentinels drew around the vehicle, demanding whence it came, and the object of its intrusion. Lorenzo being most ready in the language of the questioners, abruptly answered,—"We bear an order from the Count Grimaldo, for admittance to the Duke de Ripperda."

An officer appeared, to receive and examine the passport. Louis alighted and presented the order. The man bowed respectfully, when he read the name of the Marquis de Montemar, and said he would instantly lead him to the prison of the duke. With unbreathing silence, and a heart into which all that was man within him was summoned, Louis followed his conductor. They reached a heavy door, studded with iron, and traversed by massy bars. The officer drew a huge key from his breast, and opened it. As it grated horribly in the guards of the lock, and the damp and dreariness of the passages struck on the shuddering senses of Lorenzo, the affectionate youth exclaimed, "Oh, my honoured lord! is it in

such a place I find you?"

Louis turned at the exclamation, and looked on the faithful ser-

vant; but no tear was in his eye, no sound on his lip.

The door was opened, and the officer drew back, while the son of the duke entered the vestibule of his prison. The unoccupied pallet of Martini lay in one corner of this miserable ante-room. Louis saw nothing but the door that led to the interior apartment; and, crossing the vestibule with one step, (though with an awful sense of his father's stricken state, and of the dignity whose affliction even a son must not break on too abruptly,) he gently pushed forward the half-open door, and found himself in a large and drip-

ping dungeon. He started and gazed around; for all was horrible, but all was solitude.

"Where is my father?"

"In his bed," cried the officer, who now entered. "He is ill." Louis hastily, but with a light tread, passed across the pavement to the mattress, which lay behind a woollen curtain, in a low, vaulted part of the cell. His conductor, with less delicacy of attention to the supposed slumbers of an invalid, followed him. Lorenzo glided in also; and at the very moment in which the officer had pressed before Louis, to announce to Ripperda the arrival of his son, the page's eye fell on a letter which lay on the table. In the instant that the officer's appalled ejaculation proclaimed that no duke was in the bed, Lorenzo saw the packet was directed to the Marquis de Montemar, and, snatching it up, put it in his breast.

"Then where is he?" exclaimed Louis, throwing himself between the door and the officer, who was hastily moving toward it. "You pass not here till you tell me to what deeper dungeon you have removed him; for no power on earth shall keep me from my father."

The man stood still: and the consternation in his countenance, more than his asseverations of total ignorance on the subject, convinced Louis that, whatever had become of his father, this person was innocent of his fate. He therefore demanded to see the warden, declaring, while he insisted on his demand, that the order he had presented was from the minister, to admit him to the duke, whereever he might be; and on the authority of that order he would

force his way to his presence, against every opposition.

The officer affirmed that the warden could know nothing of the duke's strange absence; for that he (the officer) was the warden's deputy, and had himself secured the doors on the prisoner and his servant the preceding night: and no one else, not even the warden, possessed a duplicate key to that dungeon. While he continued to speak with vehemence, and in manifest terror of punishment for what had happened, the determined son of Ripperda repeated his demands to have the warden summoned; affirming he would not leave the spot till he was convinced that both officers were ignorant of the cause of his father's disappearance. The deputy being now suffered to go to the dungeon door, called a sentinel from the end of the stone gallery, and briefly told the man to remain with the marquis till he should return. But, as he withdrew, he had the precaution to turn the key of the dungeon on those it contained. The sentinel stood, with fixed arms, where his employer had left him; while Lorenzo glided silently round the dismal apartment, prying into everything. Having found the letter, (which he yet kept carefully concealed till he could safely show it to his master,) he thought he might possibly discover some other memorandum from Martini to himself; and, not doubting that the duke and his brother had made their escape, he left no nook or crevice unexplored.

Louis remained seated against the table, with his arms folded, and gazing intently on the open window. But it was the gaze of concentrated thought, not of observation. Indeed, it could hardly have seemed possible to him, that the duke could have withdrawn himself through that aperture. It was not only eighteen feet above the bottom of the dungeon, but, from the shadows in the douth of

the wall, appeared a mere crenille. These objections would have occurred to Louis, against the supposition of this having been the way of his father's escape, had the idea of an escape once presented itself to his mind. But he had repelled the first intimation from

the deputy of such a suspicion.

"From what," said he, "should my father fly? Justice must speak at last, and acquit him with honour!" In his own person, Louis felt that he would sooner be condemned in the face of day, by an iniquitous sentence, than incur the stigma of conscious guilt, by flying from the trial it was his right to demand. "No," cried he, "the Duke de Ripperda would not so desert himself!"

While he believed this, his heart died within him at the thought of his father's endless captivity in some remote prison, where he might never hear the voice of consolation, or see the face of a comforter: and then the spectre of midnight murder suddenly presented itself. His eye hastily scanned the flinty pavement, but there were no traces of blood; all was clear, and all was orderly in the wretched apartment, without any traces of struggle. In the midst of these reflections, the throng of hurry and alarm was heard in the gallery; the great key once more turned in its guards; and the hinges grating roughly, when the door was pushed open, a crowd of soldiers, preceded by the warden and the deputy, poured into the dungeon.

Louis stood to receive them. The warden, holding the order for the Marquis de Montemar's admittance in his hand, in the disorder of his consternation hastily advanced to him, and exclaimed—

"Marquis, where is the duke, your father?"

"That is my demand of you," replied Louis, pointing to the order; "the Count Grimaldo expected I should find him here. Here he is not. And you are answerable for his safety and his appearance."

In glancing round the dungeon, from the floor to the ceiling, the warden's eye was quicker than the deputy's; and, without attending to the reply of Louis, he exclaimed—"He has escaped through the window!"

"Impossible!" cried the deputy, "he could not reach it."

"Who reached it to take out the bars?" returned his superior; "he is gone, and by that way. Round, soldiers, to the ditch!"

Louis stood in wordless astonishment at this confirmation of what he, too, had thought impossible; though the impossibility to him, had rested on the mind of the duke, not on the means of escape; but when he saw the men withdraw, with fixed bayonets, to hunt his father's life (for he knew him too well to believe that after having once chosen the alternative of flight, he would submit to be retaken), all his father's danger rushed upon him; and, conscious to no other impulse than that of defending him, he turned impetuously to throw himself before the soldiers. The warden saw the movement, and guessed the intention. He was a man of gigantic musele, and, seizing the arm of Louis, called aloud to bar the egress.

musele, and, seizing the arm of Louis, called aloud to bar the egress. "What violence is this?" demanded Louis, forcibly extricating himself, and rushing towards the door. But the sentinel without

had thrust the bolt into its guard.

"You must be my prisoner, marquis," returned the warden, "until those men have searched the neighbourhood."

"On your peril!" exclaimed Louis. "I demand to be released!

In the name of your sovereign and of your laws, I demand it! You have no right to imprison an unoffending man, who came hither under the safe conduct of your minister's signet."

While speaking, he heard the report of a carbine; and, desperate with apprehension for his father, he snatched his only remaining pistol from his belt. "Open that door, warden," cried he, "or I

will make a passage through your heart!"

The wary Spaniard did not stop to answer, but striking the arm that held the pistol, it went off, and the ball lodged in the opposite wall. Louis then felt for his sword. His athletic opponent was on the watch; and, scizing him round the body—"Marquis," cried he, "these outrages can only undo yourself. If the Duke de Ripperda be found, he must be taken alive, at the risk of those who seek him. Kill me, and you are no less a prisoner; for the door is fastened beyond your strength to burst."

Louis was alone with this powerful man; for Lorenzo, with the same intention as his master, had rushed out with the soldiers. While he stood, apparently quiescent, in the clutch of his adversary, he still held his hand on his sword. He discredited the pledge for Ripperda's safety, and resolutely replied—"If my father have fallen, there shall be life for life!" And with the word, he suddenly wrenched himself from the warden's grasp, and as suddenly drawing out his sword, stood with his back against the door. "I am here, till I know the issue of this search! but I am not a second time to be disarmed. Repeat to the sentinel without your command respecting my father's safety; and demand of him the cause of the firing of that carbine!"

The warden had no weapons but his bodily strength: and finding that the nerve of his young antagonist when braced by despair was equal to his own, and seeing that desperation was in his eyes, and a sword in his hand, he thought it prudent to comply; and he called to the sentinel to despatch a man round with the demands of

the marquis.

Never since the hour of his birth did Louis find himself in so terrrible a situation. He was hearkening to the distant voices of them, who, he believed, were his father's murderers, and he found it impossible to get to his rescue! He was himself acting the part of a man of violence, to one who was only performing his hard, but cruel duty! As Louis stood gloomily lost in the horrors of the moment, another carbine was fired, accompanied by shouts from the soldiers. He thought he heard a groan follow the report, and that it issued from below the window. Without a word, or almost a thought, he threw his sword from him, and springing on the opposite wall, found that he had not climbed the perpendicular cliffs of Lindisfarnc in vain. The stones were rough, and giving short but sufficient hold to his hand and foot, he gained the deep recess of the window before he scarcely knew he had left the ground. The act seemed but one spring to the amazed warden. Louis had no sooner reached the window. than he would have thrown himself from the flinty butments, upon the top of the precipice. Happily the voice of Lorenzo from the rock beneath arrested him. To descend on that side by clambering was impossible; the outer part of the wall being worn away into

great and abrupt hollows, till that part of the tower where the window was excavated hung over the rock in a shelving state.

"The duke cannot be found!" cried Lorenzo. "For his sake. and for God's sake, do not attempt quitting the dungeon by that window! the soldiers have just shot away this rope ladder, by which he must have escaped."

While he spoke, he lifted it from the ground. The soldiers had spied it at a distance, hanging loose from the wall; and as they scrambled through the matted brambles, one of them took aim, and it fell. Lorenzo having made his approach instantly on the shot to see what further evidence of Ripperda's flight might be found there, even while the eehoes rang with the men's shouts at so poor an achievement, fortunately arrived and saved his master from danger, by showing him the trophy.
"But another earbine was fired?" demanded Louis.

"A soldier slipped his foot, and his piece went off," replied "Discard me, kill me, but believe me true!" cried the page, aware of his master's surmises, and seeing his hand ready to leave its grasp. "Quit that perilous place, for hope's sake! The pursuers are gone round, to say the duke has escaped beyond their recovery!"

Louis was so far satisfied; and turning towards the dungeon, the entering soldiers doubly assured him; and, dropping from the window inward, he sprung upon the floor. The men gave a hurried

account of their fruitless search.

"Marquis," said the warden, "you must excuse me, that I do not restore a sword which has menaced an officer of the crown; but the door is open, and you may now pass hence. My employers will properly notice the violence of the son, when they have information of the flight of the father.'

"Sir," returned Louis, "if I have injured you, in my struggles for the liberty that was my right, I regret it; and if you know either a father's or a son's heart, you will not reject my apology."

"Soldiers, attend the Marquis de Montemar to the gates," coldly

replied the warden.

Louis doubted; he might yet be deceived! He knew not where to seek his father. The enlargement that was now offered him re-awakened his suspicions; and, without noticing the order of the warden, he stood still. Lorenzo was more present to himself. He had entered with a second group of soldiers, and putting his hand gently on his master's arm, almost unconsciously drew him out of the dungeon. On the threshold he whispered,—"If you are to succour the duke, we must not linger here!"

The words were a talisman to the benumbed faculties of Louis;

he hastened forward, and threw himself into the carriage.

"Back to the British ambassador's," cried Lorenzo to the postillions. The rapid vehicle once more passed over the drawbridge, and wheeled down the declivity through the town. On a rising knoll, Louis caught another glimpse of the dismal towers in which he had endured such variety of mental agony in the course of so few hours! He drew his eyes from them, and the carriage plunged into the long avenue of aloes which led to the wooded heights of Antero de Herrares. Lorenzo pulled up the windows, and let drop the silken blinds. He then put one hand into his bosom, and laid the other on his master's arm.

"My dear lord," cried he, "here is a letter from your father!"

"Lorenzo?" Louis snatched the letter that was held to him. While he tore open the seal, the faithful youth told him where he had found it. It was not necessary to explain why he had concealed it until this moment. Louis read as follows:—

"If my son have not abandoned me, he will probably visit my prison, and find this. In such a case, he may go to the house of the noble Spaniard who was his uncle's guest at Lindisfarne. He has a packet in his possession that will inform Louis de Montemar of the fate of his father.

"WILLIAM, Duke de Ripperda."

There were a thousand daggers in the very first few words of this brief epistle. If my son have not abandoned me! Louis clenehed the letter against his soul-struck heart, and fell back in the seat.

"My master, my dear master!" exclaimed the pitying Lorenzo, as he saw the fearful changes in his countenance, and opened a window to give him air. Louis unclosed his eyelids; and those once cheering and radiant eyes, which used to break from under them like the morning-star, dispersing the shades of night, turned on his faithful servant, blood-shot and dimmed with bitterest anguish.

"What does his excellency say?" inquired the affectionate youth. Louis put the letter into his hands. It was not needful to point to the lines which had barbed him so severely; and Lorenzo read them with a bleeding heart, both for father and son. He remarked, that, outraged as the duke had been by the ingratitude of all the world, the extraordinary length of their voyage might have driven him to some misconception regarding such detention.

"It is hard," continued he, "to be entirely just ourselves, when everybody about us treats us with injustice; and the duke, though a great and a good man, is yet a man, and must share some of our infirmities. You, my lord, will seek an opportunity to obey him immediately; and then, all these too natural suspicions must be

destroyed."

Louis looked at the affectionate speaker. "Worthy Lorenzo!" cried he; "my father has found one faithful, in your brother. If you too adhere to me, I shall not be quite alone in this desert universe!—I may yet find my father," murmured he to himself, "and die before him! My life, my life, is all I may now have to prove my soul's integrity!" Much of this, and more of the sad wanderings of a spirit overtasked, and wounded in its most susceptible nerve, passed in the mind and on the half-uttering lips of Louis.

"But where," asked Lorenzo, "are we to seek this friend of

Lindisfarne?"

"It is the Marquis Santa Cruz," replied Louis. "General

stanhope will probably tell me where to find him."

"The marquis has a villa in the Val del Uzeda, between St. Idefonso and the Escurial," replied Lorenzo; "and there I know hais family usually resides; the marchioness being sometimes in ttendance on the queen."

"Then," cried Louis, "direct the postilions. If the marquis be there, I may yet see my father, before another night shrouds me in this direful Spain!"

## CHAPTER XLV

### THE VAL DEL UZEDA.

The sun had declined from its meridian some hours, when Louis again passed the marble gates of the Palacio del Atayada, the deserted mansion of his father; and after journeying over many a league of Arcadian landscape, abundant in the olive and the vine, and waving with harvests, which the paternal policy of Ripperda to him the distant and transverse valleys of St. Ildefonso, and the Escurial. His carriage turned into a cleft of the hills, overhung with every species of umbrageous trees; while, out of those verdant hills, innumerable rills poured themselves over the refreshed earth, from the urns of sculptured nymphs and river-gods reposing in the shade. In the bosom of this green recess stood the villa of Santa Cruz. All around spoke of elegance and taste. The carriage drove under the light portico; and the servants who thronged around, gave earnest of the hospitable temper of the owner. Lorenzo questioned them, whether their lord were at the villa. They replied in the negative, but that his lady was there.

"I must see the marchioness," returned Louis; and he sprang from the carriage, the door of which a servant had already opened. Lorenzo remained below for further orders, while his master was conducted upstairs into a splendid saloon, the capacious sides of which were hung with the finest pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools. But no object could displace from the vision of Louis the

dungeon which had contained his father.

Louis wrote his name with pencil upon a leaf which he tore from his pocket-book, and sent it in to the marchioness. It was some time before a reply was returned to him, or, indeed, any person re-appeared. His anxiety became insupportable. He paced the room with impatience and a sickening heart; for he know not but that the delay of first one ten minutes, and then of another, before he could follow the track he expected to find in the packet he sought, might, by leaving his father undefended in all the personal dangers of a pursuit, be the very means of allowing him to be retaken. In the midst of these harassing fears, the door opened, and a young lady entered, who, by her air, could not be mistaken for other than one of the noble members of the family, though her dress was that of a religieuse. It was all of spotless white, with a long black rosary pendant at her breast. Her face was mild and pale; but like the transparent hue of the virgin flower of spring clad in her veiling leaves. It was Marcella.

Her mother had received the name of the Marquis de Montema in her chamber. She was an invalid; but, remembering the reception his family had given to her son in Lindisfarne, she sen

her daughter to bid him welcome.

When Marcella entered, she drew back a moment, on beholding

so different a person from the one she had expected to see in the son of the Duke de Ripperda. He had been reported by the ladies of Vienna as "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form!" Her brother had described him as gay and volant, full of the rich glow of health, and animated with a joyous life, that made the sense ache to follow it through all its wild excursiveness. The Spaniards, on returning from Vienna, spoke of him as vain or proud, a coxcomb or a cynic, just as their envy or their prejudices prevailed. But Sinzendorff, her revered uncle, had written of him as one whom all the women loved, while he loved only honour. The marchioness had heard of the young minister's entanglement and release from the woman who had laid similar snares for her son; and her brother, Count Sinzendorff, had dwelt with encomium on his unshaken firmness through every change of fortune. While Marcella passed from her mother's chamber, these recollections had crowded upon her, and all were calculated to increase the timidity of her approach. She was going to present herself, and alone, to an admired young man, proud in conscious dignity; whose lustre calamity could not dim, and whose spirit was exasperated by oppression! But, instead of this lofty Marquis de Montemargallant in attire, and resplendent in manly beauty-stern in resentful virtue, and upholding in his own high port all the threatened honours of his race—she beheld a youthful and a fine form, indeed; but in a neglected dress covered with dust. The jewels of his hat had been broken off; and its disordered plumage darkly shaded his colourless cheek and eyes, whence every ray of joy had fled. Beauty was there, but it was the beauty of sadness —it was the crushed ruin of what might once have been bright and aspiring.

Marcella wondered for a moment at the change which grief must have made; and, with a very different sentiment from that with which she entered, she approached the son of Ripperda. She held a packet in her hand. Louis's heart bounded towards it, and he hastily advanced.

"From my father, madam?"

"It was left with my mother, two nights ago, by the Duke de Ripperda's servant," replied she; "and he informed her that the envelope, directed to my father the Marquis Santa Cruz, contained a letter for the Marquis de Montemar. My mother would not detain it from you till she could present it herself—being only now preparing to leave her chamber—and therefore she confided its delivery to me." While Marcella spoke, she put the packet into his hand. By these words, he found he was in the presence of the noble Santa Cruz's daughter; and expressing his thanks, he begged permission to peruse the contents of the envelope before he quitted the house. She answered politely in the affirmative, and immediately withdrew.

Louis had observed nothing of her face or figure, to distinguish her again from the next stranger who might enter the room. The novelty of her dress, however, could not escape even his possessed eve; and, in the moment he learned who she was, he thought of Ferdinand and Alice, and of their future union, which the assumption of this garb seemed to promise. But as soon as Marcella had

disappeared he forgot both, and every accompanying circumstance, and even where he was, in his eagerness to make himself master of

the packet's information.

On breaking the seal, a letter, at the top of a bundle of papers. presented itself. He seized it, and began to read it with avidity. It was from Ripperda; and written under all the exasperation of his mind, when he believed himself not merely the object of the world's ingratitude, but abandoned by his own and only son. Yet he forbore to specify his injuries, saying, that to name them would be to stigmatize the whole human race. He had hitherto lived for universal man: his days should terminate on a different principle. He would yet confound his enemics, and astonish Europe. But it should not be by a common revenge, through the treasons of men ready to receive and to avenge him. He would maintain his integrity to the last; and, from the heights of Gibraltar, proclaim the honour of a name whose last glories might die with him, but never should wane in his person till he set in the grave. Louis would not think twice on the implied suspicions against himself, which every sentence of the letter conveyed. They were bitterness to his heart; but he knew his innocence. He now also knew the point to which his father was gone, and thither he would follow him. The papers in the packet contained schedules of the vast properties of the duke, which were cast over the face of Spain, in landed estates, immense manufactories, and countless avenues of merchandise.

"I bestow them all on my son," was written by Ripperda, on the envelope which contained the catalogue; "they may give power and consequence to the Marquis de Montemar, when he has

forgotten that the Duke de Ripperda was his father."

A memorandum of his territories in Spanish America was bound up with the others; and brief directions added on each head, how his son was to seeure his rights over them. Louis ran over these lists, and their explications, that he might not leave a single word unnoted; but when he had finished, he closed up all that related to pecuniary affairs, and laying them aside in the packet, again turned to the letter. It alone would be his study and his business, till he should reach Gibraltar, and prove to his father that by his side, in poverty or disgrace, it was his determination to live or die. He was yet leaning over the letter, perusing it a second time, when he heard the door open behind him. He looked round, and saw the daughter of Santa Cruz re-enter, supporting on her arm an elderly lady of a noble mien, who appeared an invalid. He guessed her to be the marchioness, and rising, instantly approached her.

"Marquis," said she, "I come thus in my sick attire, to welcome the son of the Duke de Ripperda to the house of my husband. I know his respect for your father, also his esteem of yourself; and, whatever may have been the misrepresentations of evil tongues, my brother, the Count Sinzendorff, has not left the character of the

Marquis de Montemar without an advocate."

The marchioness observed a brilliant flush shoot over the face of her auditor, as he bowed his head to her last words. She added, in a still more respectful tone, softened even to tenderness by the sentiment of pity; "The machinations of these enemies have been too successful against the duke. Indeed, I doubt not, that packet has spared me the pain of saying, you must seek your august father in the alcazar of Segovia." On ceasing to speak, the gracious invalid

had seated herself and placed her guest by her side.

Louis briefly related the events of the last six hours, and presented to her perusal the note which his servant had found on the table of the prison, and which had referred him to the Marquis Santa Cruz. The marchioness read it with sighs and looked with maternal sympathy upon the distressful countenance of the duteous son, to whom it addressed so cutting a reproach. Her commiserating questions, and the knowledge she showed of all the virtues of his father, added to the information that her husband was hastening from Italy to interest himself in his cause, seemed to demand from Louis his fullest confidence. He revealed to her the substance of what his father had written in the packet, and declared his intention to follow him immediately to Gibraltar.

The marchioness applauded his intended re-union with his father, but resisted his quitting her house, till he had taken the repose she saw he so much needed. Louis would have been unmoved in his resolve to commence his journey that very night, had she not suggested that, severely as the duke had been outraged before his flight, should he be retaken, his treatment would be yet more violent; and, therefore, his son must be careful not to be himself the guide to a perhaps fearful danger! She assured Louis, that now ministers knew of his arrival, all his movements would be watched; and that, above all things, his pursuing the direct route of his father must be avoided. She urged, that a rash step at this crisis might be fatal; and therefore conjured him to remain, that night at least, under her roof, where he might consider and reconsider his future plans; and take the rest absolutely necessary to support him through the trials he might yet have to encounter and sustain.

There was so much good sense and precaution in this counsel, that Louis no longer found an argument to oppose it; and, adopting her advice, of turning in a direction from Gibraltar, rather than towards it, proposed going to Cadiz; and thence hiring a vessel to take him by sea to the British fortress. This being sanctioned by her approbation, he no longer hesitated to pass the night under her friendly shelter; and while she retired with her daughter, he followed a page to an apartment, where every comfort was provided that could

refresh the weary traveller.

The marchioness, desiring to talk of her interesting visitor, withheld Marcella from returning to her apartment, which rather might be called her cell, wherein she now usually passed the greatest portion of every day, trying to reconcile her principles to the vows demanded by her father. She had studied divine truths, till her soul was in heaven; but still she was human, she was yet a daughter. There was a career of kindred duties to perform, "which never creature was so fond to run;" and monastic seclusion to her seemed death at the threshold. Her heart was warm, as it was innocent; and every disposition to blameless joys emanated from its pure fountain; though her brother mistook its unselfed serenity for coldness. Alas! the sympathies of gentle nature were to be denied to her. And she saw that her fate was irrevocable. Kindred—friends

—all were to perish to her! And, withdrawing the kindly charities of that heart into itself, as into a grave, she clung to her mother (the last earthly object that was to be wrested from her!) even as it is fabled, the departed soul clings to the tomb that covers the body from which it is divided, till time shall be no more. Of her mother alone, she therefore now thought; and, obeying her command to stay, she listened with a sort of shadowed interest to the marchioness's ardent remembrances of all the kindnesses which the English relatives of Louis de Montemar had shown to her darling Ferdinand, in the island of Lindisfarne.

"Marcella," said she, "we must repay part of that vast debt, to this inestimable young man. Your brother has not exaggerated his merits; for never did I see exquisite manly beauty so unconsciously possessed; nor heroic indifference to the world's idols.

expressed with such truthful simplicity."

When Louis rejoined the kind hostess, his misfortunes and his manners had so happily propitiated, she was seated with her meditative daughter, in an evening saloon, which opened to a small lake surrounded by aromatic groves. The marchioness rose to receive him. Relieved from immediate alarm for his father's personal safety, by knowing that his projected asylum was the one least likely to occur to his pursuers, Louis's agitated mind had sunk into a kind of torpid composure. He took the seat offered to him by the marchioness, and listened to her conversation with soothed attention. She appeared to know by intuition the fittest medicine for his spirit; but she only spoke from her own noble nature, and it mingled direct with his. She expatiated on his father's character; on the envy of his rivals; and dated his fall from their ambition alone. She dwelt on the high reverence in which he had been held by the king and queen; and affirmed, that justice must be done him, both by the sovereign and his people, when experience should have taught them how they had cast away their benefactor. "Meanwhile," continued she, "how glorious he is, in suffering so magnanimously for his virtues!"

"So to suffer, is the cross that makes men's virtues Christian!" observed Marcella, in a low, soft voice, hardly aware that she had

uttered what was passing in her thoughts.

The remark was so like what he would have expected from the lips of his first Christian teacher, that Louis turned towards the speaker. He turned to look on her, recollecting that she was not merely the daughter of the amiable woman who was so maternally solicitous about him; but the disinterested sister, whose self-sacrifice was to empower her brother to complete his happiness. Though she had been the first to welcome Louis to this hospitable refuge, in most inhospitable Spain, he had noticed her so little he could not have recognised her in any other garb. He now perused her pensive countenance. It was fair and meek, and touched with the tenderest sensibility. Her eyes were hidden under their downward lashes; and the shadow of her veil tempered the dazzling white ness of her forehead; while the dark and glossy tresses that braided its arching brows, gave her the air of a youthful Madonna. He soft white hand at that moment pressing the cross to her bosom completed the picture. Unconscious of observation, she was the

breathing an internal prayer for the duke and his son; and, continuing her meditations on their fate, did not raise her eyes from the floor.

Louis looked on her; but it was as he would have looked on a lovely image of the consecrated being she resembled; and again he

turned to the voice of her mother.

The marchioness, finding him so composed, entered fully into all she knew of the rise and progress of the conspiracy which had ruined his father. She recounted the various perfidies of the inmates of the Palais d'Espagne, which had been confided to her, in the exultation of triumph, by Donna Laura. She narrated consonant particulars in the correspondence between De Patinos and his father, the Marquis de Castellor; and gave instances of even deeper double-dealing in Baptista Orendayn, the nephew of the Couut de Paz. Indeed, she hoped that the marquis her husband would, on his return, be enabled to prove, by what she could impart, that Orendayn had been concerned with a suborned band of ruffians, to attack the Duke de Ripperda in the Apennines. The assault was made accordingly; and the duke would certainly have been destroved there, but for the fortunate intervention of a stranger. The assassination was the device of his Spanish rivals. And it was as well known by the marchioness's informants, that the attempt which had been made on Ripperda in the porch of the Jesuit's College, was the work of a certain Austrian rival party at the court of Vienua; and not at all arising from any partisans of the electress. The Bavarians had never gone further in personal hostility, than to waylay for state-papers; and, under the leading of Count Stahlberg, they had taken the despatches from Castanos; which, after being examined by the party, were returned to their destination.

In recapitulating this host of jealous adversaries, she asserted that none were so actively hostile to Ripperda as the Austrian junto, at the head of which was Count Routemberg, whose darling policy was to place eternal barriers between any future junction of the empire with Spain. In his house the confederacies were formed that were to accomplish the destruction of Ripperda and his plans; and, by a secret management, all was supported and impelled by

the emperor himself.

While Louis listened to this information which agreed so fatally with Wharton's last conference in the garden of the château, he became more and more bewildered on the motives of his false friend. At last the marchioness mentioned that name, which could never be heard by him with indifference: his confidence, or his detestation, must rest upon it. He was thinking of the accumulated treachery of Wharton when she pronounced his name. He started, as if it took him by surprise. In her ardour she did not observe his emotion, but expatiated on the English duke's clandestine interviews with Grimaldo, De Paz, and the queen; showing their results, in the king's inflexibility to Ripperda's demands to be heard; and, with a particular emphasis, she affirmed that she knew the king's subsequent warrant to shut up the injured minister from all means of appeal, by incarcerating him in the sealed dungeons of the Inquisition, was the suggestion of Duke Wharton.

Louis, with a tremendous fire in his before faded eye, grasped the arm of the marchioness, and in frenzied accents exclaimed,—"Oh, cease that theme—or it will make me a murderer!" His manner alarmed the marchioness and terrified Marcella. The former, however, restrained herself, and, mildly pressing down the hand that clasped hers, detained him on his seat; while Marcella started from her chair, and gazed upon his flashing countenance with dismay. His terrific, guilty words, yet rung in her ears. For a moment his eye caught the expression of hers, and he answered the horror in her face by exclaiming,—"I loved and trusted him—and he has betrayed my father!"

He turned away while he spoke, and walked to the other end of the room. The eyes of the marchioness and of her daughter met, with an anguish of commiseration in each, neither of them could utter. Marcella looked again at his agitated movements, his back being towards her. His words, "I loved and trusted him—and he betrayed my father;" had smote upon her filial heart; and tears gushing into her eyes, she glided from his presence to pray and

to weep in secret.

When Louis recovered himself he scarcely remarked that Mar-

cella had withdrawn.

In hopes to soothe him the marchioness asked two or three questions respecting Wharton. Twice he attempted to speak before he could give any voice to what he wished to say; at last he hastily articulated,—"Spare me on this subject. I would forget him if God will grant me that gracious oblivion; for that is the only way by which I can remain guiltless of his blood!"
"Rash De Montemar!" cried the marchioness, pitying while she

"Rash De Montemar!" cried the marchioness, pitying while she reproved; "were my holy daughter here, she would tell you, that if you have hope of Heaven's pardon for your own errors, you

must forgive your enemies!"

An agonized smile gleamed on his convulsive lip. "My own enemies I could forgive, and load with benefits. There are some, were they my enemies alone, I could love in spite of every injury, and pray for them as for the peace of my own soul. But when they extend their malice to my father, when they betray his trusting faith, and give him to the murderous gripe of them who lurk for his honour and his life, they are his enemies, and I cannot forgive them."

"Yet, do not risk your life, which is now his sole comfort," cried

she. "Appeal to Heaven, and it will avenge you."

Again Louis walked from her. Inexorably as he now believed he hated Wharton, and horrible as was the idea of meeting him arm to arm, still that thought was more tolerable to him than to invoke the Almighty power for vengeance. A sad confusion of right and wrong struggled in his breast, but the better principle prevailed; and even while the pressure of new convictions against Wharton crowded upon him, he felt that the bitterest pang of all would be, an assurance that, by such guilt on guilt, his false friend had forfeited the mercy of his God. In his tiercest throes of resentment he could yet say with the Divine Spirit, "I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness, and live!"

The marchioness marked his unuttered emotion, and with selfblame at the amplitude of her communications, apologised for her indiscretion, and proposed his seeking composure in rest. He gladly acquiesced, while he begged her not to distress herself by regretting what she had said; for it was necessary to his father's preservation and to his own, that he should know all his enemies, and the extent of their malevolence. It was now within an hour of midnight. On entering his chamber he sent away Lorenzo, that he, at least, might enjoy the sleep that fled his master's eyes. In a few minutes Louis was alone in a magnificent apartment, where every tranquillising luxury invited to repose. But the downy couch would then have been a bed of thorns to him. He continued to walk the room from hour to hour, in perturbed meditation on all that he had seen and heard through the preceding day. His spirit was on the wing to rush through every obstacle to his father's feet; to labour day and night to redeem the reputation sacrificed by his flight, and to avenge himself on the slanderous world by some glorious assertion of the names of De Montemar and Ripperda. At last his exhausted taper went out suddenly, and being without the means of replenishing its light, he threw himself on the bed to muse till morning.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

#### THE ARREST OF DE MONTEMAR.

About an hour before sunrise the inhabitants of the villa were aroused by the clattering of horses' hoofs upon the pavement around the house, which was speedily followed by a loud knocking at the gates. The marchioness and her daughter, in their dressing-gowns, met in the corridor between their rooms, with each a lamp in her hand. Alarm was in the countenance of both, which was increased to indescribable terror, when the chamberlain of the mansion appeared on the stairs, and informed them he had looked from his window to demand the cause of such untimely disturbance; and the answer he received was from the leader of the party, who said he came to arrest the Marquis de Montemar, in the name of the king.

Marcella's knees shook under her, and a mist passed over her eyes, but it was only transitory; she heard the steady orders of her mother, and rallied her own presence of mind in the same instant.

"Pedro," said the marchioness, "doubly barricade the doors, and

let no man enter till I have spoken with the marquis."

Pedro flew to obey his lady; and she proceeded along the gallery to the apartment of her guest. Marcella did not follow her in, but sunk into a seat near the door of the chamber. The lock yielded to her mother's hand. She saw her enter, and could distinctly hear her footsteps as she cautiously approached the bed, and gently pronounced the name of De Montemar to awaken him. At last she heard him rouse from the leaden slumber which had only recently fallen on his harassed faculties; and with an exclamation of surprise at seeing the marchioness leaning over him at that hour, and in such evident agitation, he started from the bed, for he was not

undressed when he had thrown himself upon it on the extinguish.

ment of the light.

The tumult at the outside of the house, strenuously demanding admittance, and the replies from within to withhold it for a time, explained the alarm to Louis almost before his trembling hostess could speak the words of his arrest. Being fortunately habited, he stepped forward with an immediate tranquillity succeeding his first appalled thought, that, by this new detention his father would yet be left to his cruel suspicions of him. But he suddenly recollected that Lorenzo might seek him, if he could not; and that when his father knew how he was detained, he could no longer doubt his filial duty. This passed through his mind in a moment, and, taking the agitated hand of the marchioness, he told her his wish respecting Lorenzo; then entreating her not to be distressed at what could not essentially injure himself, begged that her servants might request the officers to be patient for a few minutes only, and the Marquis de Montemar would instantly put himself into their hand.

"Never!" cried she; "you are my husband's guest, and you shall not be forced from his house during his absence. Ill should I repay the family who fostered my son were I to surrender their darling into the hands of his enemies. I am aware they may break open my doors; but there is a place in this villa they cannot discover. Come with me, and you shall be safe till the way is

clear for your complete escape.".

Surprised at this proposal, Louis did not interrupt her; but when she paused, and put her arm on his to draw him towards the offered asylum, he earnestly thanked her, yet repeated that it was his fixed

intention to obey the arrest of the king.

"What!" cried she, "this despair is beyond their hopes! They will confine, perhaps torture you! They could not have obtained this warrant from the king, had they not made him believe that you are accessory to the crimes with which they charge your father. They will try to compel you to confession; and, though you are blameless, you will suffer the cruellest ordeal of transgression. They fear your talents, and if the laws refuse to be their emissary when you are in the solitude of a prison how many means will present themselves of ridding them of what they fear!" In great emotion, she followed up these representations with renewed beseching that he would accompany her to a temporary concealment.

"It is my father's enemies who ought to fly," returned he, in a firm though gentle tone; "they are guilty of treachery to the confidence of their sovereign, and flight may do them service. But I am innocent of offence against this country; my father has been its benefactor! I will therefore stay to meet any trial they may devise to impugn him in my person. And if my defence of his integrity fail with his unjust judges, should I even fall in the attempt, honest men will form a truer judgment; and such hearts as yours and those I left in England will still respect Ripperda and his son."

Now in despair at his resolution, the marchioness reminded him that the father whom he so justly revered acted on a different principle. "He was innocent and menaced, and he fled!"

"And there," returned Louis, "he gave the advantage to his

enemics, that sanction the arrest of his son. He should have demanded open trial. All Europe would have supported the demand; and in the face of Europe he would have been acquitted. To this I would yet urge him. His proud rivals dare not suffer his return; and their cowardice will, of itself, pronounce his triumph."

The marchioness clung to him as the uproar below increased; and she thought, by the extraordinary noise, that her gates were burst open. "Alas!" cried she, "you know not the summary justice of this country! The bowstring is yet amongst us: you will perish in prison, unheard, dishonoured!—Oh! De Montemar, in the name of all you love, hasten with me!"

"In the name of all I love and honour, dearest madam!" returned he, straining her respected and clinging form to his grateful heart,

"I must remain and abide the ways of Providence."

"Marcella!" cried the marchioness, looking round, and seeing her daughter, who had unconsciously sought refuge by entering the room on hearing the augmented tumult below, "Marcella, come hither, and by your holy eloquence conjure him to fly, and save these men the sin of murder!"

Marcella stood still, looking on the ground. Her mother continued her still vain entreaties to him, and then again implored her daughter, who had heard much of what had been mutually said.

"Speak to him, my heaven-devoted child! For that father's sake, conjure him to abandon the ruinous project of abiding by the institution of his enemies."

justice of his enemies."

Marcella's complexion was the hue of death, while she gaspingly answered, "I dare not urge the marquis to depart from sentiments so protective to his soul's integrity and of his father's true honour,

whether in life or death."

Louis looked from the weeping marchioness, who hung on him with maternal tenderness, to the daughter, pale and trembling, but firm in the faith that nerved his soul. "Madam," said he, "I thank you for this support:" then, turning to her mother, "Revered lady," cried he, "remember me in your prayers, and I shall not fear the malice of my enemies."

The words of her daughter had put the marchioness to silence, and she leaned upon the shoulder of Louis, drowned in tears. At this moment the clamour of many feet was heard on the stairs, and a man bursting into the room told his mistress that Don Diego Cuellar, one of the alcaids, had ordered the gates to be forced, and was not only in the house, but then approaching the corridor. The marchioness sobbed aloud, and exclaimed in wild grief, "My son, my son!" as if it were Don Ferdinand she held in her arms.

Louis supported her on his bosom, but did not hesitate to say to the servant, "Tell the officer I am at his orders. I will descend to him immediately." But before the man could obey, Don Diego and his train were in the corridor and in the room. A threatening denunciation was in his visage, while he advanced with his staff of office towards the prisoner. Louis perceived the storm; and, to spare the sensibility of his hostess, he intercepted the thunder of the alcaid by repeating the message he had sent by the servant.

"'Tis well, sir," replied the officer: "but the resistance which

has been made must be answered for before the council."

"I will answer for it, and for all else that may be brought against me when I am before the council," replied Louis; "but, meanwhile, I request of your courtesy as a gentleman to dismiss your

guards till I can soothe this lady."

The manner of his prisoner sufficiently mollified the officer, and he made a sign to his attendants to withdraw. The marchioness then turned to the alcaid, and, to her fearful interrogatories, he informed her how Louis had been traced to her house. On his departure from the alcazar, the warden thought it prudent to send a person to observe his movements. This spy followed him to the Val del Uzeda, and then proceeding to St. Ildefonso (where the royal family were) apprised the ministers of the escape of Ripperda, and where they might find his son. A council was convened, and it determined that Louis should be arrested and held in strict ward till information could be gained of the flight and views of his father.

"When that is ascertained," continued the alcaid, "the enlargement of the Marquis de Montemar will be brought into immediate

consideration."

The marchioness being a little assured, drew Louis aside; and, in a low voice, entreated him to rely on the strenuous friendship of her husband; and to depend upon seeing her, in whatever prison he might be confined. He expressed his gratitude in emphatic, but brief terms; and begged her to extend her kindness by writing what had happened, and transmitting it by Lorenzo to his father.

Marcella stood all this while, leaning against the tapestry, in a

silent astonishment of thought and feeling.

Lozenzo had been the most active below, in keeping out the officers; and having extricated himself from them, who had seized him in consequence, he now rushed into the room, and, in much agitation, threw himself at the fect of his master. Louis grasped the faithful hand that clung to his, and answered the fervent vows to follow him into all captivity, by an impressive whisper:—"You must scrve me here. The marchioness will tell you how." Then advancing to the officer, he repeated, "Sir, I am ready."

Don Diego beckoned two guards, who immediately drew near their prisoner. They attempted to lay their hands on the sword and pistols, with which his generous hostess had re-furnished him the preceding night; but he repelled them, and demanded of the

alcaid what was meant by this indignity.

"To disarm you, sir," replied the officer: "such are my orders. You menaced the warden at the alcazar, in the discharge of his duty; we are to be protected in ours; and you must yield your weapons, or have them forced from you."

"The laws require it of me, as your prisoner?"

"They do."

Louis said no more, but put his sword and pistols into the alcaid's hands.

"He has a poniard!" eried one of the attendants, (who was indeed the spy who had watched his steps,) "I saw it in his vest, when he leaped from the window in the dungeon."

Louis had forgotten this weapon, but did not demur in relin-

quishing it also.

The marchioness shuddered. "What," cried she, "he is to have no defence? Mereiless men!"

"The laws, and these gentlemen's honour will defend me, madam!" returned he, putting her hand to his lips; "I fear no

man, while I am conscious of having injured none.'

By a sign from the alcaid, the soldiers then closed around their prisoner; and the marchioness, sinking on the bosom of her daughter, did not see his last grateful look, while he was hurried from the room. Marcella met it; and his eyes, in their fullest radiance of youthful happiness, were never so deeply felt.

# CHAPTER XLVIII.

### A LONG MONTH IN A SPANISH PRISON.

A DEEPER dungeon than that which had confined the father, now received the son. The light which discovered its dismal bounds to his solitary eyes, came from a small grated aperture in the vaulted roof. Escape, then had he meditated such an expedient. was impossible. But, so far was that idea from presenting itself to his thoughts, he never ceased lamenting that his injured father had been reduced to so equivocal an alternative. He knew not how to reconcile the imprudence of the act, with Ripperda's consummate judgment; till, as he passed hours in these lonely musings, the events of history occurred to his memory, and he remembered that there had been times in the lives of even the most illustrious characters, when their good genius, or their good sense, seemed to desert them; when the faculty of judgment seemed taken away; and they obeyed the impulse of some wild passion, or infatuated delusion, with all the blind zeal of the most inconsiderate men. Some such alienation of his better reason, Louis thought, must have occurred in the experienced mind of Ripperda, before he could have taken so condemning a step; for of neither his personal courage, nor patriotic integrity, could this devoted son conceive a suspicion. From infancy to manhood, he had but one impression of his father, that—

—— "in his port divine
The image of his glorious Maker shone:
Truth, wisdom, rectitude, severe and pure!"

and, almost worshipping the human idol in his heart, he loved and honoured him without measure.

On the night of Louis's inearceration, he learnt that his prison was the castle of Madrid. But it was not necessary for him to inquire how strict, or how apparently long, was to be his confinement. Hour after hour, day after day, wore away; and no person was suffered to approach him; no letter permitted to reach his hand; and when he attempted to question his gaoler, whether the Marchioness Santa Cruz had ever visited his prison; or if tidings had yet transpired of the Duke de Ripperda, his only answers were gloomy denials of all communication. Though his portmanteau had been brought to him, the writing materials and money it contained were taken out in his presence, and even his books of

devotion shared the same fate. Indeed the latter seemed a prize of some moment; for when the little Bible, which had been the gift of his pastor-uncle, opened its title-page to the eyes of superstition, the officer who superintended the search, ordered it to be carried under a strong guard, to the grand inquisitor. Remon. strance, on this or on any other head, was vain; and, under a suspense that increased to torture, three weeks dragged away their anxious days. At times, he almost suspected that the marchioness had been forbidden to approach him; then, that Lorenzo had arrived in Gibraltar, and failed of convincing Ripperda of his undeviating duty and affection. Every frightful apprehension of doubtful honour; of absolute abandonment to his enemies; of an endless captivity in this dreary dungeon, assailed him in the gloom of his uncompanied thoughts. Despair and hope, impatience and resignation, were the alternate inmates of his anguished breast. But mental suffering was not enough; every rigour of hard fare and severe usage was inexorably brought upon him. His bed was on the flinty pavement; his food, the scanty portion of a criminal. But the conscience of Louis was at rest; and he soon found that "man does not live by bread alone.

Though his gaolers seemed inclined to do so much wrong in their treatment of him, he never repented that he had done rightly in submitting to the law of his new country, by yielding himself to its power. But when he writhed under the tyrannous grasp with which its emissaries held him, he could not but remember, with many a yearning comparision, the land and laws which had fostered his infancy. There he had imbibed the mingled tides of freedom and of equity, as from the breast of a mother. Here the proud state that claimed him as her own offspring, met him with the injustice

of a malignant stepdame.

"Noble, regretted England!" cried he, "I had rather be a door-keeper in thy courts, than a prince in this realm of despotism!"

In these lingering weeks of anxious loneliness, every impetuous passion and daring wish, every motive and action of his short but eventful life, passed in review before him—his impatience to plunge into the world, and the readiness with which he gave way to its delusions. While reflection humbled him to the dust, the cousciousness of having, in all his transgressions, erred from mistake or inadvertence, but never from wilfulness, raised his head to the mercy of that Being, whom the precepts of Mr. Athelstone had so often told him to "remember in the days of his youth, and in his extremity he should not be forgotten." These thoughts were heavenly visitants to the young captive, who lay, like Joseph, in bonds, with Faith and Hope and Innocence, his comforters. The cheering lamp which these immortal sisters lit in his heart, illumined the dark eclipse with which the recent treacheries of man had overshadowed it; yet he never thought of Wharton, but with a horror that shook his soul. He durst not look steadily on his image, for no light was there.

A fourth week commenced. It was the anniversary of that day, in a former autumn, when Santa Cruz took his leave of Lindisfarne: Louis then stood gazing on the departing vessel, and vehemently wishing to hang upon its sails, and so be transported to his

father and to action. It was also the Sabbath-day; and the uncle who, little more than a year ago, had stood by his side, admonishing the intemperate desire!—he, at this present dismal anniversary, was at this very hour in the little church of Lindisfarne, beseeching Heaven's "pity on all prisoners and captives," unconscious he was then putting up a prayer for his own darling child. The tears were not without balm that filled the eyes of his nephew at the recollection. In the midst of these meditations, the dungeon door opened, and Santa Cruz appeared on the threshold. Louis started from his seat, and could have cried aloud—"Then my God has remembered me!" But tidings from his father were also in his thoughts, and he only ejaculated that revered name.

Santa Cruz embraced him, with more agitation than his stately mien might have announced. "The Duke de Ripperda has not been heard of," returned he; "he must therefore be safe. By any other means than that of flight, I would his son were equally secure

from his enemies."

Fearless for himself, Louis entered at once upon his father's case. His first wish was to induce the marquis to solicit the king to hear the son in defence of the parent; or, if that were denied, to allow Santa Cruz to present a written vindication of Ripperda's Austrian ministry. Louis gave the marquis a simple narrative of every transaction in Vienna, from the beginning of the business to the stage in which he left it at his recall. And, in the course of the explanation, he could not avoid noticing the destructive mystery into which the double conduct of Duke Wharton had involved every proceeding, even to those in which he had no explicable concern.

"You are already avenged of him," replied the marquis, "General Stanhope has made full report to England of all your enemy's secret practices in favour of the exiled sovereign. The information was given by your father, who gained it from the lips of Wharton himself. Prior to that disclosure the Englis uke's adherence to James Stuart, had been known to, but could not be proved by, the British ministry. But this accusation brought it into a tangible shape, and the consequence is, the confiscation of your enemy's

estates, and a reward offered for his apprehension."

Louis was confounded at this recital. The words which Wharton had spoken to him amongst the rocks of Bamborough murmured in his ears—"I put my life into your hands!"

"And my father has set that life at a price! The country in

which we first met, is now no more to him than to me. He is an

outlaw—I a prisoner!"

Louis was silent under these thoughts—a stricture was on his heart; but he recovered himself, while Santa Cruz proceeded to inform him that he had been only a few days returned to Spain. But the marchioness had lost no time in writing to him, all she knew relative to the fall of Ripperda, and the arrest of his son; and, urged by her, as well as by his own zeal, he had hastened to Madrid. He there investigated the affair. Among other nefarious particulars, respecting the overthrow of the ex-minister, he had learnt what was to have been its bloody conclusion. The king had been so pressed by the British ambassador on the outrageous seizure of

his guests; and some of the northern envoys having openly pleaded their conviction of the Duke de Ripperda's general integrity, the Spanish ministers feared to stem such an opposition of opinion, should they venture their predecessor in a public trial; and, aware of their inability to convict him of treachery, peculation, or unlawful ambition (the grounds of his impeachment), they had recourse to the lettres de cachet of the Inquisition.

"Did I believe that your father's reconciliation to the Romish Church were hypocrisy," continued the marquis, "I should be the first to approve his sentence; but I know the spring of these accusations—that the penalty of imputed heresy would have been made

the forfeit of his too exemplary virtues!"

Santa Cruz did not stop at this observation; but candidly acknowledged, that, if ever the flight of an innocent man, from the dungeon-bonds of his country, were an act of compulsive prudence, it was in the case of Ripperda. He added—"It is not here, as in England, where the laws govern the prince. Arbitrary powers hold our laws in cheek; and when once a man is seized, if he cannot attain the grace of his judge, he has little dependence on his justice."

The marquis said, that he had made personal applications to the ministers, and to the queen, to beg their interference with Philip for Louis's trial or enlargement. The ministers were inflexible, and Isabella not less firm in her refusal. All that he could extract from their elemency (or, rather, from that of the queen alone), was a hard-wrung permission to visit the young ex-secretary in his cell.

"Yet," said the marquis, "my hopes do not stop there. One step in humanity warrants expectation of a second. I am in favour with her majesty. I came to be, what you propose—the medium of your father's vindication; and that will comprehend your own."

Impressed with the deepest gratitude, Louis confided to his disinterested friend the whole contents of the packet left in the care of the marchioness. According to Louis's parting request, she had intrusted her husband with the secret of Ripperda's asylum; and now he acknowledged that one object of his present visit was to obtain Louis's permission to confide it also to the queen. He urged that it would flatter the peculiarities of her character, and might conciliate her good offices for his liberty. Being at Gibraltar, Ripperda was out of the reach of personal danger, even should the secret transpire beyond herself; and, meanwhile, the measure might do everything for his son, and his son's final wishes, in the assertion of his father's fame.

"Should her influence be seriously aroused in your behalf," said the marquis, you will find it resistless with the king; therefore,

peremptory with his ministers."

Sensible as he was that his father's asylum was chosen with honour, and that its divulgement could be productive of no possible harm, Louis had every disposition to yield to this advice; but his cagerness to adopt any honourable means of facilitating such a release, ran before the progressive hopes of his zealous friend, when he found that his father was yet ignorant of his being in Spain. He learned from the marquis that, as soon as he was taken from the Val del Uzeda, a reserve guard had forcibly seized Lorenzo,

and borne him away also to prison. Soon after imparting the latter information, Santa Cruz rose to retire; and, promising to use his endeavours for the enlargement of the servant as well as the master, he embraced the grateful son of Ripperda, and bade him adieu.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

#### ST. ILDEFONSO.

Some time elapsed before Louis saw the marquis again; but when he reappeared, it was to appoint an interview between the son of Ripperda and a lady of the court. But this ostensible confidante

was no other than her majesty's self.

Santa Cruz's representation of Louis's romantic honour with regard to Countess Altheim, had excited Isabella's not less romantic taste for adventure; and she resolved to try her personal effect upon a gallant heart like his, unaided by her rank. While she was considering this project, a person arrived from Vienna, who spoke everywhere of the confusion which had taken place at that court, from an open declaration, on the part of the Archdueliess Maria-Theresa, in favour of Francis, Prince of Lorraine. This news, by verifying one argument, in the alleged innocence of Louis de Montemar, gave a respectable colour, in her own mind, to the really vain motive which prompted a elandestine reception of the Duke de Ripperda's son. In mentioning her design to his zealous friend, she hinted that such privacy was necessary, since the king had followed the flight of Ripperda with a sentence of perpetual banishment. While unknown, she said, she could discourse more freely to the young marquis, on the eireumstances of his father's conduct; and, by remaining incognita, should she choose the affair to end at that conference, her implied interference would escape having raised in him any too sanguine expeetations.

Santa Cruz bowed to a command that promised so fair, notwithstanding its professed doubts as to the issue; and, as it was to be kept a profound secret, he pledged himself, and performed his word, not to disclose her real quality to the object of her con-

deseension.

While Louis exchanged his prison garments for a court dress, the marquis told him he must not ground his father's defence to the lady he should see, on any argument of the queen's precipitancy in politics. Her majesty's consciousness was sufficient. Louis thanked him for his caution: and no objection being made to the royal signet, which Santa Cruz carried, they passed through the prison; and without opposition entered the carriage at its gates. While they drove silently through the streets, the marquis regarded the countenance of his young companion. It was no longer pallid and dejected. His eyes were bent downwards in thought, but a bright colour was on his cheek, and the refulgence of an inward happy animation illumined every feature. Santa Cruz refrained from remarking on this change, so favourable to his cause, though he did not the less wonder how it could have taken place, during the short interval since his first visit. The

fact was simple. From that hour hope had been Louis's abundant aliment. Yet not an implicit hope in frail bumanity. He had lately learned to put no absolute trust in man, nor any dependence on princes. He had been made to know, that blinded judgments are often with the one, and misguiding interests with the other; but he knew in whom he trusted! and the expression of hope in his countenance partook of the sublime source whence it sprung.

When they arrived at St. Ildefonso, vespers were concluded, and the king had retired with his confessor. This circumstance was what Isabella had anticipated, and which had determined her to name that hour for the appointed interview. A few minutes after Santa Cruz had conducted Louis into her pavilion, she ascended the steps. On hearing her foot on the jasper pavement, the mar. quis hastened to meet her; and as she stood in the portico, and Louis remained in the room, he had an opportunity of taking cognizance of the lady who was to report his suit to her royal mistress. She seemed about forty; of a low stature, and elegant slight figure: with a countenance whose really delicately chiselled, but acute lineaments, and quick, penetrating eyes, announced alacrity of intellect, with an equal proportion of irritability and vindictiveness of mind. She conversed a second with the marquis, and preceded him into the pavilion. He presented Louis to her as the Marquis de Montemar; and named her to him by the title of Duchess Tarrazona. Louis bowed respectfully, while she so far forgot her assumed character, as to take no notice of his obeisance, though her rivetted observation lost not a line of his face or deportment. He raised his eyes from the share they usually took in his bow; but encountering the sharp and investigating gaze of hers, he looked down again, and retreated a step back, with a second bow.

"Marquis," said she, to Santa Cruz, "you may attend in the portico." While she spoke, she turned into a secluded veranda, and

waved her hand to Louis to follow her. He obeyed.

For more than an hour Santa Cruz walked to and fro under the long double colonnade of the pavilion, before the queen reappeared on the threshold. Louis remained in the saloon. She stood apart several minutes, talking earnestly with the marquis, and then withdrew unattended across the garden. Not a word passed between him and his charge, until they were out of the confines of St. Ildefonso, and once more on the road to Madrid. Louis's countenance all this time was meditative and troubled. Santa Cruz at last said,—"The duchess informs me, it shall not be her fault if your suit be not favourably conveyed to the queen."

"She is very kind," replied Louis, "but very extraordinary; and, did you not assure me of her influence, I would rather avoid her interference. She appears too peremptory to be a favourite with arbitrary power; and though some of her discourse showed a penetrating judgment, and great vivacity in the interests of Spain, yet the rest was trifling; indeed, absurdly foreign from our subject."

Santa Cruz warned his young friend to take things as he found them, and to be as respectful to the duchess as to the royal presence itself. He then inquired the particulars of what had passed.

Louis informed him that, so far from her grace seeking information relative to the Duke de Ripperda's political conduct at Vienna he continually interrupted the narration of those proceedings with he strangest questions respecting the nature of his intimacy with he empress. And when she had received assurances and proofs, hat it was a purely confidential friendship, contracted in early life; nd, though continued, was ever in check to the interests of Spain, he repeated the same interrogatories again and again, with all he art and abruptness of consummate subtlety. At last she denanded a minute description of the empress's person, saying with smile—"Marquis, your next attendance at St. Ildefonso may give ou an opportunity of judging between your queen and this boasted Elizabeth of Germany!"

"Should you be admitted to such an audience," observed Santa Truz, with a smile, "you must not disappoint the expectations of

he duchess, in giving the palm to her mistress."

"She will be fairest to me," returned Louis, "who turns the ost gracious eye on the truth of my father."

"Hold that principle," rejoined his friend, "and I will not curb

our sincerity."

From this day the aspect of many countenances changed at St. defonso. The queen was engaged in frequent conferences with the king; and the ministers, who severally used to make one in all the royal consultations, were totally excluded from these. Philip the astrict silence on their subject, though his saddened physimomy often declared how they perplexed him. The queen alone are an unaltered mien; yet the lynx eye of De Paz could often seem suspicion in her prompt accordance at the council; and me unknown triumph in the smile, with which she bowed in deted deference to the judgment of her husband. What was the ject of all this, and what would be its end, were equally subjects mystery and of apprehension to the newly-seated ministers; but to one of them suspected for a moment, that Ripperda whom they dexiled, or his son whom they had immured, held any connexion the the changing scene.

In the course of a week after the interview in the pavilion, Santa uz re-entered the state-prison of Madrid with the sign-manual of king, for the release of the Marquis de Montemar, and his sert Lorenzo d'Urbino. The young man was confined in a cell note from his master, in equal ignorance with him that the same of covered them. Their reunion was joyous on the part of Louis,

full of overflowing transport on the side of Lorenzo; for his lers had tortured him with reports of his master's death, and tred him that his own imprisonment would shortly be ended by same secret means. The governor of the prison was enjoined to real the release of the Marquis de Montemar, from the ministers he king, until Philip himself should send permission to officially ounce it.

ouis was to be admitted the following morning to a private ience of the queen. He was to go as a suppliant; and to pass 1 a dungeon to his first presentation at a court, where his father taught him to believe, he would one day be received as only nd to royalty itself! But he thought not of these circumstances. In adgained one great object, in obtaining the royal car, and he field with confidence to the event of the interview.

Santa Cruz was not less sanguine; and with almost parental pride in the son of Ripperda, he conducted him to the palace, and led him to the chamber of audience. Her majesty was alone, and seated in a chair of state. A magnificent dress shone through the large enfolding lace veil she had drawn over her face and person. On Louis approaching her, and on his being named, bending his knee to the ground, she rose, and, drawing aside her veil,—"Marquis de Montemar!" said she, with a smile, and extending her hand, "the Duchess Tarrazona has prevailed; and thus I promise my patronage to her client!"

Louis had entered in some agitation; and knelt with more at the feet of the sovereign, whom, he believed, held the honour and fate of his father in her hand. He now recognised the duchess in the queen; and, every anxious doubt flying before the glad surprise, the sentiment of his heart shone out in his complexion and eyes. She translated this flush of hope into a tribute to her charms; and graciously repeated her smile, when he put her hand to his lips.

"Whom will you serve, De Montemar?" said she, "Elizabeth and Countess Altheim? or Isabella and the Duchess Tarrazona? Choose freely, for I love not bondage." Conscious complacency beamed in her looks while she spoke.

"My duty and my heart," replied he, "are alike at your

majesty's feet."

His heart was in his words and his countenance. The devotion of Ripperda had been reserved and stately; but in the animated answer of his son, there was a youthful fervour, a chivalric gallantry, which, being her soul's passion, subdued her at once to his interest. All her predetermined caution vanished before it. She looked towards Santa Cruz.

"Give De Montemar your cross of the Amaranth," said she; "I will replace it to-morrow. When he returns from Gibraltar, he may wear it openly; now, it must be nearer the seat of truth.

Santa Cruz drew from his neck the purple riband, at which the brilliant cross was suspended, and buckled it under the vest of his young friend. Again Louis kissed the hand of the condescending Isabella; who continued to regard his graceful person with in creasing favour, while she communicated to him the result of her

mediation in his behalf with the king.

So many baffled negotiations for the restoration of Gibraltar by England, had worn out the patience of Philip; and, as the fortress was evidently strengthening itself on the Spanish side, he had ordered similar lines of intimidation to be constructed at Su Roque. But this did not awe the English, whose sovereign seemed on the eve of a quarrel with the new ministers of Spain. Isabelle had seized the occasion to represent to her husband the danger of allowing the British cabinet the incalculable benefit of Ripperda discoveries and councils. In pursuance of these arguments, she ha gradually gained her object with the king; and she informed Low she had obtained the royal command for him to go direct to ! braltar, to lay before Ripperda all that was alleged against him to offer him a fair and open trial, or a general amnesty; and, which ever he would prefer, should follow his election. The trial was whi Lovi demanded.

"Grant my father that," said he, "and we ask no more."

"Bring him from Gibraltar," returned the queen, "and nothing shall be withheld that ean gratify the honourable ambition of his son." She then told him, that as it was necessary to keep these preliminaries from the knowledge of the ministry, he must neither visit the British ambassador, nor the Val del Uzeda; nor even allow his name nor his errand to be known, until he should have obtained the object of his mission.

"When you return, it will be with a companion," added she, "to

whom, meanwhile, I pledge my restored confidence."

She smiled, and disappeared. Louis looked gratefully after her. The marquis would not trouble the hopes of this affectionate son by warning him that all this reversed impression arose from the dreams of vanity; and that both father and son must preserve its illusions, if they would continue in the favour she so largely promised. Louis gave his arm to his venerated friend; and, with heads too full of busy thoughts to give them immediate utterance, they repaired in silence to Santa Cruz's residence in Madrid.

A few hours completed every preparation for Louis's journey to Gibraltar; and the next morning by daybreak, accompanied by the

faithful Lorenzo, he set forth on his momentous pilgrimage.

## CHAPTER L.

## THE SIERRA MORENA, AND THE VALES OF ANDALUSIA.

HOPE having drawn him from sad meditations, while he rapidly pursued his way towards the south of Spain, he could not but obey the voice of sublime nature, which called on him from valley and from mountain, to behold her vast and wondrous creations! Fit competers for her giant sons, beetling the clouds in her new empire

of the transatlantic world.

The royal province of Castile, traversed by rivers and populous with eities, conducted him to the extensive plains of La Mancha. Here the palladian palaces north of the Guadiana, and avenued with glowing vistas, were exchanged for heavy and sombre hamlets, spread under the shade of thick groves, and dark with the elusters of the black grape. But in architecture alone these villages were gloomy and uninviting. It was the season of the vintage, and the whole scene teemed with life and gaiety. Louis passed through it, enjoying with the sympathy of benevolence the happiness he saw. In front lay a mountainous desert. Here he cxchanged his vehicle for two stout mules, used to the precipitous road; and, with Lorenzo, entered the new region. They were now in the Sierra Morena, which separates La Mancha from the Hesperian vales of Andalusia. The passes of the mountain were long, winding, and melancholy; but the moment he crossed its high misty ridge. Louis felt a difference in the atmosphere, amazing and grateful in its contrast, when the luxuriant landscape before him burst upon his sight.

"That is Andalusia!" exclaimed Lorenzo, pointing down to the fairest piedmont of Spain. Louis knew there was not a rill, nor a hillock in that ample province, which did not once owe tribute to

his family; he also knew how they had been lost, and with mingled feelings he turned to the careless voice of Lorenzo, remarking of the beauties of the view. On one side, towards the east, extended the pastoral hills of Jaen, backed by the snowy summits of the distant Nevada of Granada,—the last retreat of the Moors before their final expulsion from Spain! Louis thought on the latter circumstance, as those storied mountains stood bright in the glowing sky. He recollected that amongst these persecuted people dwelt Don Ferdinand de Valor, one of his own progenitors; and that his attachment to the Moorish cause had occasioned the first sequestration of the Ripperda territories to the Spanish kings. Louis did not utter his reflections, but deeply ruminating gave the reins to his mule, and slowly descended the heights. With this humble equipage, and by the side of a single attendant, he entered the principality of his fathers. Over those very hills and valleys, where the heroes of his name had conducted armies to assist or to repel the sovereigns of Spain, he was journeying to seek the representative of all their honours; an exiled fugitive in a foreign land! -But William de Ripperda was not less worthy of their blood! And the last of their race did not blush at the banishment of a parent whose crimes were his virtues.

"My noble, glorious father!" exclaimed he inwardly, as he looked upwards; and that look conveyed his vow to Heaven-"to think only of that father, to exult only in his virtue, to mourn only his affliction, and to regard his weal or woe as the only future ob-

jects of his own!"

When he crossed the Guadalquivir, Lorenzo checked his mule. "From this spot to the banks of the Xenil," said he, "a track of uncounted leagues, is the marquisate of Montemar. The castle stands on a high promontory, far to the west on the latter river. I never shall forget the joy of the country when the Duke de Ripperda paid it a visit on his return from Vienna."

Louis looked on the silver flood, on each side of the noble bridge they were erossing. He, then, was lord of that branch of the magnificent Guadalquivir! The lands he saw bore his name, the people who tilled them owed him homage; and he was passing through all, a stranger and unknown. He descended from the bridge into a sinuous track, between long plantations of olives; and under their refreshing foliage the low vines and the waving corn were alternately spreading their clusters and yellow tops to the sun. Here again were the reaper, and the joyous treaders of the winepress. He listened to their jocund voices, their guitars, castanets, and bounding steps; and he could not forbear thinking with some emotion of disappointment, how little did the memory of him live in their hearts, whose paternal policies had secured to them these fruits of their labour. As long as they were happy, it seemed the same to them whether their benefactor were on a throne or in a prison! But it was human nature, consistent with itself, which forgets the Providence that blesses, in the enjoyment of his gifts. The friend of man must therefore imitate his Creator; and, pouring his good on those who need it, the just and the unjust, look for gratitude in the world to come.

The travellers again occupied a wheeled carriage, and pursued

their journey with rapidity. In some parts they traversed extensive forests, sublime in sylvan grandeur; then they wound through the shady defiles of intersecting hills; or passed through towns and villages, the decorated and airy architecture of which bore evidence of Moresco origin, while all around was a fair garden. But there was a Titanian bound! a wall of mountains rose before the travellers, shooting up into the azure heavens, in sharp and menacing peaks. Here they resumed their mules. The first part of the ascent was gradual, and as Louis mounted the rugged acclivities, (sometimes on foot, to scale the highest points, while his beast rested,) he saw winding along the less abrupt tracks, the shepherds of the plains driving their flocks to the recesses of the upland pastures. The practice is the same in Scotland, and the similitude pleased one who had passed some of his happiest hours amongst the Highland hills. But the image of him who was then his dear and trusted companion rose with the remembrance. He saw him bounding down the breezy height, his plaid streaming in the air, and his feathered bonnet in his hand while he whistled gaily and waved him from afar:

Louis closed his eyes to shut out the association with the scene, but it would not do. The glad smile of perfect confidence still shone on the visionary lip; the eyes of the persecuting phantom continued to sparkle with greeting intelligence, and even his voice seemed to sound in his ear! Louis shuddered to the soul, and, spurring his mule, dashed forward amongst beetling rocks, and caverned ruins. They had once been a magnificent work of man. An aqueduct, built by the Romans, and its remains clasped the mouth of the pass, which leads to the interior of the mountains. Hence it was called the Puerta de Ronda; as these were the peaks of that name, which stretch their stony ramparts between the plains of Andalusia and the borders of the sea. The Sierra de Ronda surpasses in desolate grandeur even the sublime wastes of the Morena mountains. No vegetation crowned these vast colossal rocks; bare to the sun and tempest, they looked like the huge altar of nature, to which avenging Jove fastened the ever-consuming but still immortal Prometheus. All around was either acclivity or precipice, and from between two high pyramidal crags, Louis caught his first view of the Mediterranean.

A small fishing town was scattered about a little bay at the foot of the mountain. Lorenzo proposed hiring a vessel there, to take them immediately round to Gibraltar. Louis readily acquiesced in a plan which would exempt him from the delays which might accrue, should they enter the fortress by the Spanish lines. He was to remain in the mountain to watch the mules, while Lorenzo would descend by a path he had discovered in the precipice to the seashore. Before they parted, a spot was fixed on amongst the rocks for a place of rendezvous.

When Lorenzo was gone, Louis bound the animals to the remains of an old iron cross, which had been erected to mark a place of murder; and, putting down their corn before them on a spot "where grass would never grow," he ascended a high promontory to see whether he could discern any part of the embattled heights of Gibraltar. But the lofty crest he sought was not within the mountainous horizon. Broken pinnacles of granite shattered by the deluge, and fathomless abysms that made the eye giddy even to glance at, hemmed him around. But while he contemplated the hideous solitude, voices suddenly sounded near him. It was not his intention to listen; but before he could move, he heard the name of his father pronounced in a rough guttural tone. He paused breathlessly. The speakers were invisible, and the last two who spoke, continued affirming to the first, that, "the Duke de Ripperda was still as able as he was willing to reward all who would do him service."

"Prove it to me," replied their comrade, "and you shall find me

ready."

"This purse of ducats!" replied the others, "he will load your felucea with bags of the same, if you earry the merchandise he bargains for!"

A low shelving eliff, and some broken ground, divided Louis from the speakers. He discovered the dark points of their Montero caps under the erag, and, vaulting from his more elevated situation, stood before them. They were two strong-bodied men, with fierce independent countenances; and, starting on their feet, they also stood resolutely, and eyed the no less commanding though youthful figure, which boldly advanced towards them.

Louis saw by their wild garb they were smugglers, and of the Gustanos tribe, the gipsies of Spain. Lorenzo had pointed some of these people out to him in the Sierra Morena, and had explained their daring lives and outlawed condition. Some pursued their desperate traffic on the high seas, and others, in wandering bands, vended their forbidden merchandise over the face of the country. But they all called themselves Serranos; being the generic name for the inhabitants of these fastnesses of nature, and as such Louis addressed them.

"Brave Servanos!" cried he, while he approached them, "you speak of the Duke de Ripperda as if you had seen him lately. I am seeking him, and any facility you may give me shall not pass unre-

warded.'

The men looked on each other, but the elder of the two, striking the head of a huge hatchet into his belt, to show he could maintain his humour, not to be trifled with, answered Louis, by demanding, in his turn, how he knew that they had any concern with the Duke de Ripperda.

"By accident. I stood by my mule on the other side of the cliff, and heard you discourse of the duke, as if you had recently parted

from him. Was it at Gibraltar?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"If you are an emissary of his enemies," replied the smuggler, "you had best return to your mule. I am not the man to betray a friend."

The blunt honour of the outlaw bore its own evidence to Louis, and without a second thought he answered,—"I am his son."

"It may be so," replied the man; "but you are also a courtier; and tiesh and blood of that cast are rarely to be trusted. If you

dare face the truth, follow me. You will find a man behind that rock who may tell you what I will not."

"Who might I see there?"

"One that knows whether the Duke de Ripperda has a son."

"His name?" demanded Louis, who observed a strange treacherous leer in the wild countenance of the other man. "Martini d'Urbino," returned his comrade.

Louis did not hesitate: "I follow you."

The smuggler led the way down a circuitous ravine to the mouth of a eavern. Several mules were feeding near its entrance. Louis heard the sound of boisterous jollity; and as he advanced, he discerned in the depth of the eave many persons seated on the ground under the light of a huge iron lamp that hung from the roof. Had he wished to recede, retreat would have been impossible. But all thoughts of personal hazard were lost in the one eager desire of learning some certain tidings of his father. The smugglers' communications to each other having been uttered when they were ignorant of being overheard, and, therefore, when they could have no intention to deceive, had awakened doubts in him of Ripperda having reached Gibraltar. Perhaps he had been overtaken by his enemies, and was now secretly managing with these adventurous men to effect his escape from some second aleazar in the bosom of the mountains! The minister's silence to Santa Cruz, or even to the queen, on such a recapture, was no argument against its probability; and, impressed with these apprehensions, Louis hurried onward, impatient to see Martini, and to learn how he might yet reach his father.

At the mouth of the cavern he halted, for his guides drew elose to him. But they saw no sign of intimidation in his face; and the former spokesman stepping forward, announced to his comrades within the arrival of a stranger, who ealled himself the son of the Duke de Ripperda. Every man rose at a moment, and with a murmur, and elangour of heavy arms against the rocky floor, that might have appalled more veteran nerves. Louis comprehended his danger. His eye had ranged at a glance through the erowd, and he saw no Martini. He recoiled a step, and, placing his hand on his sword, said, in a firm voice, "Gentlemen! I am here on the faith of that man. He brought me to meet Martini d'Urbino, my father's servant, and I demand to see him.'

The smuggler put his hand upon the arm of Louis. "Signor, you have a stout heart. From that alone, I believe you to be what

you say. Enter the eavern, and you will find the man."

The smuggler turned, and said something, in a language unknown to Louis, to his comrades. Louis regarded him with a dauntless, but stern brow; for while he spoke, the men drew gradually around, though at some little distance, muttering to each other, and fixing their eyes on their prisoner. Such Louis believed himself to be. The only point that seemed open for his movement, was into the lobby-like entrance of the cave. All now appeared vacancy there, excepting the pendent lamp, which showed the fragments of the yet unfinished revel.

"Can my father be reduced to league with men like these?"

It was frenzy to suppose it; and if it were not so, Louis himself was lost. He had gone too far to retreat, and with a step which announced the resolution with which he would defend his life, he went forward into the den. The captain of the band followed him. He passed him: and was immediately obscured in the deeper gloom of the interior rock. Louis saw no human being in the wide range, though many might be hidden in the shadowy depths of its further excavations. He fixed himself with his back against the side of the cavern; and, with his hand on his sword, steadfastly regarded the spot where the smuggler had disappeared. His comrades remained without, and evidently watched any egress unsanctioned by their chief.

Louis heard the advance of hasty steps from the interior vaults. He planted himself more firmly in his position, and half drew his weapon. The smuggler emerged from a recess, with another person; and, in the instant of his re-appearance, pointed to Louis, and

said to his companion—"Do you know the cavalier?"

The two were in the deepest shadow of the rock: hence Louis could not distinguish, otherwise than by the voice, which of the persons was the conductor. But himself being on the spot where the light fell direct on his face, the immediate response to the demand of the smuggler was an amazed cry—"It is the Marquis de Montemar!"

"'Tis well!" rejoined the outlaw; "else he must have slept to-

night without his ancestors."

The voice of him who had recognised Louis was indeed Martini's; and that faithful servant was the next moment at the feet of his master's son. The smuggler joined his comrades on the rock; and Louis immediately inquired the fate of his father. To his astonishment, Martini informed him that, more than two months ago, that very man had conveyed the duke to the coast of Barbary.

"Had he been refused admission into Gibraltar?"

"No; he never sought it."

"What was his object in going to Barbary?"

To this, Martini gave a confused and unsatisfactory reply. All that Louis could gather from his agitated and sometimes contradictory accounts, was, that after his escape with his master from the alcazar, and during their progress towards the sea, the duke had never emerged from an intense reverie, except to give orders; and then, he only delivered his commands, and straight became profoundly silent again. It was not until they reached the borders of the Mediterranean, that the object of his meditations seemed explained. While Martini was foddering down his weary mules, Ripperda entered the shed accompanied by Cavalho, the smuggler. In few words, he declared his intention to embark that night for Tangier; and asked Martini whether he chose to share his fortunes in that land, or to return whence he came. Martini swore to live and die with him; and the next sun rose upon Ripperda in the kingdom of the Moors.

This intelligence confounded Louis; it was so contrary to his father's written intention, and so totally inexplicable, on any principle of his former conduct. While Martini gave his hurried narration, he did it with evident fear of saying too much; and yet

he appeared hovering on the point of saying more. Louis told him there was something in his manner that excited his suspicions. He feared he withheld some communication, which, as the son of the Duke de Ripperda, he ought to know. Martini's confusion increased with the earnest remonstrance of his young master; and, at last, he confessed that the duke was engaged in some projects, the consequences of which he dreaded, but he was bound by oath not to betray.

"His excellency," continued he, "has laid the same bonds on Cavalho; who, with other men of his trade, are sworn to serve him. My present errand to Spain was to bring away certain treasures left at the Castle de Montemar. They are now on the backs of the mules you saw feeding without; and, by to-morrow night, they will be in Barbary." Louis was lost in conjecture. "Are you sure, Martini, my father received no insulting repulse from

Gibraltar?"

"I am sure he never made any application there."

"It is very extraordinary. But you dare not satisfy me. I will know it all from himself; and, whatever may be his reasons, his

destiny shall be mine."

Martini now acknowledged to Louis, that Ripperda's indignation was so high against his son, there could not be a hope of his admitting him to his presence. "Every day," continued the faithful creature, "my lord names you in his general maledictions on the ungrateful world; he names you in terms I have often deprecated from you, on my knees; and, at last he commanded me from his sight, till I knew how to distinguish between loyalty and a

parricide who had deserted his father."
"I do not deserve his curse, Martini," replied Louis, "and I will appear before him. He shall not want a comforter, and an honourable confidant, while he has a son. You must engage this Cavalho to give me a passage in his vessel."

Martini went out of the cavern to prevail on the smuggler to this purpose, and Louis was left to his bewildering thoughts. That he saw the usually festive spirits of the Italian so completely subdued, redoubled the anxiety with which he considered the vow that had been exacted from him and the smugglers. Louis's open and honourable mind shrunk from such ill-assorted mystery; till finding some condemnation of his father in this repugnance, he reproached himself for having conceived the nameless suspicion he felt creeping over him. He recalled his injured parent's undeviating career of public virtue, he dwelt on the magnanimous features of his character, and could find no argument in either, to sanction his present irrepressible forebodings.

"Yet why," cried he, "does he take refuge with infidels? why

associate his honoured name with these desperate men?"

After Louis had settled with Cavalho the terms of his voyage to the opposite coast, he and Martini repaired to the cliff he had appointed with Lorenzo for their mutual rendezvous. Lorenzo was sitting by the mules anxiously awaiting the appearance of his master, when he descried him on the heights with a companion. It was now deep twilight, but the light was sufficient, when the latter drew near, for Lorenzo to recognise his brother; and the lively pleasure of their meeting was only checked by recollection of the calamitous situation of their respective lords. Lorenzo informed his master, he could not procure a boat to go round to Gibraltar, the strait being too much infested with "Barbary sharks for small fry" to put to sea. Martini sighed heavily at this information. Louis attributed it to apprehension for the treasure he had to convey, and made a remark to that purpose.

"No," replied the Italian; "Cavalho carries a safe-conduct; nevertheless, I am Catholic enough to wish every corsair at the

bottom of the sea."

A few minutes communicated to Lorenzo that his master's search was now to be in Barbary, where the Duke de Ripperda had already arrived. The faithful servant regarded all places alike to which he was to follow his lord; and having received his orders. he went apart with Martini to discuss with freedom the subjects most interesting to them both. The night was balmy and serene, and Louis kept his station in the open air. After their conference, the brothers drew near, and lay down and slept by his side; but he watched, and mused, and silently prayed to Him who sat above the stars. The moon arose. As he contemplated that planet, considering it walking in beauty and loneliness like the youthful saint who had urged him to persist in the virtue that was his principle, he could almost have bowed to the bright similitude. But when he recollected, that by the vague light of this very moon, the secret depredator crept from his covert, and each deed that shuns the ken of man, steals upon his slumbers, he shuddered, and turning from its beams, beheld the long shadow of a figure approaching. It was Cavalho from the beach beneath. He came to say, that his men were on board, the packages stowed, and all was ready to sail.

In the course of half an hour, Louis found himself affoat in an outlaw's vessel, with the crescent of Mohammed flying from the mast! This was the "safe-conduct" Martini spoke of, and was sufficient to protect them from all the corsairs of Barbary. Their light galliots scudded by in every direction, and hailed the smuggler as he passed. Cavalho stood on the deck with a turban on his head, replying through a trumpet in the barbarous slang of rapine. The dark blue sea, innocent of the guilty keels which shot across its bosom, heaved its reflecting waves under the brilliant orbs of a midnight African sky. All was tranguil—all in harmony with the first fiat of its Creator; excepting the breast of rapacious man —excepting the heart of an anxious son ruminating on conjectures, hopes, and fears. He leaned on the bulwarks of the deck, with his eyes fixed on the dusky, distant shore; but in a more wretched state of mind than he could have believed it possible to be his, when approaching the goal of his many prayers—the presence of his father. There was something within him, that would not be satisfied with his present companions—with his father having made such men his confidential agents; and in the midst of his troubled thoughts, he often murmured to himself—"Oh, why did he fly?"

The night continued bright and the wind fair; and having smoothly passed Europa Point, the little vessel turned into the

strait, between the far-famed pillars of Hercules—Calpe and Abyla. Louis gazed on both; on the fortified heights of the one—on the wild elifts of the other. He thought on Gerizim and Ebal—the blessing and the curse:—"Choose ye between them!"

# CHAPTER LI.

#### BARBARY.

The next day being a religious feast of the Moors, it was midnight before the smugglers, who regarded themselves as a Christian erew, thought it safe to draw towards the shore. They then ran their bark into an obscure ereek, about a league from the town of Tangier. A dull flame, which gleamed on the summit of the rock, as if feeding on its surface, was the mariner's guide through the intricate navigation. The elifts were high and close; therefore all was black darkness, excepting where this phosphoric beacon opened its wandering fires. A dead silence was maintained during the working of the little ship into its place of refuge; and not until its bulging sides grated against the point of landing, did Louis receive any intimation of being near the place of disembarking. Martini pressed his arm, and whispered—"We may now go on shore; but continue silent till we reach the Hambra."

Cavalho and the Italian leaped from the head of the vessel upon the land. Louis followed his conductors, leaving Lorenzo in the ship. For nearly an hour the cautious tread of their footsteps was all that disturbed the profound stillness. They passed many low, flat-roofed dwellings, where the inhabitants were shut in, even from the light of the stars, performing the last rites of their solemn feast. Such gloom was in memory of the shadows which had enveloped their prophet in his flight from persecution: to invade it by noise or intrusion would have been deemed sacrilege, and the blood of the transgressor must have expiated

the offence.

After their almost unbreathing passage along this populous road, they struck into an avenue of date-trees, and stopped before a building of spacious dimensions. Martini turned a key in a low-arched door, and gently opening it, they all passed through a short paved areade into a court open to the sky, and dimly lighted, under its pillared side-aisles, with four painted lamps. A fountain in the centre was discovered by the transient sparkling of the waters, which dashed into a marble basin below. Here silence was broken; and Martini told Louis, that, although his father was under that roof, he durst not introduce him immediately to his presence. In the duke's exasperated state of mind, an abrupt entrance might destroy at once every object of the interview; therefore, the judicious follower of the unhappy Ripperda's fortunes conjured his son to wait till the duke was at least apprized of his arrival.

Louis had no resource but to remain where he was. He had too much dependence on the houesty and discretion of Martini to doubt his prudence in this precaution; and the faithful creature left him.

If the outward gloom around this devoted son were great. that in his mind was of a deeper shade. He was alone; for the smuggler had followed Martini. An hour elapsed in this irksome solitude. He listened for the sound of a voice, or an approaching step; but the silence continued unbroken. His suspense became intolerable; composure was no longer in his power even to assume. He paced the mosaic floor with every agitated conjecture; preferring even his feelings of anticipated murder, when full of a nameless dread he awaited the mysterious visitant in the lonely château of Phaffenberg. At last, the Italian and Cavalho appeared at the extremity of the court. The smuggler turned away through a dark colonnade; and Martini advanced to Louis, who had darted towards him.

"Follow me, signor; my lord consents to see you."

This was a cold welcome; but Louis thought not of the words. since the permission was granted. He hastened through numerous arcades, to a large tented door. Martini drew it back, and Louis beheld the honoured object of his long and filial pilgrimage. The duke was standing with his back to him, reading a scroll of paper. Nothing that was not purely the son, then throbbed in Louis's labouring heart; and, advancing to throw himself at his father's feet, he heard Martini say,—"My lord! the Marquis de Montemar." Ripperda turned his head. "Let him wait my leisure;" and,

looking on the paper again, he sternly resumed his reading.

Louis stood. The face of deadly paleness, the eyes' livid flash, and the deep emaciated lines, furrowed with every trace of the burning volcano within, filled him with a dismay even more terrible than the fierce estrangement this reception announced. But it was only for a moment that his astounded faculties were transfixed by the direful apprehension. It was his father still; his noble, injured, suffering father! Rushing forward, Louis flung himself on his knees again before him, and covered his face in his robe; for the hand he would have grasped was withheld.

Ripperda's breast was locked. "What is it you require of me?" said he: "the minion of two queens must have some reason for bending thus low to the man one has dishonoured, and the other

betraved!'

Louis looked up in that implacable countenance. He attempted to speak, but no sound obeyed. He struggled for his father's hand, and wrung it to his heart. Ripperda stood cold and collected.

"What would you yet seek of me? I have no longer fame, nor riches, nor power to bestow. These were your idols! Deny it not! They were my own! I found their food ashes. But the draught

that turned my blood to fire, was the desertion of my son."

"Hear me, my father!" at last burst from the lips of De Montemar, as he elung around that august but torpid frame. No warmth glowed there, but the gloomy flame of vengeance; no responsive throe whispered there, that sympathy and forgiveness were within. The very stillness with which he suffered, without returning or reproving this agonized embrace, smote his son the more severely to the soul. Yet he thought he saw more of resentment, than of the new calamity he had lately apprehended, in the stern calmness of his father; and hoping to prevail by reason, where reason yet reigned, in a less agitated voice he repeated,—"Hear me, and then condemn me! or believe me, and acquit me—before the tribunal of

heaven, and your own justice!"

Ripperda, with the same unmoved air, replied,—"Speak what you have to say; I will attend." He pointed to a divan for Louis to sit. He obeyed; and his father sat opposite to him, folded in his mantle. His eyes were bent to the floor, except when he occasionally turned them in deep suspicion upon the earnest narrator. Not one oral remark escaped him, till the communication was brought to an end. He then looked up, and slowly pronounced,—"'Tis well; and the tale is marvellously told. But I have no connexion with its truth or falsehood."

"Yes, my father!" returned Louis; "it contains your justification; the acquittal of your son; and the atonement of your repen-

tant sovereigns!"

"My justification is here!" exclaimed the duke, proudly striking his breast, and starting from his seat. "And for atonement! Heaven and earth cannot atone for my injuries. Tell your queen, that William de Ripperda was not born to quail to any man, nor to hold his honours by flattery to a woman. I served the country of my ancestors for its own sake; neither in homage to her, nor to the king. I devoted myself to the prosperity and peace of the world. But they rejected peace, and they shall find a sword! All have spurned me! I am thrust out from Europe. Yet when I have found a land of refuge, they would ensnare me to return! And I will return! Return, with desolation and death! For Christendom, ungrateful Christendom has sinned beyond my wish to pardon."

"How am I to comprehend you, my father?"
"You cannot comprehend me. I would not be comprehended by a Spaniard! You were once my son. And you have satisfied me you

meant to be loyal to me: but you cannot serve two masters."

"What master would oppose my serving my father? If you mean the King of Spain, your own inexpugnable honour would not raise an arm against him; and he will not, cannot prevent me

dedicating my life to you!"

"My honour, Louis! Christian knights have honour; the King of Spain has honour; his ministers, and those of Austria have a thousand honours! But where were they all when my inexpugnable honour was calumniated and betrayed? Where, when the man they durst not bring to an open trial, was committed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, to be silently and securely murdered?"

Louis acknowledged the justice of his father's indignation against the government of Spain; yet he enforced the queen's earnest solicitations for the return of her still favourite minister; and dwelling on the glorious result of the public trial she had absolutely promised him, enlarged on his consequent satisfaction in pronouncing a general forgiveness on the misguided people who were still the

objects of his paternal love.

Ripperda walked the room during this discourse; and when it ended, gave no other reply to its arguments than pronouncing a brief and solemn curse upon the whole land. Louis shuddered while he gazed on the working brow of that still noble countenance; and with a self-control that surprised even himself, commenced a

new train of persuasions to induce his father to resume his first intention of passing over to Gibraltar. He laid before him the advantages of seeking an asylum in England, where he might live with honour in the bosom of his family there, and under the protection of a government constituted to revere his virtues.

"But here," said he, "what can your free spirit expect in a land

of slaves?"

Ripperda drew near him. That mouth, on which the graces onee played, was distorted by a smile of such triumphant malice. that his son recoiled.

"In the name of that divine truth, my father, we both adore.

what is it you intend?"

"I will tell you, Louis," returned he, "when I hear you repeat your oath to adhere to your father against earth and heaven. Grapple with me, my son, in this overthrow of our oppressors, and

the fame of Ripperda shall redeem itself!"

His eyes shot terrific fires while he spoke; and Louis, direfully convinced of his fears, answered with assumed calmness,-"All that the laws of earth and heaven, and my own devoted heart dietate, as duty to my father, I am ready to perform. To follow you whithersoever you go; to abide with you even in this worse

than wilderness; if it be your decisive will!

Ripperda walked several times up and down the apartment. Several times he glanced suspiciously towards his son, and stopped opposite to him, as if he were going to speak; then turned away, and resumed his perturbed pace. A consuming impatience inflamed every feature; and once or twice he took out his watch, and, looking at it, muttered to himself. At last, abruptly drawing near, he snatched the cross of the Amaranth from his son's breast, and scornfully exclaimed—" If you would belong to me, forswear all of which this is the emblem." Louis was dumb. The duke resumed with wild solemnity—"One night in the aleazar—when my gaolers had left me no light but my injuries—I bethought me. Who raised those walls?—Louis!—In the black darkness of my prison, I saw a host,-they who fell in the passes of Granada!-I saw the living spring of my Moorish blood;—and from that hour the soul of Aben Humeya passed into my breast. You is my ensign!"

He pointed to a erescent standard, which stood in a far corner of the room. Louis still gazed on him without speaking; but the

apprehension of his mind was in his looks.
"Do not mistake me," rejoined the duke; "my injuries have not made me mad; but they have driven me to a desperation—that will probe you to the heart. Are you now willing to go where I shall go; to lodge where I shall lodge? Shall my God be your God; and my enemies your enemies? Or, am I east out, like Ishmael, to find my revenge on them who mock me—alone?

Louis had now subdued the effect of his fears, and braced himself to argue again with his father, as man with man. He could not penetrate the whole of the threats he had heard; yet his rapid arguments opposed every possible project of a revengeful retaliation. The duke listened to him with stoical apathy. But when the onergetic pleader dwelt on the heinousness of coalescing with the enemies of the Christian faith, in any scheme against one of its great kingdoms, Ripperda interrupted him with a withering laugh—

"What, if I make their faith my own?"

"Impossible!" cried Louis; "you whose life has been a transcript of your faith—noble and true! It is not in you, my father, to desert a religion the founder of which was perfectly holy, just, and merciful, to embrace the creed of an impostor!—one whose life was polluted with every vice, and whose blasphemous doctrines sanctioned oppression, and privileged murder! Oh, my father, it is not in you to become the very thing that excites your vengeance." As Louis continued a still more earnest appeal to his father's understanding and conscience, Ripperda suddenly rose and stood before him."

"You may spare the controversy, De Montemar; I know all you

would say; but it is my choice to be a Mussulman.

His son's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; but he forced the appalling question: "Your choice to abjure the religion you believe? to east from you your God, and your redemption?"

"It is my choice to be revenged!" cried the duke gloomily striking

his sword; "we will talk of redemption hereafter."

"Oh, my father, it may then be too late!"

"My soul on the issue!" returned he, with a second horrible smile: "you are brave and daring; and will buckle your life to

your father's in the desperate leap?"

He grasped his son's arm while he spoke, and looked in his face with a fierce resolution, which menaced some terrible judgment on the reply he seemed to anticipate. A low, monotonous cadence of many voices, chanting a few dismal notes in regular rise and fall, broke the awful pause. Ripperda dropped the arm he held, and calmly said—"They come. In another hour, I shall be sealed an enemy of Christendom!"

Louis comprehended all that was intended.

"By the Saviour you outrage in the dreadful intent," cried he, "I demand of you not to incur the deep perdition! By the honour and renown you so richly possess, I conjure you not to consign all at once to such universal infamy! By the memory of my mother, now in the heaven from which you would seal your everlasting banishment, I implore you to remember that you are a Christian!—that you are the Duke de Ripperda!—that you are my father!" With the last words Louis sunk on his knees, and forcibly added, "My life and your salvation hang on this dreadful hour!"

All the passions of his nature were now in arms in the breast of Ripperda. The boiling flood rushed to his brain, and pressed upon the nerve that shook the seat of reason. He looked askance upon his son, with a horrible expression that spoke of suspicion, of scorn,

nay, even of hate.

"De Montemar," cried he, "what would ye yet, with one who reads you as you are? What dare you expect from a father who sees the desertion you meditate? I will not be trifled with, for I cannot be deceived. Be with me, or against me—a Mussulman, or an enemy! For, in this hour, I forswear all connexion with the Christian world—all honour to the name of——"

But ere he could pronounce the fatal abjuration, an awful cry from his son arrested the concluding words. It was the cry of a

pleading angel at the bar of eternal judgment! With its piercing beseeching appeal, he stretched forth his arms to Heaven, supplicating its mercy, to defend his father from himself. At this juncture the door opened, and Martini announced the arrival of sacred deputation. The duke snatched his hand from the grasp his son: Louis seized his robe.

"Never will I leave you," cried he, "till you consent to quit

these enemies of your honour and of your soul!"

"Release me, on the peril of your life!" returned his father, with a desperation equal to his own; but with a something added to it, that made Martini draw a few steps nearer to the defenceless marquis. Ripperda's fingers wandered over the hilt of a poniard that

was in his girdle.

"Could my blood expiate the offence of Spain, and not pollute my father's hand," cried Louis, "I would say, take the life you gave. Oh! at any saerifice, but that of soul and spirit, leave this accursed land! If your freedom be pledged to these barbarians, give them my youth and vigour in exchange. Let them drink my blood!—let them cover me with insults and oppression! Only do you fly—fly, my father! and save me from veiling my eyes in the dreadful day of judgment!"

Ripperda did not answer, for his possessed mind heard not what was said. He continued gazing on the vehement speaker with a terrible fixture of eye; but, in the moment, the sounds ceased, he burst into a tremendous laugh, and, with a force almost preternatural, attempted to break from his son's clinging arms. But fillal piety was stronger than the madness of revenge. Louis grasped his knees, exclaiming, in the agony of his spirit—"Oh, Father in Heaven, be my advocate!"

At that moment a clenched hand fell on his forehead, with the weight of death. Louis felt no more, for the blow was on his soul. His nerveless tingers relaxed their hold: he fell prostrate, and Ripperda rushed from the apartment.

# CHAPTER LII.

#### THE GIPSY RACE OF BARBARY AND SPAIN.

When Louis awoke to recollection he found himself lying on a mat, on a stone floor, and in a dark apartment. A strange mingling of heavy sounds murmured in his ear, as, with a confused sense of bodily suffering and of misery, he strove to recall past events. Such shades are of speedy conjuration. Where he was he could not guess; but he soon remembered where he last knew consciousness: he too well recollected the last scene which had met his eyes. Its various images were no sooner recalled than they became vague and indistinct, in the sudden whirlwind of his despair; and, almost believing himself in some Moorish dungeon, he turned his languid frame, in the resignation of utter hopelessness. His hand touched a human face. He raised himself on his arm and found some one extended on the bare ground near him, and, by the hard breathing, n a profound sleep.

"Some unhappy wretch, like myself!" was in his thought, while he fell back upon his own rugged bed. Whether he slumbered or mused he knew not; but he continued to lie in a quiet, dreamy consciousness of irremediable misery. A noise creaked in the darkness. He turned towards it and saw a door opened at the extremity of the apartment by a shadowy figure, which put its hand in for something that hung against the wall, and then withdrew it. A faint light glimmered from the now half-open portal. For some minutes he could discern nothing distinctly, but the light suddenly became vivid, and he had a clear, though transitory view of the adjoining chamber. It seemed vaulted; and a number of men and women were seated on the floor, round a heap of bnrning logs. Some smoked cigars, others spoke in whispers; some chanted low and dirge-like tunes, while the rest silently applied to their flagons, or fed the fire with broken boughs. A high wind raged without, which, making its way through the ill-contrived fastenings of this rough abode, blew the ashes and live embers over the wild group. Some had dropped asleep, and lay in various attitudes, with their heads on their knees, or leaning against the nearest substance for a pillow. The women, whose figures were huge as their male companions, were apparently more robust; for they did not seem to need the same restorer of nature. When all the men were crouched on their rocky bed these beldames drew closely round the fire; and, bending over it, as if brooding incantation, conversed with each other in low, grumbling tones. At last, they too, successively dozed over the dying embers, till the whole was involved in total silence. The fire went perfectly out, and Louis's overstrained nerves sunk into a kind of nightmare repose.

About dawn he was aroused by a stir in the next chamber. The noise had the same effect upon his companion, who awoke with a deep sigh. The person rose, and, leaving the vault, shut the door. All now was darkness; but the lumbering bustle without, mingled with the voices of men and women, and gradually augmented to uproar; till, sinking by the same gradations, every sound ceased,

and the whole became profoundly still.

It was indifferent to Louis what passed — tumult or silence; whether he were still in the world, or committed to a living grave. He was not himself, for the shock he had received had fevered his brain; and he lay as if the horrible past, and the inexplicable present, were only parts of the same irksome dream. His eyes were closed in this carelessness of observation, when a ray gleamed through their lids. He opened them instinctively, and saw the white light of day streaming through the wide open door, and Lorenzo bending over him. His torpid faculties arous d themselves at sight of the well-known countenance; and the faithful servant as gladly made a response which answered the demand of where they were, though he could hardly speak for joy at seeing his master restored from the stupor which had immediately followed the swoon in which Martini had been obliged to commit him again to the felucca.

Lorenzo related, that without a word of explanation, his brother had ordered him to accompany the marquis immediately back to the opposite coast; and that though Cayalho's yessel could not so instantly return, a comrade boat was soon obtained, which landed them safely at the spot of their former embarkation. The smugglers had assisted Lorenzo to earry his insensible charge up the mountain, to take a short repose in the eavern, where, as they expected, they found their wives waiting to receive them. But the women seemed to have nothing of their sex, but the name. They saw the pale, and searcely breathing form of the Marquis de Montemar earried by their husbands into the interior den, without a glanee of pity. "He was a grandee," they whispered to them selves; "one of those whose family now held rule in Spain; and some day he might be as ready as any of his order to drag to execution the very men who now gave him shelter!" This passed amongst each other; and they exulted in the idea that not one female hand of the disdained gipsy tribe would condescend to smooth the pillow, or bestow a look on the object of, perhaps, at that moment, the anxious wishes of his courtly mother!

While Lorenzo marked those women's haughty rejection of their husbands' orders to administer to their guest, he feared their more active maliec, and was not a little rejoiced when the whole train parted in the morning on their various traffics, and he was left alone to convey his master from the eavern in the best way he could. Finding him restored to sensibility and speech, he did not venture to ask him the cause of his so terrible trance. For Martini had warned him neither to make such inquiries himself, nor to satisfy the questioning curiosity of any persons whatever on his arrival in Spain, by recounting any part of the incidents in the Sierra de Ronda, nor hinting at his own transitory visit to the op-

posite coast.\*

Louis listened, with few observations, to all that Lorenzo said. But as the fresh and balmy air of the morning breathed in the cavern, his frame became rebraced; and, though still bewildered in his thoughts, he rose, and, walking out into the dell before the cave, despatched his companion to procure mules for re-crossing the mountains. The animals were soon on the rock, and, with an aimless mind, he commenced his return to Madrid. A film was over every faculty. Lorenzo watched anxiously the rayless fixture of his eye, which turned to no object, nor his ear to any sound, during the rapid progress of their journey. But all his haste was vain to check the fire that was preying on his master's veins, or to arrive at Madrid, where alone he could expect relicf or consolation. In the Val de Peñas, Louis became too ill to proceed; and, happily the alarming symptoms seized him in sight of a monastery. Lozenze left him in the earriage, and went forward alone to solicit the hospitality of the brotherhood. They were as eager to bestow as he to ask the benevolence required; and Louis soon found assistance under their charitable roof. For three long weeks he lingered

<sup>\*</sup> The gipsy race in Spain are often designated by the general name of Tingitonies; in correspondence with the same they bear across the strait, along the opposite coast of Barbary (the ancient Mauritania), and which part was called in early ages Tingitonia, and its capital city Tingis. This province of the Mauritanian country, is found in more modern maps under the name of the kingdom of Fez, which is the north-western part of the empire of Morocco.

between suffering and the grave. His fever was on the nerves, attended with delirium, and every other prognostic of a speedy termination of his days. Lorenzo shared the constant vigilance of the good fathers in watching by the invalid; and, at the commencement of the fourth week, the delirium left him. His present recovery to recollection was not like that in the cave, dim and distressing. He spoke with so much strength of voice and clearness of perception that his affectionate attendant was transported with hope; but the priest considered it to be a last gleam from the departing soul which often sheds its brightest light on the earth just as it leaves it for ever. Under this impression, the good father begged Lorenzo to withdraw for a few minutes, while he should discourse, as became his faith, with the restored marquis. When he found himself obeyed, and that he was alone with his patient. he cautiously apprised him of his approaching dissolution, and then as piously exhorted him to dedicate the sane hour which had been granted to him in making his peace with God.

"I have one act to perform," returned Louis, "before I am called into the presence of my only Father. Give me writing materials."

The monk laid paper before him, but held the pen in his own hand. "Dictate and I will write; and, I trust, the confession may bring peace to your departing soul!"

"No," replied Louis, "my own hand alone must record what is on my soul. And no eye-Lorenzo,"-he looked for that faithful servant, and finding him absent, requested the monk to call him in. "He must be a witness, with you, father, that the probably altered characters are mine." Lorenzo was summoned, and the monk briefly told him the cause. He was transfixed till the gentle voice of his master addressed him. "Lorenzo," said he, "your fidelity to me has been more like that of a brother than of a servant. I trust you with the charge of my last testament, for I know you will execute it as if my eye were then looking upon you."

Lorenzo did not speak, but put to his lips the trembling hand

that took the pen from the friar.

Louis passed an hour in writing. Both witnesses sat at a distance; Lorenzo, with his face bent down on his knees, and the priest marvelling within himself at the firmness with which the dying marquis pursued his task. His eyes receded not once from the paper, nor did his fingers relax, while with determined truth he related all that had passed in the Hambra between him and his father; yet, in the dreadful confession, he pleaded his almost belief that calamity had disordered the senses of his unhappy parent. On these grounds, he implored the Marquis Santa Cruz (to whom the paper was addressed) not only to conceal this tale of shame from every hostile eye, but, by the friendship he once felt for both 1ther and son, and by his vows of Christian charity, to leave no means unexerted to recall Ripperda from his apostacy.

"If I deceive myself," continued this pious son, "in believing the existence of that mental derangement which would once have been my most fearful deprecation, but, since this direful crime, is now my fervent hope, many would tell me I must despair of his salvation. My trust is in a higher judgment. In Him, who blessed

me with such zeal as yours, to be his minister to my erring parent; in Him, who promises pardon to the penitent; and to whom all

that may seem impossible to man, is as already done.

"In this faith I shall lay down my head in the grave, with perfect confidence that a way is open, by which the unhappy abjurer of his Saviour's name may yet be received to mercy. In the world to come I may hope to embrace my father, reconciled to his God, and washed from every worldly stain! Meanwhile, in this my last act, I recommend him to your sacred and secret orisons; and to the prayers of my saint-like uncle at Lindisfarne." Here Louis paused, and a tear fell upon the paper. It was the first that had moistened the burning surface of his eye since the calamity which had stretched him on that bed of death. It mingled with the ink, in addressing the dear and honoured name. He resumed:—"This paper must pass from your hands, my revered marquis, to those of Mr. Athelstone. Let his eyes alone share the confidence of this sad narrative. Let him know that his newhew, the child of his nurture, dies happy—happy in the hope that is, and that which is to come!"

While he added a solemn farewell to his beloved aunt and cousins, a crowd of tender recollections thronged upon his soul. Besides this comprchensive letter, he wrote a few brief lines which comprised his will: and the monk and Lorenzo having signed both important papers, as witnesses, he hastily addressed the packets, one to the Marquis Santa Cruz, the other to his guardian-uncle in England. The abbot was summoned to despatch the first to Madrid, and Lorenzo received the second to convey to Lindisfarne, when his

beloved master should be no more.

This duty done, Louis sunk exhausted on his pillow. But the cord on his heart was taken off. The benign image of his earliest friend, like the vision of a ministering angel, had unloosed it, and a holy dew seemed poured upon the desert of his soul. When he laid himself back on the bed, whence he expected never to rise again, he thought of the only hand which he wished could have given him the last bread of life, the only hand he could have wished might have closed his eyes, when temporal life was fled. He wept at the distance which separated him from that father of his moral being; he wept that he must breathe his last sigh on a stranger's bosom. But his spirit was resigned: and when his tears ceased to flow, he gently fell asleep.

# CHAPTER LIII.

# "ABEN HUMEYA.

DURING the confinement of Louis in the monastery of Val de Peñas, and while the Marquis Santa Cruz and the Queen of Spain were alike wondering at no intelligence having arrived from him since his departure from Madrid; news of various kinds and of threatening aspects came from other quarters, creating equally various perplexities in the cabinet of the king. The annual wealth of Spain in its Mexican galleons, had been taken by a fleet of Barbary corsairs. The coasts of the Mediterranean were filled with pirates,

in vessels of every size, and manœuvred with a courage and a skill that baffled every art to avoid them. But this was not all: while such an extraordinary accession to the Barbary marine rose on the sea like a blighting exhalation, a Moor, under the name of Aben Humcya, as suddenly made his appearance in Morocco, carrying all before him in the field and in the state. He possessed the confidence of Abdallah, its monarch, without a rival; and, after having discomfited that prince's rebellious kinsman, Muley Hamet, was advancing, at the head of his victorious army, to redeem to the Moorish emperor the possession of Ceuta, the Gibraltar of the

Spaniards, on the African shore.

Hostilities were at this time hanging in the balance between Great Britain and Spain, on account of Gibraltar; and, to awe the replies of the Britannic minister to its demanded restitution, an army of twenty-five thousand men (which had been on its march to Italy, to effect a similar object on the duchies of Parma and Placentia), was ordered to fall back, and make demonstrations towards the British fortress. Parts of this army were in Valencia; and, on a second courier arriving from Ceuta, with intelligence that Aben Humeya had concluded a treaty, defensive and offensive, between the Moorish emperor and the other Barbary powers, King Philip saw the necessity of detaching one division, at least, to the protection of his African dominions. He appointed Santa Cruz to the command: but, in consequence of some strange, inconsistent, and perverse arguments from his ministers, when the marguis appeared for his last directions, his majesty informed him that a thousand men were sufficient to raise the siege of Ceuta, against such undisciplined engineers. If more were necessary they should be sent; but too formidable a body at first, might only increase difficulties, by emblazoning the consequence of a barbarian chief in the eyes of Christian Europe. Santa Cruz saw that the jealousy of one of the ministers against himself, was the origin of this damp on the first vigorous proposal of the king; but, determined to do his own duty at least, he acquiesced, and withdrew from the royal presence. He made a rapid journey to Val del Uzeda, where he found his son just arrived from Italy; and, giving him orders to hold himself in readiness to accompany any second detachment to Centa, he took a parental farewell of his family, and returned to Madrid. In the same evening that he alighted at his own mansion there, he received the death-bed packet from Louis de Montemar, and had a long and distressing conversation with the friar who brought it.

The contents of the letter filled him with astonishment and trouble. He had no need of further investigation to conclude who was the Aben Humeya, who was putting so new and menacing a face on everything in Barbary; and, considering that circumstances demanded the disclosure to the queen, he hastened to the palace. A private audience was immediately granted, and the letter of the

dying son of the lost Ripperda was confided to her majesty.

Pity was not the weakness of Isabella's heart, and she read the confession, contained in the hardly legible characters, with unsoftened indignation. Ripperda's treasures had, then, spread the Spanish seas with depredators; his domination had concentrated the states of Barbary into one interest; his resentment had turned

their whole force against the power of Spain! She had but one policy—to wrest this mighty Son of Vengeance from his passion and his influence. And, having determined, from an alarmed pride in her own judgment, to conceal the discovery from the king and his ministers, she gave her presnt counsellor carte blanche to reconcile Ripperda on any terms; and should his more worthy son be found alive, she commanded that he should be made the agent with his father.

"But should he be no more?"—inquired the marquis, with a

sigh which could hardly have been deeper for his own son.
"Then," replied she, "you must choose another ambassador. I will reward whoever goes, according to his success with this for-

midable renegado."

With this commission, though without a hope of seeing the son of Ripperda yet an inhabitant of this world, Santa Cruz took the convent in his way to the plains of Valencia. When he alighted at the gate the abbot met him, and answered to his fcarful question that the Marquis de Montemar not merely breathed, but seemed in less danger of immediate dissolution than when his messenger had left the convent.

Santa Cruz sent to inform him of his arrival, and was immediately admitted to his cell. Lorenzo withdrew when the marquis entered. Louis was dressed in his usual clothes, but, from weakness, still lay on his pallet. The window of the cell was open to admit the mountain air, which blew fresh and cheeringly over his face. That face was not to be described, it spoke of heaven, and his whole form harmonised with the celestial witness. Santa Cruz stopped and gazed on him, while Louis, raising himself on his arm, stretched his hand towards him with a smile that made the veteran's head bow before the youthful saint. He advanced, and embraced him. Louis bent his face upon the marquis's hand.

"You will live, my son!" cried Santa Cruz, in a burst of manly sensibility; "you will recover your father to his God and to his

country!

"I could wish to live for that purpose!" replied Louis; "but be it as Heaven wills. My prayers may be effected without my

own agency."

When recovered from his emotion the marquis communicated his present commission; and, in recapitulating the tidings from Morocco, the mantling colour on the hectie cheek of Louis showed that he, too, recognised his father in the new Aben Humeya. In narrating the rapid successes of the apostate duke, Santa Cruz dwelt on one circumstance, which contained some antidote to the poison of the rest.

Muley Hamet (a disaffected kinsman of the emperor) had appeared with a large army of malcontents on the plain of Marmora. This place is about half a day's journey from the capital of Morocco. Aben Humeya assembled the household troops: and, on the same day the tidings arrived, he marched to the field of sedition. His forces were inferior in number to the enemy, but their leader gave them an example of confidence. Muley Hamet practised the usual Moorish stratagems, which the discipline of his adversary so completely baffled,

that, enraged with disappointment, the rebel chief dared a general engagement, in the very worst position he could have chosen. Aben Humeya had drawn him into the declivities of the mountains, where the cavalry, his principal strength, could not act: and, sending a detachment to block up his regress by occupying the pass of Cedi Cassem, the Moorish prince suffered a total defeat. Every soul might have been cut off; but the new Mussulman had not yet forgotten the warfare of Christian nations. He called to his men to remember that the misguided followers of Muley Hamet were their brethreu; and that, after the signal chastisement they had received, it was the victor's duty to suffer the escape of the remnant. Aben Humeya pursued the same conciliatory conduct, and an offer of general pardon being spread amongst the refractory Moors, the troops of Muley Hamet descreted to his adversary.

"This eonsummate policy is the Duke de Ripperda," observed

the marquis; "and the duke in his sanest mind."

"I would draw another inference from such policy," rejoined his son, "that, whether his mind be in full health or disordered, this merey is a sure pledge the Christian principle remains in his heart."

"There is no disordered intellect in these plans and executions," returned Santa Cruz; "rather a stretch of capacity; and, alas! an extravagant exertion of its power, which compels common minds to pause and to wonder. Genius, however, may sometimes be mistaken for madness: for it frequently acts entirely under the influence of imagination, and does things so utterly irrational that, if they be not the effect of an absolute want of reason, they are certainly the proceedings of a dereliction from reason, and produce the consequences of madness."

Louis knew to whom this latter remark might also too well apply;

and, with stifled emotion, he answered—

"That conduct, then, is most likely to be according to good judgment, which is actuated by sober experience alone, avoiding enthu-

siasm like a quieksand."

"Yes!" replied the marquis; "but there is something more required than sober experience. A well-regulated mind must sit in judgment upon that experience; and, then, my dear Montemar," eontinued he, impressively, "wisdom and good conduct will be the issue."

Louis reverted to the last act of his father, upon the plains of Marmora. It obliterated the frenzied moments of their parting; and, opening his heart to a dawn of hope, he took the letter of the queen, which her own hand had addressed to the banished Ripperda, and, putting it in his bosom, told his veteran friend he

trusted to deliver it himself on the African shores.

Santa Cruz was to set off the following morning towards his army; and, having calculated the slower progress of troops to the coast, and the usual delays in getting on board the transports, he (though doubting his young friend could live to see it), fixed a day for Louis joining him at the place of embarkation. But Louis's reanimation was not transitory. Youth and inward vigour, with the bracing, life-inspiring air that is breathed from the lips of a

friend, restored him to such a strength that, at the time appointed, he appeared on the quarter-deck of the *Trinidada*, the vessel that

was to bear Santa Cruz to the Mohammedan shore.

Unconscious of the wound they probed, the officers of the general's staff discoursed largely on the crusade to which they were going. Some affirmed the new Moorish leader to be an Arab; others, a brave brother of the African emperor, who, on that prince's accession to the throne, had suddenly disappeared. Abdallah had been jealous of his fame, and rumour spoke of the bowstring; hints also were given of a perpetuated imprisonment in the seven towers of Mequinez; and now that a stranger warrior, whom no person knew, had appeared so opportunely in the cause of Abdallah, it was more than suspected that the captive prince had purchased liberty and a restoration to honour, by assuming a new name, and fighting the battles of his brother.

Louis shrank under these guesses; also at the invectives (to the justice of which his own integrity assented) in which these young men indulged, against the numerous renegadoes at the court of Abdallah. Sidi Ali, a Sicilian apostate and a celebrated engineer, was most especially the object of their anathemas; as, from his skill, they expected some protraction of the glory of repelling Aben Humeya from the walls of Ceuta. They arrived on the night of the sixth evening after they had set sail from the port of Carthagena. The little fleet entered the bay of Ceuta; and on waves ever smooth as glass the troops stepped into boats, which rowed them to the perpendicular walls of the town. There all was deep shadow. Louis saw nothing through the universal blackness. Nor did he note the dreary splashing of the boats in the fathomless water; nor did he feel the chilling vapour which arose from its cold surface, withheld from evaporation by the height and closeness of the outworks. He was in the first pinnace; and had no thought, no observation, but for the object of his landing. A long flight of steps in an almost invisible cleft of the rock, between two walls, was the only ingress on this side into the fortress. The boats crowded to the spot, where their crews severally leaped on the stony ladder. A light heart was in all their breasts, and, plumed with anticipated triumphs, they seemed to fly. Louis alone, whose whole soul was once as much on the wing for military achievements, moved with a slow but a firm step; for against whom was the sword of his first field to be drawn!

On entering the fortress, he fully understood how necessary was all this silence in gaining the shore. Count de Blas, the governor, represented that the Moors were in prodigious force before the town. That several skirmishes had taken place between their advanced posts and some corps of observation from the garrison. The Spaniards had been beaten in with loss, and a dangerous panic prevailed in the garrison. No soldier would show his head above the ramparts; and the consequence was already seen, in the audacity with which Aben Humeya was opening his trenches. Until Santa Cruz arrived, De Blas declared he was in nightly dread of an attempt being made to storm the town; and, in such a case, he could not have put any dependence on his dismayed troops.

Prior to Aben Humeya having taken up his present position, he

nad reduced the whole of the rebellious bashas to the obedience of their emperor. Their leader, Muley Hamet, extended his flight from the hilly country to the deserts of Taffilet; while Abdallah, in honour of these proofs of a victorious destiny, sent a deputation of his royal brothers to invest Aben Humeya with the dignity of Basha of Tetuan, and to present him with a banner, on which was

embroidered—"Proceed! to exceed is no longer possible!"

De Blas panted to mortify the insolence of the new basha; and he suggested the advantage of making a sally with the fresh troops. To this haste, Santa Cruz replied that he had orders from his sovereign to act with peculiar circumspection. He was to communicate with the Moorish general; and, to do this with the necessary knowledge, he must have time to estimate their relative strength. His investigations began the next day, and in the prosecution of them Santa Cruz was always attended by Louis. In the course of the proceedings, the group of observation mounted on a redoubt, far to the front in the Spanish lines. The marquis contemplated, with his glass, the scientific precision with which the enemy's works were advancing. The Count de Blas stood near him, and expatiated with much heat on the unaccountable new discipline introduced into the Moorish army by its present chief.

"But these European tactics," cried he, "are engrafted on a true barbarian soil. A flag of truce which I despatched to the infidel to gain time, was fired on in its return; and, in attempting to make good its retreat, a party of the enemy rushed from behind yon epaulement to the left, and took the whole troop, to a man. One, who afterwards made his escape, informed me the proud Aben Humeya chose to take offence at some want of official reverence in the Spanish officer's manner of quitting the Moorish camp. The moment it was told him, he ordered our countrymen to be pursued and seized; and, at the same time, he denounced a similar fate to all who should henceforward presume to bear any Spanish flag

within the reach of his lines."

While the governor was speaking, a squadron of Moors turned that very sidework, and presented themselves on the plain, glittering in all the gorgeous array of the basha's peculiar suite. In the midst of the group, which immediately parted to short distances, Louis beheld an august figure. De Blas proclaimed it to be Aben Humeya. In that clear atmosphere, no glass was necessary to note an object just without the reach of musket-shot; and to observe the basha Louis's soul was in his eyes. Was it his father? or indeed a native Moor, who thus wore a name always too dear to the race of Ripperda? At sight of their leader, the acclamations of the Moors in the trenches were loud and incessant. He was mounted on a black horse, richly caparisoned; and the dress of the new Mussulman was in every way suited to his lately-assumed rank and people—loose and ample, of simple scarlet cashmere, without embroidery; but his cuirassed breast, and belted body shone like the sun, with jewels; and a similarly splendid scimitar flashed a beam of light at his side! The caliph-cresent, with the chelenk plume, crested his turban; and the bridle in his hand sparkled with brilliant studs; while the magnificent housings of his horse almost touched the ground. Aben Humeya rode forward, and again the air was rent with shouts. A flourish of wind-instruments succeeded; and his suite began to play their evolutions before him, in all the various exercises of the lance and dart.

Louis thought he could not mistake the demeanour of his father. But all this supremacy over the rest of mankind, in personal dignity and grace, seemed to his virtuous son only a garment of mockery to the fallen spirit within. It was horrible in his eyes, and he turned silently from the vociferous observations of De Blas

That same evening Santa Cruz ordered a flag of truce to be in readiness for the Moorish camp at daybreak, At the mention of so dangerous an expedition, every officer shrunk back. None spoke. But Santa Cruz neither addressed any, nor looked on any: the

forlorn hope on this enterprise was already chosen.

When Louis came in morning for his last orders, he found the governor with his general, remonstrating on the madness of exposing so distinguished a young man as the Marquis de Montemar, in so perilous a hazard. Santa Cruz repeated to his young friend what De Blas had said, and that not a man in the garrison would volunteer to form the escort. Louis bowed gratefully to the solicitude of the count; but answered the marquis, by reqesting to have the white flag delivered to him, as he should go alone. To hamper him with cowards, Santa Cruz thought, would only invite danger; and he put the flag into his hand. Louis left the gates with no other companion than his courage and his faith. The works were crowded in every part to watch the desperate adventure. At a settled spot he halted, to unfurl the white banner. Again he shot forward, waving its staff, to be seen by the Moorish outposts, when he advanced within their fire. A hundred turbans emerged from the nearest trenehes:—and a yell of such horrid import burst from every mouth, that his horse started on his haunches. Nothing, however, checked its rider. He struck his spurs into its sides; and, in spite of a strange noise from its nostrils, fully descriptive of surprise and terror, he resumed his onward speed. The savage cries from below were now echocd by a thousand voices from the works above; and a volley of musketry was discharged. Louis for a moment was lost in the smoke; but it cleared away, and his friends on the walls of Ceuta once again saw their resolute flagbearer, galloping towards the camp. Another volley succeeded, and the plain was again obscured: again it cleared; but no Louis was to be seen. Vengeance alone now occupied the breasts of the men upon the Spanish lines. Their courage revived with their indignation; and rushing without command from a sally-port, they charged fiercely towards the point of their revenge. At sight of this sortie, a similar detachment issued from the gates of the camp. The horse of Louis had been transfixed by two balls, and lay struggling on the ground. He extricated himself from the dying animal, and was rising from its side, just as the sally-port of Ceuta opened, to reseue or avenge him. Being on foot, the broken ground of the plain concealed him from his friends, until he rejoined them; when his faithful Lorenzo immediately giving him another horse, he was soon remounted. His re-appearance having been discovered by Santa Cruz, who stood on the redoubt, the sortie was recalled; and Louis with the troop re-entered the garrison.

The implacable fury of the second breach of the received laws of war inflamed the Spaniards beyond all terms of mercy: and there was no name opprobrious to a man and a soldier, which they did

not lavish on the fierce Aben Humeya.

Louis withdrew to the quarters of Santa Cruz. His resolution was taken, and he only awaited the marquis's sanction to put it in execution that very night—to go by stealth into the Moorish camp, and depend on Providence for conducting him to the presence of his father.

Santa Cruz would not hear him to an end. He regarded this last act, of firing upon a single man, as so glaring a proof of apostacy from honour, as well as from religion, that he no longer retained a

hope of the perpetrator's return to truth and loyalty.

'No, De Montemar,' said he, "we must now let that alone for ever. You would only lose yourself, without recovering him."

"I should lose myself, indeed," replied Louis, "were I to abandon the only purpose for which I came to this country; the only purpose for which I believe my life is lengthened. He will not imbrue his hands in the blood of his own son; and who in that camp would dare to touch the man, of whom he will say, 'Let his life be protected?""

"This is delusion, De Montemar. He has abandoned his holy faith. He has trampled on his honour. And, with these facts,

there is no reasonable hope."

"My hope may be beyond reason; but it is not against it," replied Louis. "Grant me the means to fulfil my resolution, and I

dare promise myself that you shall see me again."
"Never," returned Santa Cruz; "the blood of rashness shall never be on my head. Leave me now, and we will discourse of

more rational projects to-morrow.'

Louis obeyed. But to-morrow might never occur to him. That night, alone, and unassisted, he determined to penetrate the Moorish lines.

## CHAPTER LIV.

#### MOORISH CAMP BEFORE CEUTA.

From his observations, while carrying the ill-received flag of truce, he thought it possible to throw himself into one of the trenches nearest the enemy's position; and, in the disguise of a Moor, return with the workmen into the camp. By means of his devoted Lorenzo, (who would have suffered the rack, rather than betray the confidence of his master,) he procured the accoutrements of a Moresco soldier, from a Jewish merchant in Ceuta. The aspect of the night favoured his project; and he left the Spanish fortress, in company with the latest outpost. The growing shadows gave him opportunity to glide away unobserved; and having had his disguise previously hidden amongst the ruins of an old fort, midway between the Moorish and Spanish works, he covered himself with the Moresco haique and turban. He then took a pickaxe in his hand, and cautiously proceeded along the flank of the Moorish trenches; the line of which he discerned by a pale and zigzag

gleam along the surface of the ground. When arrived near the verge of the excavations nighest to the camp, he listened breathlessly to the clash of cymbals, which announced an exchange of workmen. Now was his moment. He slid down the bank, into the vacant fosse; and stood close in its angle, shrouded by complete darkness. The lamps did not extend beyond the place of immediate labour. He had hardly taken his station, when an iron gate opened into the trench; the cymbals ceased, and an advance of numerous feet from the camp sounded towards him. It was answered by a similar approach from the lines. He drew himself closer into the angle, as the latter passed him in enfilade; but, observing that each man, while he marched by a particular officer. cried aloud "Lahilla Lah!" and was then counted by the officer. Louis saw the danger of being last in the file; and, stepping in between the rapid step of one soldier, turning the angle, and the halting approach of another, he repeated the expected response, and moved forward unmolested. He entered the camp without impediment; and the Moors parting to their different quarters be turned quickly in a direction which, he thought, from the description of the escaped Spaniard, would lead him to the pavilion of its commander. Excepting the words he had repeated in the parole of the night, and of the meaning of which he was entirely ignorant, he knew not a syllable of the Moresco tongue. The camp was only partially lighted; but near the basha's gurrters the lamps became thicker, until the platform around his tent was one blaze of illumination.

Several Moorish officers were walking to and fro, as if waiting for orders; and the ample circle in which the pavilion stood was hommed round by the body-guards of the basha. These men were negroes, of huge proportions, and equipped in the most formidable array of barbaric arms. They sat on the ground, in the Moorish

style, with each his hand on his drawn scimitar.

Louis drew into the comparative obscurity of one of the tented streets that diverged from the platform; and with a scrutinizing eye, revolved how he should pass this excluding circle. While he looked from man to man, the curtained entrance of the pavilion was drawn back by two slaves, and a blaze of flambeaux issued from it; in the midst of which proceeded a military figure in a gorgeous Moorish dress: but it was not his father. By one act, all the negroes bent forward, and struck their foreheads to the ground. Even the officers made the same abasement to this personage: who, graciously bowing his head, passed on, followed by a procession of flambeaux. But still the light was glaring as noonday around the tent. Therefore, only by stratagem could Louis enter it, and his life must now be set on the hazard. After watching a little time, to afford opportunity for some favourable accident, perhaps, to open a way without the desperate expedient he revolved, he retreated closer into the dark passage that led to the great illuminated avenue before the pavilion; and, having wrapped his mother's picture, which he always wore at his breast, in the silk handkerchief he took from his neck, he put them into his bosom; and then, boldly entering from the shrouded street into the full light of the platform, moved directly to the curtained entrance of the pavilion. In an instant a host of seimitars from the negro guards were at his breast. He stood unmoved as they stopped him, and exclaimed—"Aben Humeya!" while he took the handkerchief from his bosom, and held it forth, with a commanding air, towards the tent. He had not even repelled the weapons with his hand, so firm did he stand, in perfect carelessness of his own fate, while thus pressing forward in the line of his duty. His air awed the negroes. Louis profited by their suspended faculties, and was passing on, when a person in the dress of an officer intercepted him. This man made a barbarous attempt to speak the Moresco language, but in a mutilated jargon, consisting of every tongue on the Mediterranean shores; and saluting Louis by the opprobrious appellation of "slave," demanded, with other vile epithets, how he presumed to violate that sacred threshold.

Louis saw the miserable soul of some base renegado of the Balearie isles, in this insolent attack; and answering him at once in Spanish, warned him, in laconic but haughty language, to beware how he insulted a man who came, in the face of three hundred scimitars, to lay the spoil of a brave Spaniard at the feet of

Aben Humeya.

"Conduct me to his presence," continued he; "or know, that he who speaks Spanish like his native tongue, is not less able to

prove a Moorish sword his native weapon!"

The renegado eyed the speaker with a trembling suspicion. His head might pay the forfeit, should he introduce an improper person into the pavilion; and should his perverseness exclude one on whom the basha conferred confidence, he would incur equal jeopardy. He now wished he had left the responsibility of this ingress to the negroes; but he had interposed, and must proceed.

"Your name?" said he.

"That the basha will know when he sees me."

The officer feared to hesitate, and led him to the first range of the pavilion. Like the outer court, it was lined with guards. The renegado, in a tone of some respect, told Louis he must stop in this vestibule until his eredentials in the handkerchief were delivered to his Highness Aben Humeya. The aleaid of the guard, who earried it in, returned with consternation in his countenance; and beckoning Louis to follow, preceded him through several tented chambers, before they arrived at the sacred inclosure. Within that veil none durst penetrate, without an especial summons from the basha. The officer drew aside the curtain, and pointing in silence to the door, Louis entered alone. The basha stood by a Moorish couch, directly under a lamp in the centre of the place. A table was near him, on which lay a naked scimitar, and an open easket containing the Koran. He had the picture in his hand.

Louis's face was overshadowed by the dark folds of his turban; and as he did not assume the usual position of all who (of less than equal rank) approached the august presence, the basha fell back a step, and exclaimed—"Who art thou that darest to so approach

Aben Humeva?"

Louis, with elasped hands, bowed his head upon his breast, but could not immediately answer. It was his father's voice; and he had not ventured his life in vain!

"Whence came this Christian spoil?" demanded Ripperda. "Was it taken from the living or the dead?" The voice was firm; but the tension with which he grasped the picture was sufficient assurance that an exerted nerve was necessary to enable him to put the question with the steadiness of one indifferent to the owner's fate.

"I took it from the living," replied Louis, "to pass me into the

presence of one who gave me life.

An inarticulate sound burst from the lips of his father: he moved a few hasty steps towards him; but as suddenly starting back—"Presumptuous boy!" cried he, "what do you promise yourself by this temerity? Are you not aware that the act which made me a Mussulman, separated me from all former relations, and that, in Louis de Montemar, I can see no other than a Spanish spy?"

"No act of man," replied Louis, "can cut asunder the bands of nature; can separate the unity of son and father, in the great objects of time and eternity. And in that faith I appear again before you, on a second mission from your religion and your

country.

"This told me a braver story!" returned Ripperda, sternly putting the picture into the hand of his son; "but speak your

errand, that I may dismiss the messenger."

Louis bore the taunt without reply; and with brief, but energetic argument, he repeated to his gloomily listening father, the new proposals from the queen. They assured the banished duke, that the decree of his exile not only was recalled, and the king ready to publicly declare the charges of his enemies false; but his majesty had promised not merely a general amnesty for his present proceedings in Africa, but, on his return to Spain, would invest him with a new and extraordinary trust at court, to the confusion of his rivals, and the assertion of his character in the minds of all men. The church, too, should open its arms to receive him; for Isabella would obtain an absolution from the pope for the brief apostacy. So that dark deed, obliterated by penitence, might remain as totally unknown to the world at large, as his son trusted it would then be blotted from the book of Heaven.

"Louis," replied the duke, "have you known me so long, by the best proofs of man—his actions! and are you yet to be told, that my religion consists wholly of the prosperity of the country I serve; and that my country is that which best knows the value of

my services?"

"Then," returned his son, not wishing to comprehend the whole of his speech; "that country is now Spain. Read the letter of Isabella, and you will find the prayer of the nation in every line. She is as a mother petitioning a beloved son to spare his brothers. Oh! my father, listen to the native magnanimity of your soul, rather than to this new and unnatural pride, and resume at once the patriot and the Christian. None, excepting the king and queen, and the Marquis Santa Cruz, know that Aben Humeya and Ripperda are the same; and, having been spared that open stigma, your religion and your country may yet be that of Spain."

Ripperda grasped the still unread letter of the queen; "De Mon-

temar!" said he, "and is it you that can think I would live under shelter of any shrouded act? No! I have dared to be a Mussulman! to resume the name of my Moorish aneestors; to tread in the unreceding steps of Julian de Valor. What I am, I am; and my banners here and in Spain shall proclaim to all the world, that Ripperda's injuries are in the breast of Aben Humeya.

Again Louis urged him to read the last appeal of his former sovereigns, and then abandon his country and them, if vengeance

could yet have place with such ample restitution.

"Restitution!" repeated the duke, and broke the seal. He read the letter, and threw it from him; but not with the same equanimity as when he began the contents. In the offered pardon, and the promised honours, all his imputed transgressions were recapitulated, to enhance the merit of the amnesty; all the accusations of a vain woman's jealousy were poured forth in extenuation of her share in his fall; and the whole was wound up in a passion of reproaches and entreaties, in which the chains which had formerly bound him to her feet were so apparent, that his incensed spiritrose with every line; and he trampled on the paper where it lav.

Louis trembled at this issue, so unexpected from what he had hoped would have made some softening impression on his father's implacable revenge; but, with a steady voice, he asked, what was

his reply to that petition, from a queen and a woman?

Ripperda turned on him a penetrating and contemptuous look.

"Have you read that petition?"

"No, my father; but I know it is to ratify all that I have

assured vou."

"I know not what it would ratify!" cried the duke, stung by a sudden recollection; and snatching up the letter, he tore it in pieces. "It shall never be a witness that any one dared tamper with my honour; that he who onee commanded nations—but no more. I will answer this letter to-morrow, on you field. They who survive, may bear the writing to their queen.

"My father!" exclaimed Louis.
"I have said it, young man," interrupted Ripperda in a voice of

thunder; "go, and tell them so—and it shall be finished."

"No," returned Louis; "for in that field you would have to meet your own people, and your own son! You would drench your hands in the blood you have so often sworn to cherish; you would give the last blow to the name and race of Ripperda:—and what will be your reward? The fetters of a barbarian!

The string had been touched which vibrated to madness in the brain of Ripperda. His apprehension became confused, and with

a terrific solemnity, he approached his son.

"Hitherto," said he, "I have heard you with patience! I read your queen's letter with patience. I received her general's flag of truce with patience. But her letter is an insidious blazonry of all my false accusers; -and he who brought the flag of truce whispered at my gates that Aben Humeya was a Spanish traitor. This is their truth, their amnesty; this, my sheltered honour! And you appear the minister of such an embassy! De Montemar,' eried he, grasping his arm; "are you aware to what you move me? But I will not reason further. Tell your sovereign, it is my willto be his enemy! That is my final answer." Ripperda walked haughtily away; but Louis followed him, with all the filial eloquence of a man determined to prevail. His father turned fiercely on him. "Silence!" cried he: "my whole nature rejects the treacherous influence. I am not to be again betrayed by the arm which once deserted me. You would sell me; but I am not to be bought. These limbs shall never wither in a dungcon closed by my own son! This head shall never welter on a scaffold your hands have reared!"

His eyes were fixed on the sword on the table. The expression was portentous; and he moved towards it, muttering to himself the names of De Paz and Wharton. Louis saw the urging demon; and, clasping his hands, while he tore his gaze from that ever-revered face, he threw himself between his father and the weapon.

"Parricide!" cried Ripperda, "I am not at your mercy!" and, with the word, he made a stroke at the breast of his son. Louis

seized the frantic arm.

"Duke de Ripperda," said he, "I may fall by your slaves; but your own hand shall not slay your son. If you indeed believe that he who has twice hazarded his life to recall you to your honour and your God, can be leagued with falsehood to betray you,—

summon your guards to despatch me!"

Ripperda glared on him, while he firmly grasped the hand that held the dagger. Louis's eyes were not less riveted on those of his father. "De Montemar," cried he, relaxing his hold on the weapon, "on the perdition of us both, leave my presence; and see that we never meet again. Your father is not what he was." He struck his hand upon his burning forehead; and, trembling from head to foot, sunk into a seat.

Louis observed him in silence; but his soul was prostrate before the only being who could restore that noble mind; his heart was at the feet of his father; and, falling on his knees beside him, he put

that now unarmed hand to his lips.

Ripperda had still enough of human tenderness to understand this appeal; but his distempered imagination would not apprehend its truth; and, starting from his position, he exclaimed,—"Impossible! The world and your ingratitude have undone me. You are no more a son to a rebel and a renegado; I no more a father to him whose treasons reduced me to this extremity!—Away, and by that path," added he, pointing to a passage in the back of the pavilion. "If we ever meet again, you must finish your commission; or I blot from the earth the dishonoured name of Ripperda!"

Louis was still on his knee, when his father hastily advanced to the curtain, and called aloud. A mute appeared; and the basha, with an instant recovery of composed dignity, commanded him to see that Moor (pointing to Louis) to the outside of the camp, towards the hill, and leave him there. Ripperda quitted the apartment while he spoke, and with desolation in his heart, Louis

rose and followed his conductor.

# CHAPTER LV.

#### OPENING OF THE WAR.

THE Moorish slave passed without obstacle to the rear of the camp, and making his mute salam to his equally silent charge, quitted him in a recess between the hills. Louis found his way back to the Spanish lines, by keeping the verge of the sea-coast; and, throwing off his disguise, proceeded close under the wall of Ceuta, till he arrived at the drawbridge. He crossed it at daybreak. Pierced to the soul, this wretched heir of all his father's nobleness and galling sensibility to infamy, employed some hours in selfcollection, before he obeyed the painful necessity of informing Santa Cruz that he had been in the Moorish camp; and that the result of the interview with its basha had destroyed his every hope of inducing the unhappy renegado to forego his scheme of vengeance! Santa Cruz too much respected the filial devotion of Louis in what he had done, to reprimand the rashness of the experiment.

"But there let it cease," said he. "You now owe a duty elsewhere; and must preserve the loyalty of that name in yourself.

which he so determinately abandons."

"I shall attempt it," replied Louis, when he moved to leave the apartment. "Allow me to serve in your array, as a volunteer, and I will do my best not to disgrace your confidence."

"De Montemar, I can never doubt you."

Louis sighed at the emphasis his veteran friend had laid upon the word you; and, with feelings which only a son in his situation can know, he replied,-"When my father has fallen from his

proud height of virtue, who dare think he stands?"

Santa Cruz understood the response; and, with a voice of parental tenderness made answer,—"He fell because his virtue was proud. It is not so with you. Therefore let not the lowliness of a wounded spirit, mourning the transgressions of others, lessen your faith in the power which God has given to you to be what you believed your father was. Stand erect in your own virtue, for it is a panoply from heaven; and do not allow infidelity, even in the shape of a parent, to suppose it can bow a head so armed."

Louis kissed the hand that grasped his, in the zeal of this ex-

hortation; and, without further observation, withdrew.

Next day the theme was renewed between the veteran and his young friend; and while the former repeated his satisfaction that the alleged violation of the first flag of truce had been provoked by the outrageous conduct of the Spanish officer who bore it; and was not, as had been represented, a wanton breach of military usage on the side of the new Moorish commander, the marquis explained to the disturbed mind of the anxious son, why the supposition of so base an act had appeared fuller of moral despair in his eyes than even the bold derelictions of apostasy and treason. To daring crimes of the latter description, a man may be impelled by sudden bursts of furious vengeful passion; and though he certainly deserves a just punishment for such great delinquency, and may receive it! yet subsequent circumstances, even to the eye of man,

as well as from Heaven's mercy, may palliate the abhorrent impulse, and perhaps finally obliterate the memory of its guilt. Should remorse follow his transgression, he would as bravely acknowledge the justice of his sentence as he had before desperately incurred the penalty of the great moral law. But an unfair and treacherous aggression proves a latent baseness of soul; an incipient gangrene of cowardice, too blinding to allow a spark of courage to look the meanness darkly committed in the face. If it be pressed upon, such a man erouches under his infamy, or impudently affects ignorance of its existence, while he feels in his heart that he has not spirit to retrace the path of reputation by confession and amendment.

Louis never thought of military fame or its adjuncts, when he volunteered his services to the Spanish arms. His aim was to guard his father's head in the day of battle, and to prove to Spain and to the world (should it ever hear of him more) that he behaved with fidelity to the country to which that father's parental command had made him swear allegiance. Life's aspect was now changed to him. He had hardly entered the morn of his days, and already elouds were gathered over the opening prospect, at least all its dearest objects were snatched from his sight—the lefty consciousness of public duties, the race of glory, and the fame of future ages! Even at the starting-post he had reached the goal, and his hardly risen sun gone down in darkness. "How many before me, and how many that come after me, have destinies directly the reverse of mine! Nay, their day of brightness is even lengthened, like that of Joshua in the field of Gibeon, till all in their heart be won." The draught was a bitter one which Louis found in his cup of trial; but he was resolved to drink it to the dregs. "And there," cried he, "I shall find it has some sweetness."

The observations he could not help making while passing through the Moorish eamp had shown him the strength of the enemy, and from the discipline and number of the troops, he did not doubt that the slender garrison of Ceuta would be lost, should his father attack it by storm. The fortifications were in so bad a state, that Santa Cruz set all hands to work to bring them into order; and meanwhile sent to the lines before San Roque\* for a reinforcement of engineers, and as many troops as the Spanish general there could spare.

During these preparations the basha was seen visiting his works every day. He was followed by a formidable guard, who, in contempt of the Spaniards, amused themselves in seampering about, throwing the gerid, and firing at each other in sport between their own parallels. It was evident that Ripperda wished to provoke Santa Cruz to a battle, or to induce him to believe that such were his motives; for he ventured menaeing detachments, even under the fire of the Spanish forts. But his point was to seize the fortified port of Larach first. For while the Spaniards retained possession

<sup>\*</sup> San Roque, the Spanish frontier garrison-town, to the north of Gibraltan A space of sandy plain between that British fortress (of not very great extent) and San Roque, is called the neutral ground; a peaccable boundary to each, when their relative sovereigns are not at actual war.

of that place, they might still command much of the Atlantic coast of Morocco. Larach on the Atlantic, and Ceuta on the Mediterranean, were now all that remained to Philip in Africa; and the new Aben Humeya was aware that while the Moors were making these hostile demonstrations before the one, the other would consider itself secure, and of consequence easily fall into his hands. New levies were marching from Mequinez\* to complete the army with which he meant to crush the Spanish power, both in Algiers and Morocco, and this reinforcement by his orders was now halted in the valleys of Benzeroel. On such information he quitted his camp, and, leaving directions with Sidi Ali how to proceed in his

absence, repaired to the head of his second army.

Ripperda had been well acquainted with Don Juan d'Orendayn. the commandant of Larach, a vain and ignorant brother of the no less insolent and vain Count De Paz, the duke's most inveterate enemy at the Spanish court. But it was not to avenge himself on any individual that Ripperda would have moved a single step, it was against the whole Spanish nation he had sworn vengeance; and high or low, declared enemies or professing friends, all were alike to him: they were Spaniards; and he drew an unsparing sword. All the revenge that he took personally on the kinsman of De Paz was to make his vanity the cause of his destruction; and, sending a renegado Jew into the town, the pretended deserter informed D'Orendayn that Aben Humeya was encamped with a few troops on the banks of the adjacent river, on his way to the siege of Ceuta. The Jew added, that the fears of these raw recruits were so great of Don Juan discovering they were in his neighbourhood, they had drawn the line of their camp to a fictitious length, to deceive him with regard to their numbers; and that Aben Humeya, not being able to place any dependence on such timid men, was under apprehensions like their own, till he could excite their courage by mingling them with some of the veterans from before The Jew found himself believed, and was vehemently seconded by the young officers in the garrison, when he advised a sudden sally from Laraeh, and promised to Don Juan the glory of making Aben Humeya his prisoner.

Cowardice and ambition contended in the breast of D'Orendayn. He despatched a corps of observation to ascertain the truth of the deserter; and on its return at night, bearing witness that the pavilion of the basha stood in a line of tents which could not contain more than four or five hundred men, hesitation was at an end: and the apprehensive governor, hoping to steal an easy victory, gave

orders for the sortie.

Ripperda had disposed the strength of his army amongst the numerous dells and recesses at the foot of the hills. On one side of his visible front was a thick wood, on the other, a small branch of the River Lecus. His cavalry were posted behind the wood: and his own little camp, which consisted of six hundred of his best-disciplined men, lay on their arms within the lines. These were nothing more than a range of hurdles, but so planted as to be a sufficient screen for the men to form behind them. D'Orendayn,

\* Mequinez, at that time the favourite capital of the Emperor of Morocco. It is situated near the plain of Marmora,

believing the whole of the basha's present force was contained in that small boundary, came boldly forward with two-thirds of his own garrison, and, with a furious discharge of musketry, fell upon the Moorish camp. The night was bright, and seemed to favour the exploit. After making a show of resistance, the attacked gave ground, and soon after fled towards the mountain. The Spanish commander, now certain of success, blew a summons for the rest of the garrison to join him in the chase; for the Jew told him victory over so inconsiderable a body would yield him little honour, unless he would secure the person of its formidable leader. When the pursuers appeared to gain upon the fugitives, who surrounded the banner of Aben Humeya, and D'Orendayn thought he had the achievement and its rewards in his hand, he had already advanced into the ambuscade. The basha, facing suddenly round, cried aloud, "Lahillah Lah, Mahometh ressoul Allah!" A thousand voices echoed the sound; showers of arrows poured from the incumbent heights; and, from every opening in the hills, Moorish infantry rushed upon the astonished victors, while the cavalry from the wood charged them in the rear. No Spaniard soldier returned to tell the story. Larach received a Moorish garrison, and the crescent of Mohammed was flying on its wall, when a little row-boat, manned by a few Christian merchants who had escaped during the confusion in the town, made the best of its way to reach the Spanish coast. The acclamations which followed the return of Aben Humeya to his camp before Ceuta was heard in the Spanish fortress; and the same night there was a rumour amongst the Jews in the town of what had befallen Larach.

Santa Cruz and the Count de Blas were confounded, when they found the report true. They had received so insufficient an accession of force from the opposite coast, it appeared a mere mockery. No artillery was sent, for which Santa Cruz had particularly despatched his messenger. Other requests were also neglected, and he was obliged, at last, to perceive a spirit of contradiction to himself in all the orders which the war-ministers gave out for the prosecution of the African campaign. Besides this, the Count de Patinos appeared suddenly with a peremptory command from the

queen, for Santa Cruz to join her at Seville.

An exchange of brides between the royal heirs of Spain and Portugal was the ostensible reason for this journey of the court towards the two frontiers. The real motive, was the king's desire to view with his own eyes the lines he was planning at San Roque, the object of which was to shut out the fortress of Gibraltar from communication with his people, and to facilitate his operations on that place in the case of any future siege. Previous to his visiting this scene of anticipated glory, he became indisposed, and the court halted at Seville. His illness wore so dangerous an aspect, that Isabella became alarmed, and thought it prudent to know personally from Santa Cruz, what was likely to be the persistence of Ripperds, before she should disarm herself by despatching those troops to Africa which the death of Philip might render necessary to the maintenance of her son's claims elsewhere. The small detachment which had been granted arrived under the command of Don Joseph de Pinel. Don Ferdinand d'Osorio was on his staff; and the young

soldier eagerly joined his father, hoping to obliterate the memory of his youthful follies, by a conduct worthy of the virtues of his ancestors—and to regain that high position of his birth, by the side of the honoured, and equally young, near kinsman of the mistress of his heart.

During Ferdinand's stay at Val del Uzeda, his mother had "talked down the night," in praise of the filial perseverance of the Marquis de Montemar: in describing his ingenuous and elevated deportment; in imagining all the various treasures of his yet more elevated mind. The young Spaniard now listened with no other feeling than that of emulation to merit similar encomiums: and Marcella answered his inquiries, respecting her opinion of Louis, with a gentle sigh.

"Were I translated to a better being," said she, "and in that altered state might choose my ministry, I would say, let me be the

guardian angel to that virtuous young man!"

"Indeed!" replied Ferdinand, drawing his own inferences from the innocent reply of his sister. She spoke it from the dictates of a pure and pious heart, and did not blush when she answered his smiling remark:—"That she had chosen a work of supererogation, for a virtuous character needed no such ministration—it was sufficient of itself."

"No, Ferdinand," returned she, and she spoke with a fervour of which she was not aware; "virtue is not apathy. It feels under the rack; it bleeds under the axe. But where the weaknesses of corrupted nature would shrink and fly, the strength of virtue is steadfast, or rather tries to be so, to combat to the end." She cast down her eyes with the last word, and unconsciously closed it with another sigh, but it seemed of deeper import. Her mother looked, with an answering though uncommunicated feeling, on her gentle

daughter: and with equal ardour took up the subject. "Virtue is not an heathen idol," she remarked, "a block, or a stone. It is the Christian spirit in a human body; and has drops on its suffer-

ing brow, which the hand of pity may wipe away.'

Ferdinand was reproved, and did not venture to again sport with a sentiment which so well suited with the vestal state he still hoped to induce his sister to embrace, with the blessing clause in his favour, of the professing vow, being the price of his happiness with Alice. One day when he was strolling with Marcella through the orange-groves of Val del Uzeda, and she was listening with manifest tender pleasure to his reiterated praises of the two lovely sisters of Lindisfarne, he all at once proposed his extraordinary petition to her self-devotedness, to purchase that often meditated happiness for him. Marcella for some time stood as one thunderstruck. She gasped for breath, for an icy stricture clove round her heart. With difficulty she spoke, and recapitulated to him the principles of the religious belief she had imbibed from her Protestant preceptress; but tears glided down her paled cheek, while she steadfastly declared the impossibility of her taking monastic vows in a church against the peculiar doctrines of which her soul revolted.

"I would resign my life for your happiness, my brother!" added

she, "but I dare not sacrifice my conscience."

"Dearest Marcella!" cried he, in sincere shame at his uttered

selfishness, "forget you have ever heard this proposal from a brother so unworthy of you. I forswear for ever such a thought again. To Heaven alone I shall commit my future destiny, and strive to deserve a favourable doom when I join the Ceuta expedition, by resolving to make Louis de Montemar the counsellor of my thoughts, and the example of my actions."

Marcella did not answer by words, but, gently pressing Ferdinand's forehead with her lips, silently breathed a sister's blessing over him, and turned into a little vista that led directly into the house. Her brother had expressed his contrition truly:—and when he embraced Louis on the African shore, with a grateful acknowledgment of his former generous interference, he soon convinced him that he held to his heart the still faithful lover of his dear Alice.

Before Santa Cruz quitted Ceuta, he had left positive orders with Don Joseph de Penil (who was deputed to the command during Santa Cruz's absence), that no sally should be attempted till he was returned with the men and ammunition necessary to make the first attack a decisive one. An hour had passed in private conference between him and the anxious son of Ripperda. The marquis alone knew that Aben Humeya was other than a Moor; therefore, the marquis alone knew why the once gay De Montemar was seldom seen to smile; and why, while he did his military duty, with a precision that neither admitted error nor relaxation, the glow of martial enthusiasm was extinguished in his countenance. But the hectic of fevered diligence still kept its crimson on his cheek, and, at times gave a lustre to his eyes of intolerable brightness. Santa Cruz had hardly set sail, when a spirit very different from that he had inculcated manifested itself amongst the heads of his garrison. The Moors seemed carelessly disposed in their camp, revelling and exulting in the easy fall of Larach. This change, and some observations on the unguarded state of their lines, induced Don Joseph de Penil to propose attacking them by a sudden exploit. The Counts de Blas and de Patinos warmly assented to the enterprise, and the former, turning to Louis, offered that he should lead the volunteers in the sally. He thanked the governor for the distinction, but respectfully reminded him of the marguis's parting commands. Every lip was now opened upon the absurdity of Santa Cruz, in attempting to curb events by such ill-judged caution; and as De Penil persisted in pressing the advantage of the present moment, he triumphantly called on the young dissentient to give the marquis's reasons for such jealous prevention.

Louis calmly explained the incapability of Ceuta to defend itself, should the sally be repulsed by the enemy. In support of this opinion he enumerated all the wants and defects of the garrison; and ended by repeating the positive charge of the Marquis Santa Cruz, "that no egress should be made from the Spanish lines until his return with sufficient means to render defeat almost impossible."

"De Montemar!" exclaimed De Blas, "these considerations are for grey hairs. If you are ambitious to be a soldier, begin at the right end—act before you think: and where can an enterprising spirit have so fair a field as against these insolent barbarians?"

"Courage," rejoined De Penil, glancing superciliously on Louis,

'is an essential quality in a soldier!"
"So essential," replied Louis, "that he cannot maintain obelience without it."

"Some orders are safely obeyed!" observed De Patinos, with effected carclessness. "A parade at Vienna and a sortie from

Jeuta are different things!"

"When disobedience is a proof of courage, or of good discipline," eturned Louis, "I may have the honour to meet your approbation, Jount de Patinos. Meanwhile, I trust that the Count de Blas, on whose responsibility the fate of this garrison hangs, place me where ne will, shall ever find me at my post."

De Patinos started angrily from his seat. Louis rose also.

"Gentlemen," cried De Blas, "what is it you mean?"
"To show I can revenge insult," cried the haughty count, outhing his sword, "if it be within the calculation of that philo-

sopher to bid me draw it."

Louis boiled with rising passion; his lightning glances could aardly be restrained from giving the defiance his better principles refused; but, checking the first impulse of his youthful indignation, ne sternly answered,—"Count de Patinos, I do not wear the king's sword to draw it at the prompting of every wordy spirit. If I have insulted you unprovoked I submit myself to the judgment of all present, and am ready to stand your fire. But on the reverse, I mean not to assert that courage by a private duel, which the public service will so soon put to a better test."

De Penil prevented an insolent retort from De Patinos; and De Blas interfering with a real interest in the reconciliation of the two young men, the haughty Spaniard grumbled out an enforced apo-

logy, and left the room.

Don Joseph was conscious that he also had been guilty of an impropriety towards the Marquis de Montemar; but he was too proud to acknowledge himself in error to one so much his junior in years; and, with an uneasy feeling, saw him retire to his quarters. with an admiration of his superior self-command he would have been glad to emulate, though he had not generosity enough to praise. Piqued into obstinacy, he urged De Blas to put the garison into immediate preparation for an attack upon the enemy's renches; and, with the rising sun, the field before the fortress was

illed with Spanish troops.

Nothing could have been more grateful to the views of Ripperda. He held a thunderbolt in his hand, which he was impatient to aunch; and, from a forward eminence in his lines, with the aid of is glass, he counted the Spanish columns as they defiled through their gates; and, believing them devoted to his sword, he turned to he Moors, whose thickening ranks blackened the ground around them, and addressed them in a style to arouse their fiercest pasions. He described their former empire in Spain; he recapitulated he various acts of injustice which had banished them that kinglom; he exposed the tyrannous animosity of the Spaniards to the past and present generations of the Moors; and set forth the hame of permitting so oppressive a race to maintain a foot of land

in Barbary. The Moors answered his inflaming eloquence in the manner he expected; and, with furious gesticulations, and curses which rent the air, they demanded to be led against their hereditary enemies. He mounted his horse; and, giving his orders of battle into the hands of his two leading commanders of divisions, Sidi Ali and the Hadge Adelmelek, marched out at the head of his

troops, into the open plain.

The Spaniards were led on, in two half-appointed battalions, by De Blas and Don Joseph De Penil, hastily collected, but veteran soldiers. Count de Patinos, in the arrogance of his assumed contempt of Louis, had volunteered his services at the head of a small detachment of troops, which the governor considered the élite of his cavalry. De Montemar and Don Ferdinand were commanded to lead the attack on the trenches. This part of the plan was speedily accomplished. The workmen fled with little resistance; and even the Moors in the parallels, when they had discharged their fire, threw down their arms before so seeming an overwhelming enemy, as if in hope of quarter. But no time was granted to yield, or to receive mercy. Every avenue from the basha's camp poured forth its troops; and, at this moment, they came rushing on like a storm. They charged over their vanquished comrades; and, overleaping every obstacle, fell upon the Spanish advance with a shock that broke its line. The havor became as great as the surprise; and the way was soon open to the attack of the second division. It made a halt, and stood firm. Louis collected the fugitives from the first onset, and formed them behind their comrades, while the battle in front became close and complex. The infidels, contrary to their wonted custom, fought hand to hand; and rallied two or three times, when any extraordinary press of Spanish force compelled them to recede.

Aben Humcya showed an eminent example of faith in his new creed. He appeared to take no carc of his person, but rode about under the heaviest volleys, exhorting, and charging with his men; till at length, after prodigious efforts, the Spaniards were obliged to give ground. They retreated, but it was with a backward step; while the Moors, crowding on them horse and foot, broke the line in every direction. In some places the victors so mingled with the vanguished, that it rather resembled an affray of single combatants than a contest of regular troops. The depth of De Montemar's little phalanx was insufficient to sustain the weight of the basha's charge; it was penetrated and turned; and in the moment of its defeat the horse of Don Ferdinand was shot, and fell. A Moor pointed his pistol to despatch the rider, when Louis dashed before the infidel, and the ball grazed his cheek. A random shot killed the Moor, while another gave the just rescued Ferdinand a less mortal wound. The basha, after being twice unhorsed himself cut off the squadron under De Patinos; and the confusion among the Spaniards being redoubled by Count de Blas falling at the same time, the panic-struck infantry retreated pell-mell into their outworks, hardly closing the gates against the triumphant infidels at their heels. As Don Joseph De Penil galloped back to the sally port he passed Louis de Montemar, who, black as a Moor with smoke and toil, was standing by a field piece, which he had brought to that spot to cover the flight of the Spaniards, and was then firing on the pursuers, with a quickness and effect that cleared the way to a considerable distance. The enemy halted before this formidable barrier; for Louis's commands and example soon made it a battery; and as the grape showered from it on all sides, the fugitive Spaniards re-entered the fortress in safety.

Aben Humeya drew off his victorious troops; but it was the

recoil of the tiger, to make his second spring decisive.

# CHAPTER LVI.

#### SIEGE OF CEUTA.

ALL was dismay within the Spanish lines. The Count de Blas died in the arms of the men who were bearing him into the castle, and Don Joseph de Penil was so severely wounded that he dropped from his horse as soon as it had cleared the drawbridge into the fortress. Half the garrison were slain or missing; and no officers of rank returned alive from the field, but what were borne in on their cloaks,—sad, mangled victims of the preceding rashness.

When De Penil's wounds were dressed, and he heard the state of his men, he was driven to despair. All who approached him came trembling, and, from confusion of mind, contradicted each other in every account of the garrison, excepting the one that its destruction was inevitable! He called for the Marquis de Montemar.

When Louis obeyed the summons he corroborated the observations of De Penil's own senses. He told him that a contagious fear unmanned every heart, and that the eyes of the soldiers continually turned to the sea, with a more evident wish for escape than resistance. While Don Joseph listened to the consequences of his own headstrong folly, and saw the bloody evidence of the courage he had pretended to doubt, on the cheek and garments of the brave narrator, he obeyed the noble shame which coloured his brow; and, having uttered a frank apology for his former conduct, earnestly asked the young soldier's opinion on the present crisis.

Louis did not hesitate to say that he believed the Moors could Louis did not nesitate to say that I have not see their advantage, without attempting to storm the place. "And they will take it to a certainty!" replied De Penil. he present disposition of the men, there can be no resistance."

"Without resistance they are lost!" returned Louis. Gire no ships for flight, and the Moors grant no terms in a surrender." "Then every man must fight for his life!" cried De Penil. vill yet do my duty from this bed, and you, De Montemar, must

i ct from my authority."

Louis did not now object; and, without losing time in sending for those paralysed officers who wandered from place to place, at wheir wits' end, De Penil consulted his firm yet modest coadjutor n every resource; and while he marvelled at so comprehensive a Judgment in so inexperienced a soldier, he adopted so many of his muggestions that dispositions were soon made for the defence of euta, of better promise than those which, in the infatuation of who attack, had placed it in such extremity. Louis wrote down

the necessary arrangement; and when it was finished, the wounded

general was laid on a litter and carried to the ramparts.

De Penil was too conscious of the evil his impatience had wrought. not to do his utmost to prevent yet more disastrous consequences: and while he exhorted the men to stand to their guns and never to leave their ground but with their lives, he himself took an oath before them never to surrender. He told them to obey the Marquis De Montemar as his representative.

"But for his promptitude, in mounting the battery which covered our retreat, and his steadiness in maintaining it," added

the general, "we should not now have Ceuta to defend.

The soldiers knew this as well as their commander; and, with a sincere "Hurrah!" of obedience, followed their officers to their

respective duties.

Exhausted and almost fainting, De Penil ordered the litter to his quarters; but he held himself up with assumed strength, till the walls of his apartment permitted over-tasked nature to sink

under the pain of his wounds.

Louis's spirit rose with the summons for exertion. His calm collectedness in dispensing command, his instant apprehension of what was most proper to be done, from objects of the greatest importance, to the minutest inquiry, spread everywhere in the town reviving courage in the faintest heart, and inspired the brave with an animation equal to his own. After he had seen everything prepared to meet the anticipated assault, he returned to De Penil, to inform him of the favourable aspect his commands had produced; and then, leaving him to rest, proceeded to the quarters of Don Ferdinand. His wound was deep, but not dangerous. Yet the alarm for his life had been so great before the extraction of the ball, that one of the assistant surgeons during the operation had despatched a messenger across the Strait, to inform Santa Cruz of the perilous state of his son.

When Louis heard what had been done, he mildly reprimanded the young practitioner for presuming to send off any account before the official reports of the affair had been issued from the commander himself. The other surgeons assured the anxious reprover, that his friend was not to be despaired of; and, with the feelings of a brother for the son of the revered Santa Cruz, Louis

entered his apartment.

"De Montemar," cried Ferdinand, stretching out his hand to

him, "dearer lips than mine must thank you that I live."

Louis smiled as he used to do in his unclouded days of happiness:-"God is good, in yet making me his instrument to preserve lives more worthy than my own. While I may be such," added he, with a deeper expression, and pressing Ferdinand's hand in his,

"Louis de Montemar is not completely lost!"

Ferdinand did not understand all the reference of this almost unconscious apostrophe; but, supposing it arose from some free remarks of the Count de Patinos, which might have reached Louis's ear, he replied with earnestness,—" Il rit bien, qui rit le dernier! I saw the scoffer fly before the negro guards of Aben Humeya! and I have since been told that he and his whole squadron threw down their arms before the barbarian.

"Whatever may be the Count de Patinos's ungenerous enmity against me, who never voluntarily gave him offence," replied Louis, "I must exonerate him of cowardice. I believe him brave; and all I wish is, that he may be treated according to his merits as a

soldier, by the hands into which he has fallen."

At nine o'clock Louis went the round of his posts, and found all in good order. The men were in spirits, though it was easy to discern. even by the naked eye, that a threatening commotion continued along the enemy's lines. By his glass, early in the evening, Louis had observed the approach of artillery, and some other signs, which convinced him of the necessity of Don Joseph's precaution. For his own part, he never retired under cover the whole night, but kept his station on the best point of observation—a tower at the extremity of the outworks. About the watch of the night which is called by the Moors, Latumar, being their fifth hour of prayer, the sky was involved in total darkness; but the attentive ear of Louis heard a distant murmuring. It was demonstrative of the approach he expected; and having persons near him for the purpose, he despatched them to the front lines, to order every man's hand to be on his arms. In less than a quarter of an hour after he had left the tower, and taken his own appointed station, the flash of cannon burst over the plain. Peal after peal succeeded. The roaring of the guns, and the smoke of the explosions, rocked the fortress to its foundation; while the blaze, and the smoke of the firing, alternately possessed the sulphureous atmosphere. The ordnance on the walls of Couta were not silent; while the mutual bombardment in the intermitting darkness, was rendered more terrific by the superstitious invocations of the besiegers, mingling their horrid war-cries with the hissing of the musketry and the tremendous thunders of the cannonade.

Where was his father in the midst of this dreadful contest? more than once shot in direful question across the mind of Louis; but he dismissed the paralysing thought. He was there to defend the cause of his country, and the faith of his fathers, and he must not allow the yearnings of his filial heart to unman his fidelity. He flew from the bastion on which he stood, at the moment he heard a shout of triumph from the scene below. In defiance of shells and raking fires, these desperate barbarians had rushed on. with their field artillery, and incessantly plied their guns till they saw a breach was made. Calling on Mahommed, they mounted it by escalade. Louis threw forward a barricade of gabions, but they were scarcely placed, and cannon planted, before a tumbrel blew up, and rendered the ingress more accessible. The stone battlements shook under his feet like an earthquake, while falling masses from the torn ramparts, the smoke, and the scorching powder, filled the air with viewless horror. There was not the pause of a moment between the explosion, the dispersion of the smoke, and the most dreadful conflict of the hour.

Aben Humeya had joined the escalade; and the very hand which planted the crescent on the towers of Larach was ready to scale the walls of Ceuta. The contest on the breach was as sanguinary as it was decisive. The Moors were twice repulsed with terrible slaughter; and the more terrible the second time, as it was quickly known.

by the intrepid desperation of the assailants, that they were led on by the basha himself. Louis's unreceding arm had tumbled the leader of the first division from his footing on the wall, and at his fall his followers had given ground. The second assault came on. and with redoubled numbers. Louis was fighting with the invincible devotedness of a man who knew that spot was the key of the fortress, when his father's voice arrested his ear. A flash of musketry showed the jewelled chelengk in his turban; he was mount, ing the further ridge of the platform, slippery with blood, and calling on his men to follow him. In another moment two Biscavan grenadiers held the basha between their weapons and the edge of the battlements. A choice of death seemed the only alternative their swords, or a headlong plunge over the precipice. The Moors who pressed forward to obey the call, were cut to pieces on the breach. Louis saw nothing but the peril of his father, who, by blood on his vesture seemed to have been already hurt. Ripperda's scimitar had shivered in his hand against the ponderous weapons of those antagonists. Louis threw himself between the Biscavans and their prey, or prize, crying aloud, "Hold! the basha is the governor's prisoner!" The words were scarcely uttered, ere the strokes levelled at Ripperda's body, were sheathed in that of his son. The Spaniards recoiled, on finding they had wounded their leader, and, in the instant, Sidi Ali mounting the height with a fresh band, the reinforcement surrounded Aben Humeya, and believed the day absolutely won. He had not seen the imminent danger of his victorious chief. But in the instant Ali's hand was planting the Ottoman standard amidst volleys of musketry and the grappling of foe to foc, the clouds of smoke rolled away from the eastern point of the rampart, and the golden head of the sun peered from the horizon. Its first ray shone direct upon the radiant crest of Aben Humeya. A Spanish rifleman took aim. The ball struck; and, notwithstanding a momentary exertion in its victim to spring forward, he staggered, and fell into the arms of his followers.

A woeful yell announced to the legions below, that some direful disaster had happened. The cry was echoed from rank to rank, with shrieks and howlings; and the single blast of a trumpet immediately succeeded. The breach was abandoned, as if by a spell. The firing sunk at once into a dead calm; and the flight of the Moors through the yet hovering smoke, sounded in the darkness like the wings of many birds brushing the sands before the sweep

of a coming storm.

### CHAPTER LVII.

#### THE OPPOSITE COAST.

THE queen's cabinet at Seville was employed on many projects, besides that of sealing the union between Portugal and Spain. Grimaldo was just dead, and the affairs of state falling to the management of the Marquis de Castellor, and the Count de Paz, her majesty affected a warm interest in the former, though she detested him in her heart; not only as the successful rival of her re-

gretted Ripperda, but because his talents were equal to his ambition; and, what was more provoking to a despotic woman, he made her feel that in spite of her secret dislike, he could hold his ground

by the very arts which had obtained it without her wishes.

The Count de Paz was a man of a different complexion. Covetousness, and an abject dependence on individual favour, tethered his vain-glorious spirit to a boundary he panted to overleap, but everlastingly found it a limit he could not pass. This man Isabella used as her instrument, and, by his connivance, admitted a third person to their private councils, who commanded him with the invincible power of a superior demon. In obedience to the queen, and to this her secret counsellor, De Paz was to influence De Castellor to extort an act of aggression from the French arms against the German emperor.

Since the public betrothment of Maria Theresa to the Prince of Lorraine, Isabella had become reconciled to Louis the Fifteenth, and she now wanted to attack the grasping power of the rival empire, by a concerted act of open hostility. France was to invade Austria on the side of Germany; while Spain, in consequence of the death of the Duke of Parma, should resist the pretensions of the emperor to that duchy; and, in support of the rights of Prince Carlos (the late duke's kinsman, and Isabella's son), overrun that part of Italy with Spanish troops. Her secret counsellor had already moved the cardinal minister of the French king to thwart the establishment of the pragmatic sanction; and, through the Queen of Spain and Dc Paz he had drawn from the treasury of

Philip a large subsidy to support the pretensions of Bavaria.

On the open rupture between Isabella and the empress, the former was not long at a loss how to revenge herself on the wide ambition of her rival. Her midnight familiar whispered the means. He told her that Gibraltar was not more the fortress of England than of Austria! Whoever possessed that rock, commanded the Mediterranean; and all else on that sea's banks might thank the gods they were not sent to be galley-slaves! The interests of Austria and the House of Brunswick were now the same. He therefore exhorted her to categorically demand Gibraltar of the King of England; and to make her husband and his council see the wisdom of considering him the King of England, who would restore that gem to the Spanish crown! One of the last acts of George the First was to reject this demand with a positive refusal; and the following evening saw a dark tall man, of a noble mien, pass into the private cabinet of the King of Spain. They were alone together for some time; and then the queen and the two ministers of state being introduced, a paper was signed in their presence, by Philip and the stranger; and the royal seals of Spain, and of Great Britain also, were solemnly affixed to the deed.

Santa Cruz met this mysterious personage in his withdrawing through the vestibule from the king's apartment. The marquis recognised him, and stood with his hat in his hand till he passed.

"Do not repeat what you have seen," whispered Isabella, who found the marquis gazing after him; "but now you read my riddle. A few months may see you governor of Gibraltar!"

"The trenches of San Roque must be first opened in England!" replied he.

"No," was her reply; "there we have charged a mine, and the

best engineer in Christendom has his hand on the match.

Santa Cruz understood enough of her meaning not to make a second observation in so public a passage: bowing to her beckoning finger, he followed her into her apartment. He held in his hand the first official despatches from Ceuta. The second had not arrived. But the fugitive merchants from Larach were then in the palace. The queen became caraged at these persisted acts of hostility in the man to whom she had condescended to humble herself as a suppliant; and, vehemently arraigning the insolence that durst disdain her returning favour, she preceded Santa Cruz

to the chamber of her royal husband.

On the king being told the fate of Larach, and learning, by the discomfiture of Don Joseph de Penil, how nearly Ceuta had shared the same disaster, he issued orders that the troops just called off from the lines of San Roque should be immediately employed to vindicate the Christian name in the plains of Barbary. These forces had been intended by Isabella and her secret counsellor to make a descent on the British shore; and there, as Santa Cruz had guessed, assert the rights of him who had purchased the support of Philip by a written pledge for the restitution of Gibraltar. But at this moment resentment obliterated every promise; and in the rage of revenge against the man who had disdained her (more as a woman than a queen), she at once announced to her husband, that it was his own rebellious subject, the Duke de Ripperda, who, under the assumed name of Aben Humeya, but as a real apostate and a traitor, now waged war in Africa against his king and his God.

Philip's amazement was creditable to his heart; and, when unquestionably convinced, his indignation against the duke's impiety superseded the expected resentment for his rebellion. He summoned his council; and, in full assembly of the ministers and grandees, degraded the Duke de Ripperda from all his honours, hereditary and by creation; confiscated his estates; and ordered the armorial bearings of his family to be obliterated from the Spanish college of arms.

With the feelings of an ancient Spanish nobleman, Santa Cruz saw the rapidity of this act of disgrace. Not in consideration of the degraded duke; for in becoming an infidel, he had sunk himself below the power of man to cast him lower! but compassion for his blameless and exemplary son filled the heart of Santa Cruz

with honourable sympathy.

The queen turned on him at the moment, and, observing the expression of his countenance, said with a taunting surprise,—"Marquis, you pity this renegade!"

"Madam," replied he, "I respect the Marquis de Montemar."

Isabella drew towards the king.

"Your majesty will grant an exception to the whole family disgrace, in behalf of that young man? He covered the retreat of De Penil into Ceuta, and merits some exemption from the universal stigma on his father."

"We may consider that hereafter," replied the king; "mean-

while let the edict be published."

The messenger, whom the surgeon at Ceuta had despatched during the panic which immediately sueeeeded the defeat of the unfortunate sortie, went direct to the Marquis Santa Cruz's house in Seville. The marquis was from home; but the man delivered his credentials to the servants, and, with the eagerness of a first bringer of news, gave an exaggerated account of the discomfiture of Don Joseph, the death of De Blas, and the wounded state of Don Ferdinand d'Osorio. He closed his report of the latter, by saying, the young gentleman had been rescued from immediate death by the intrepid interference of the Marquis de Montemar; but as the Moorish weapons were generally venomed, little hope eould be cherished of his ultimate recovery. On Santa Cruz's return from the palace, he found his wife and daughter in speechless agony, listening to this narrative of despair. He sent the man from the room; and by reading to them the despatch, which the official messenger had brought from the disastrous field, he succeeded in convincing them, that the Moors did not poison their weapons, and that the life of his son was in no present danger. The marchioness, however, insisted on accompanying her husband to Ceuta; and Marcella, in a passion of tears implored her father to permit her to be her mother's attendant. Dreading that despairing love had precipitated the vehement nature of her brother upon the swords of his enemies, Marcella now reproached herself for having so decisively, and therefore she thought cruelly, rejected his suit. In the paroxysm of her grief and her remorse she threw herself at the marquis's feet; and, to his astonishment, informed him of Ferdinand's passion for the cousin of the Marquis de Montemar; deelaring, at the same time, her own resolution to no longer oppose her father's wishes to devote herself to a cloister, if her vows might be simply confined to celibacy and a secluded state, and Ferdinand be allowed to marry the English lady. The marquis stood in astonishment, confounded, and looked at his wife.

"It is too true," was her answer to his inquiring eyes: "Ferdinand loves Alice Coningsby; and my invaluable child would make

herself the price of her brother's happiness."

"Marcella!" replied Santa Cruz, "this is not what I expected from you. You dishonour your father and your brother by your petition. You may accompany your mother to his sick couch; and for the rest, should he recover, I hope he will find a fitter oblation to his blind passions than a sister's and a parent's conscience."

Marcella rose humbled from her knees, and in speechless sorrow left the apartment. The marquis looked after her and sighed; and the marchioness, taking his hand, pressed it to her lips, wet with her drowning tears, and exclaimed, "Better that we had never met than that the purest offspring of our Heaven-sanctified union should be consigned to a living tomb! Oh, Santa Cruz, why is she to be our victim?"

# CHAPTER LVIII.

### ABEN HUMEYA'S RETURN TO HIS CAMP.

SANTA CRUZ did not wait for the tedious embarkation of the troops now under orders for Africa, but set forward immediately, accom. panied by his wife and daughter, who both assumed the privileged habits of Sisters of Mercy in this their pilgrimage to a land of war

and suffering.

When Santa Cruz arrived at Ceuta, he learnt on stepping on shore that another messenger with more particular details of the late formidable attempt to storm the fortress had been despatched into Spain, but whose little lateen-sailed vessel had been intercepted by a Sallee row-boat, and carried into the nearest Barbary port with its prisoners. By this eapture Ripperda became acquainted with all that had passed in the rescued fortress, for the messenger was sent in irons to him, and the dastardly communicativeness of the man proved too clear an interpreter of the not very plainly expressed statements the official papers contained. A glance over them was sufficient to an eye like that of Ripperda's to comprehend at once how the advantage he had gained by setting his foot on the stormed wall of Ceuta had been lost by the infatuated abandonment of the victory in the moment it was won!

The basha's flesh-wound from the sword being aslant, and not deep, was not likely to keep him long from the field. But the bullet from the rifle had done more effectual mischief. It struck the muscles of his neck, lacerating them severely, though not penetrating further, yet by the concussion of the blow alone that swoon was produced which had occasioned his appalled but faithful little band of immediate followers to instantly bear away through the favouring cloud of smoke their renowned chief from the possible grasp of an enemy he had just prostrated at his feet. But however easily curable the late victor's bodily wounds might be, there was one in his mind not to be readily healed. For when, on awaking from his swoon, he found himself shut up in a closed litter and in full retreat from the fortress he had believed in his hands, he became bewildered in a despair deeper than the grave. He did not speak to the bearers of his blood-weltered couch: but he was no sooner within his own entrenchments, than both officers and men most forward in the general retreat felt the weight of his disappointment and despair. He summoned their several commanders into his pavilion, and accused them of cowardice or treachery for having made so unnecessary and therefore shameful a flight. Adelmelek pleaded two reasons for this conduct. Their basha's supposed mortal wound, and its befalling him in the moment of sunrise, seemed so signal a judgment on the Moors for their breach of the prophet's ordinance in pursuing the warfare into the Sabbath morn, that with one consent they made the only expiation in their power by abandoning the scene of their impiety.

Enraged at the subtilty of this apology, in which Ripperda saw that the jealousy of the Hadge was at the bottom of his retreat, he turned on him with derision, and bade him take that excuse to the emperor, and see whether he most respected the enlargement of his

empire or the superstition of a coward.

"Aben Humeya," replied the Hadge, regarding him with equal scorn, "if I am to be your messenger, one truth at least you shall learn of me before I set out on my journey: it is impossible for a bad Christian to become a good Mussulman! Devout men are no changelings. He has little of the spirit of religion who finds an insurmountable stumbling-block in any dispute about the letter; and, in my opinion, the man who more than once alters his faith may show himself a consummate hypocrite, but he persuades no one to doubt the nothingness of his piety."

"Proud bigot! your head shall answer for this insult!" exclaimed

Ripperda, starting from the cushion on which he lay.

"The event of this siege," replied the Hadge, "will determine the fate of yours!" and, with a threatening countenance, he left

the apartment.

Nothing awed by what he called this insolence in a man whose talents he despised, Ripperda was the more ineited to show his contempt of superstition; and, the moment Adelmelek withdrew the reproaches which began to him were turned on the other officers with augmented severity of reproof. He punished the soldiers in a more exemplary way, and published a proelamation declaring that he would put to death any officer, let his rank be what it would, who should henceforth presume at any time to disobey his orders, or to desert his post on any pretence whatever. He finished by pronouncing himself, as the leader of the Mohammedan armies in Barbary, the best interpreter of the prophet's laws; and that while he bore the standard of Meeca, the Sabbaths of Jews, Mussulmen, or Christians should be alike free to the progress of his arms.

While the punishments and intimidations were going on the captive courier taken by the Sallee boat was brought to the camp before Ceuta. The basha no longer allowed his wounds to be noticed, his vigour seemed all returned. But while the reading of the intercepted despatches inspired his coadjutor, Sidi Ali, with renewed confidence in the reduction of the fortress, the already exasperated passions of Ripperda became yet more excited with an aimless desperation, when he gathered from the official report the dangerous state of his son. The courier was again commanded into his presence, and, on closely questioning him, it was confessed that three parts of the Spanish garrison had fallen in the sortic and the defence of the town; that the Count de Blas was dead of his wounds, the commander De Penil incapable of service, and that the young Marquis de Montemar, whose gallant exertions filled so great a part in the despatches, was in such extremity when the messenger came away it was impossible he could now be alive.

Ripperda was no stranger to the voice which had rushed between him and his assailants on the breach, but it had passed by him as the wind. Vengeanee was then all that possessed his soul, but now that voice was hushed for ever! In his first field his son had perished; and perished against whom? His father! in mortal rebellion against his country and his God! Ripperda sprang on his feet, as the horrible images pressed upon his brain. Regardless of who were present he snatched up his sword. "I am alone,"

cried he: "the last-the last! But I will yet uproot thee, mur-

derous Spain! that dost thus riot in my vitals!"

The prisoner and the attendants all fled from before the terrible enunciation of his eyes. Sidi Ali alone had courage to remain. and seize the aimless weapon.

"Aben Humeya," said he, "what unmans you thus, before the

eyes of slaves?"

"Were I less a man," cried Ripperda, turning his burning eyeballs upon him, "I could bear it; but now the curse has found me!"

## CHAPTER LIX.

### DE MONTEMAR AND THE WOUNDED AT CEUTA.

WHEN Santa Cruz landed at Ceuta he proceeded direct to the quarters of Don Joseph De Penil, and was told there all the particulars of the attempt to storm the fortress, and of its miraculous defence by the inexperienced but intrepid son of Ripperda. Don Joseph's wounds were in a mending state, and from him the marquis learned that his son was also on the recovery. "But," continued De Penil, "few are our hopes for the excellent De Montemar!"

"The worst wound is in his heart!" remarked Santa Cruz. For it could no longer be disguised from De Penil, and the whole garrison, that Aben Humeya, the direful cause of all this bloodshed, was, though now an apostate and a rebel, once the great Duke de Ripperda, the universally honoured father of this noble young man.

The duke's public attainder, and disgraced name at Seville, had made the circumstance known to all there; and the newly-arrived army spread it at once through the lines of Ceuta. But there were kind hands which for a time warded off the last blow that might have been fatal to his blameless son. Don Ferdinand and Louis de Montemar lay in their wounds under the same roof, and by the

same gentle ministry they were attended.

Marcella sought to cheer her brother, by assuring him that her repugnance to a monastic life should no longer stand between him and his happiness, if that compliance could obtain their father's consent to Ferdinand's union with the cousin of his friend; but her ingenuous replies to his anxious queries compelled her to repeat the marquis's remark on the sacrifice she offered to make in behalf of her brother. "However," continued she, "our aunt, the abbess of the Ursulines, is too charitable to force my conscience to more than the vow of seelusion; and I trust that Heaven will not see any crime in a Protestant nun, worshipping in spirit and in truth, by the side of sisters from whom the cloud of some errors has not yet been raised!"

Ferdinand gazed upon his sister while she spoke. Was the fabled Iphigenia of Tauris half so fair, or the virgin daughter of Jephthah so full of youthful loveliness as she who now talked with such sweet smiles, of immolating herself for him? She was indeed a victim, elad in the lily and the rose; and the fragrance of the flowers, and the morning dew of their leaves, breathed and sparkled from her lips while she pursued her disinterested theme. Bodily suffering and hours of solitary reflection had opened to Ferdinand a clear view of his former injustice, in seeking happiness at the expense of his sister's liberty. Now, abhorring his former selfishness he was ashamed to acknowledge its late power over him, even by disayowing its continuance; and, with a deep blush and deeper sigh, he pressed her hand without a word. But, in Marcella's separated heart the vow of abjuration from the world was already registered. She repeated it again and again to herself; for, since she came to Ceuta, there were impressions daily made on that heart, which confused its images; and, with a nameless sense of danger, she clung to the one idea, that she had now but one duty.to wait, with her lamp trimmed, while she ministered to all who needed her deeds of charity; and in this spirit, as a Sister of Mercy whose garb she wore, she daily attended her mother to the couch of the preserver of her brother.

The marehioness's ardent disposition was always too hasty in imparting the evil as well as the good. To avert the probable consequences of such precipitation now, Marcella had cautioned her mother, and everybody who entered the room of the Marquis de Montemar, not to breathe a hint of the sentence which Philip had passed upon the name of his father. From an instinct in her own bosom she knew that any injuries are easier to be borne than disgrace, and she guarded every approach to Louis's ear with the watchfulness of an attendant spirit. While her own gentle hand frequently administered the prescribed cordials to the silently suffering patient, his eyes thanked her, though his lips seldom moved. He heard the tender voice that gave directions for his eomfort; he felt the soft hand that smoothed his pillow; and his own spirit mingled in the prayer which the holy accents of Marcella murmured over his apparently unobserving form, when she gave place to the persons whose medical balsams were less healing than the balm of her presence alone.

"It is the presence of purity," said he to himself, "and that is the ministering angel of heaven."

Lorenzo had shared his master's dangers and his wounds, as he had shared his sorrows and his prison. He had followed him from rampart to rampart, stood by him on the breach, and sunk under the same sweep of balls which had levelled his master to the earth. As soon as the faithful servant was able to leave his chamber, he prevailed on his attendants to take him to that of the Marquis de Montemar; for Lorenzo had been told the news which still held the garrison in astonishment,—that the exiled Ripperda was the man who, under a Moorish name, now made Spain tremble: and that the impotent revenge of the Spanish court was to deprive him of a title he had already abandoned.

It was during the absence of the marchioness and Marcella at matin prayers, that Lorenzo was borne to Louis's apartment. Ignorant that anything which the whole garrison knew, could have been withheld from him who had most concern in it, Lorenzo, after his first felicitations on finding his master declared out of danger, began to accuse the Spanish government; enlarging on its injustice in not sparing the honours of Ripperda to the meritorious son,

though it had been found necessary to withdraw them from its new enemy, his once renowned father. Louis started. "Explain

yourself, Lorenzo."

Lorenzo was seized with a trembling, which almost amounted to fainting, when he found that he had intimated to his master what his master's friends had deemed it prudent to conceal. Louis regarded him with grateful pity, while he armed himself to hear whatever was then to be told.

"Do not hesitate to speak all you know," continued he; "my heart has armour, Lorenzo, that the world guesses not."

Lorenzo burst into tears; but he instantly revealed all. Louis pressed his hand; and bidding him return to his room, and take care of himself, the faithful creature, with a full heart, permitted the servants to carry him from the apartment. When the door was closed on everybody, Louis laid himself back upon his couch. That was his hour of agony: all that was yet within him of the world, mingled with the pang of filial anguish, and agitated his spirit even unto death. Ferdinand came into the room, leaning on his sister; and, taking his seat by the side of his friend's bed, gently touched him.

"Do you sleep, De Montemar?" said he. "Here is a fresh northern breeze—a breeze from Lindisfarne! Open your eyes, and

receive the genial visitant!"

Louis did not open his eyes; but he sighed heavily, and half muttered in a smothered voice—"When shall I meet a genial visitant again! Oh, Ferdinand!" added he, turning his face upon the hand of his friend, "better it may be to me, should I never see those dear faces in Lindisfarne again! I am now one blot."

Marcella was retiring at the first exclamation; but at the second, she paused, and drew near.

"De Montemar," said Ferdinand, with some suspicion of his meaning, "what can prompt you, who are so universally honoured, to such a sentiment?'

"My father's universal infamy," replied Louis; "and where

shall I hide my head?"

"In the bosom of Him who pierces the heart to purify it!" responded Marcella, who sunk on her knees beside him. "He only, who wilfully offends the gracious Bestower of all good, may cry in the bitterness of repentance-Better for me, I never should look on a beloved face again!—If the Judge of all the earth hath already pronounced sentence on your erring father, and given that once illustrious name to universal infamy, regard it as a chastening mercy here, in preparation for his everlasting redemption hereafter."

Louis looked up from his thorny pillow,—"You—you, holy Marcella!" cried he, "are the genial visitant I saw not!—the messenger from Him you speak of, that breathes peace to my soul Pray for me, I be seech you!—but, above all, pray for my deluded father. May he be redeemed !—and for disgrace—trampling, over-

whelming disgrace—let it come!"

The speech was begun to her, but ended in an address to heaven, without further consciousness of who were present.

Ferdinand and his sister could not doubt that some person had

betrayed to him the secret they had so carefully concealed; and both apprehended the effects of so sudden a blow upon a mind whose keen sense of honour seemed one with his being. Marcella felt the pang in her own heart, for it was full of an equal estimation of true honour. She believed it to be true honour that lived in the breast of the mourning son before her; and she mourned with him as a sister with a brother—a brother indeed to her! For had he not preserved to her, and to her parents, their beloved and only son?

When the Marquis Santa Cruz learnt what had just passed, he went to the couch of his young friend; and, dismissing every person, discoursed with him alone for more than an hour. The marchioness soon after met him in the room of her son, and, with maternal

anxiety, inquired the result of his visit.

"I found him," replied Santa Cruz, "in a silence which he had never broken since my son and daughter left him; but when I spoke to him, he answered me firmly. And then I discovered that it was not so much the publication of his father's dishonour which had so affected this virtuous son, but rather the conviction that such public degradation, by further incensing his father, would seal his estrangement from his religion and his country."

"He is now a proclaimed outcast from his name and country!" cried Louis; "and driven to depair, my father will consider himself banished from the face of Heaven and the Christian world

for ever!"

"Oh, my father!" observed Marcella to her revered parent, "is there not one who teaches us where all comfort is written? And in those sacred pages we are told, that he who was cast into the desert for mocking the promise of his God, yet found an angel in the wilderness to save him from perishing."

"Louis De Montemar is no stranger to the volume which is your study, my child," gently answered her father; "and I soon learnt, that though human nature shrunk under the stroke, there was a spirit within him that sustained and cheered him with a

better hope."

"My father," said Marcella, laying her trembling hand on the arm of the Marquis, "can his faith be far wrong who is so sup-

ported?"

Santa Cruz shook off that appealing touch. A deep thoughtfulness passed over his brow. It was troubled, but it was not severe; and he left the room without answering her.

# CHAPTER LX.

### EVENTS IN THE CAMP OF ABEN HUMEYA.

It was some time after this conference before the army from the Peninsula were all arrived and disembarked at Ceuta. Santa Cruz had made himself master of every information respecting the condition of the enemy; and found that a large reinforcement of troops was daily expected from the interior provinces. He wished to bring the besiegers to a general battle before this accession of cavalry should recruit them to so great an advantage; for his own

columns were very slenderly supported by horse. The whole strength of the Ceuta army did not amount to more than twenty-five thousand men; but they were fresh and in spirits; while the forces under the basha were in disorder and dismay at the contempt their leader daily evinced to the laws of their prophet. Ten thousand Arabs had lately arrived to strengthen the division under Sidi Ali, which the basha had disposed on the side of a mountain, to cover his camp; and some other Bedouin chiefs were bringing up hordes from the interior, to assist their brethren in driving "the

Christian infidels" into the sea.

Santa Cruz did not disturb the progress of Louis de Montemar's recovery with any communication of these designs; but proceeded. without any apparent extraordinary motion in the garrison, to draw out his troops and prepare for a general attack. His position was fully taken one morning before daylight; and falling, in the darkness, upon the advanced posts of the Moors, those in the trenches were cut off to a man, before a shot was fired. Martini happened to be the first who brought intelligence to his stern master of this assault; for the Moors had conceived so sullen a horror of their leader, that many of them would rather have suffered a total surprise of their camp, than save themselves by vieling to the impious Aben Humeva another opportunity of establishing his power with their emperor. The rest of his troops stood in uncertainty and alarm. But a few minutes showed the irresistible ascendancy of boldness and decision, over pusillanimity and wavering. When Ripperda knew the peril of his camp, and issued from his tent in full military array, the awfulness of his heroic countenance, and the splendour of his arms, eclipsed all remembrance of his tyranny in some; and others, dreading the resentment of so formidable a man, threw themselves forward to receive his commands. He ordered the gates of the camp to be thrown open, and the trumpets to sound. He was obeyed; and he and his battalions soon occupied the space between the entrenchments and the rapid advance of the Spaniards, who were now nearly within the range of his first line of batteries. The cannon began their summons of death. The rays of the morning, and the flashing of guns, traversed each other in the passing shadows and rolling smoke. During deep night, Santa Cruz had detached a body of infantry, with a few field-pieces, to file off to the left; and, by forming a pass at the bottom of the hill, between Ali's camp and the basha's, cut off the former from coming to the support of his colleague.

Before Aben Humeya marched out into the field, he despatched two messengers: the one to Sidi Ali, ordering him to advance and attack the Spaniards in flank; and the other to Adelmelek, (who was bringing up the columns from the interior,) to hasten onward, and confirm the anticipated victory. His orders being issued, the basha bore down upon the charging enemy. The shock was terrific; and the weight of cavalry being on the side of the Moors, it was decisive. The Spaniards gave ground. While Aben Humeya pursued his advantage, a report reached him that Ali was intercepted in the hills. With the quickness of lightning, he detached a reso-

lute body of troops, to cut off in their turn the division of Spaniards,

which had been sent on this dangerous enterprise.

The eyes of Santa Cruz were not less alert in viewing the manicuvres of his enemy; and at the very moment he was looking around, to see to whom he could intrust the important commission of opposing this force, to his astonishment he beheld Louis de Montemar at his side. He had heard the roll of eannon, and required no other summons. He was mounted, and in arms, as if in perfect vigour from his hardly closed wounds. Without asking a question, the marquis ordered him to take the command of a certain body of cavalry, and lead them towards the hill, to the attack of the

detachment despatched from the Moorish camp.

Louis performed his commission so completely, that the Moors were obliged to fall back, and shelter themselves behind their nearest batteries. At this crisis, part of the troops which had been posted to watch the motions of Sidi Ali, seeing the way\_clear, forgot their duty in their eagerness, and joined the chase. Profiting by the oversight, Ali rushed from his lines; and taking the pursuing Christians in the rear, the shouts of the Moors reanimated their fugitive brethren in front, who turned upon the enemy: and all at once Louis found himself between two fires. But it was not the object of Sidi Ali to waste his time in the extirpation of a part, when the whole was near to yield a mightier revenge to the conqueror. He advanced with rapidity and good order to the support of the basha; whose left flank was thrown into disorder by the furious onset of the Spaniards. Seeing the approaching squadrons of Ali, Aben Humeya rallied his men; and precipitating himself with a chosen cohort upon the most effective engine of the enemy, (which was one of the Moorish batteries turued upon themselves.) he retook it, and discharged it on its late usurpers. The troops of Ali came on with shouts like thunder, and the Christians, who expected nothing less than this new attack, supported the charge tonly for a while. Aben Humeya brought up a kind of flying artilthery of his own construction; and his adversaries, being thrown into confusion by its incessant fire, turned to fly. The basha left. the fugitives to Ali, and moved to the centre, which was now hardly pressed by Santa Cruz himself.

Until now, the Spanish leader had not exposed his own person; but when he found that part of his army was following the retrograde motion of the left wing, he saw the necessity of coming orward, and fighting man to man. Here was the shock and nerve of the day. Aben Humeya and Santa Cruz were alike seen in very part of the field, as if their bodies as well as their minds had be property of omnipresence. Blood streamed on every side; the rrific screams of wounded horses, mingled with the groans of ying men, the yells and shouts of the victors, the braying of the umpets, the rolling of the drums; while the roaring of the guns look the earth, and seemed to tear the heavens. But in the oment of loudest uproar, while the helmeted turban of the basha ione resplendent in anticipated victory, and his watchmen looked om his towers in the eamp for the approach of Adelmelek, a howl dismay issued from the left; and the thronging squadrons of half

Ali's division were seen spiked upon the points of the Spanish line.

Louis had no sooner observed that the Sidi had passed him, and driven this wing of the Spaniards from their ground, than, recalling his own troops, and hastily dismounting behind the rolling smoke, he came in van of his flying comrades; and making a hasty chevaux de frise with his lances, he permitted the fugitives to pass through and form in the rear, while the enemy's horse found their fate on his iron rampart. Field-pieces were rapidly brought forward to confirm this stand, and the leader of the Arabs falling by the first explosion, the Moors turned and fled towards their lines. The centre and the right flank deserved the confidence of their leader, but the star of Ripperda was now on its last horizon. The Moors fought with desperation—for empire—for paradise! He performed prodigies of valour! The fabled exploits of romance were no longer marvellous to them who beheld Aben Humeya; but the Spanish numbers and discipline overpowered it all.

Louis saw that, on that field his father's power in Africa, and perhaps himself, would on that day perish. Through the flashes of musketry and of cannon shot he saw that father moving in every direction, with the consummate generalship of a practised soldier, with a heroic resolution that merited a better cause. Louis was desperate and devoted as himself. Though actuated by different principles, and exposing their lives on adverse sides, they seemed

actuated by the same spirit—to conquer or to die.

The Moorish entrenchments were forced in every point; the ditch filled with the slain; the camp set on fire, that no delay might be made for plunder; and the infidels who survived flying in every

direction without a leader, and without a refuge.

At the entrance of the mountainous track between Abyla and the hills of Tetuan, the pursuing army was encountered by an ambuscade from Adelmelek's division. That envious Moor had disobeyed Aben Humeya's orders to join him in the field. He waited apart for the defeat of the basha; but, to insure his own favour with the emperor, he planted a powerful detachment to cover the retreat of any who might escape the horrors of the day. While the Spaniards were briskly engaged with this ambuscade, the fugitives retreated safely into the mountains. The object gained, the army of Adelmelek drew behind some batteries he had prepared. At this sight, the orders of Santa Cruz, to abandon the dangerous pursuit, were at last obeyed; and the till then unsated victors, inebriated with blood and vengeance, returned in broken ranks to the rescued town of Ceuta.

Louis, who had accompanied the general chase, sought only one object—to know the fate of his father; and he galloped over the death-strewn earth, with his eyes wandering all around, while his sword waved without aim over his unhelmeted head. The plumed crescent of Aben Humeya was no more to be seen. Even his standards had long disappeared from the field; and with the returning squadrons the horse of De Montemar also quitted the pursuit. He was stayed in his slow, homeward pace, by a throng before the pavilion of Santa Cruz; where the chief officers of the garrison and of the troops were alighting, to congratulate the general on his vic-

tory. Louis entered mechanically with the rest. He was pale as a spectre, and the blood on his garments bore witness that he had not left his chamber that morning on a vain crrand. His presence of mind had saved the day in an early crisis of its fate, and his undaunted arm had twice turned the Moorish swords from his commander-in-chief. On Louis's entrance, therefore, his brave compeers parted before him; and the oldest veterans present did not think themselves degraded in bowing their heads before the youthful hero. When the eyes of Santa Cruz met his advancing figure, the bleeding image of Ripperda rose upon his recollection. He had seen him borne lifeless from the burning camp.

"He was his father!" cried the marquis to himself, while he looked on the brave and devoted son; and, stepping forward, he pressed him silently in his arms. Louis felt the pulse of the pitying heart that beat against his; but he was not then susceptible of comfort from any human commiseration. With an unaltered aspect he raised himself from the marquis's breast, and passed unmoved through the less reflecting crowd, who pressed on him with compliments on the exertions of the day. He heard nothing but the buzz of many voices; and, bowing without a word, when the speakers approached or retreated from him, he left the pavilion, and as unnotingly proceeded into the citadel—the marquis's head-quarters.

The nature of Ferdinand's wounds not allowing him to share in the service of the day, hourly messengers from the field had duly communicated the progress of the contest. Victory was at last declared! The marchioness and her daughter threw themselves in speechless thanksgiving upon the ground, before the Almighty Preserver of Santa Cruz. They had experienced all the agonies of being within hearing of a field of battle. The distant uproar of death, the thundering of the guns, the red and billowy clouds which, at every explosion, a strong east wind drove in darkening volumes over the fortress, were portentous accompaniments to the terrifying successions of the wounded, which every hour brought within its walls. The horrid suspense of that day often came over Marcella in future years with a recollection so present of mental torture, that, catching the hand dearest to her in the world, and trembling with dismay at what might have been the issue, she has wept over it tears of ceaseless gratitude; and while thinking on no other object than the life of her father and his friend, her hands, with her mother's, assisted in binding up fractured limbs, and stanching blood welling from many a brave heart.

The trumpet of recall from the triumphant chase sounded near the walls. The marchioness rose from her knees, and though unable from strong emotion to move herself, she despatched her son and Marcella to meet their father. Ferdinand supported his sister's agitated steps, while he sustained his own by the aid of his crutch. They were hastening along the main gallery of the castle, when Louis de Montemar entered from the field. Aware of what must be his feelings on the defeat and fall of his father, Ferdinand, with an overwhelmed grief, instantly quitted his sister's side, and retreated from the melancholy greeting. Marcella was not less informed by her own heart of what must then be tearing their friend's; but she did not fly, neither did she move towards

him. She stood still with her eyes riveted on him, in speechless occupation of soul. He had not seen Ferdinand, he did not see her, though he passed her close. Mareella saw something dreadful in the fixture of his mien. Could such piety as his be stricken with despair? She sunk on her knees at the terrible image; and a sound as if in suffocation, with a cry of supplication to Heaven, burst from her lips, as with clasped hands she looked upon his disappearing steps. That was a ery which had its chord in Louis's breast. He turned round. Marcella did not cover her face, for a brighter principle than any terrestrial thought actuated her soul for the noble sufferer before her. She was kneeling, and looking on him. Louis approached her. He stood for a moment gazing on her. In the next, the whole agony of his mind convulsed his before marbled features. She felt it, and started on her feet. He took her hand, and, firmly grasping it, ejaculated, "Oh, pray for me!" then dropping it, without further word or look, he again turned away, and passed out of sight along the gallery.

### CHAPTER LXI.

#### DISAPPEARANCE OF ABEN HUMEYA.

THE siege of Ceuta was now not merely raised, but the accumulating army which had so long held it in blockade, and then beleaguered it with such enterprising determination, was disappeared as if it had never been. Victors and vanquished were mingled in one common grave: the steed with its rider, and he who slew, by the side of him that was slain. The Spaniards performed these frightful obsequies; and he who held the mattock or the spade, had often to contend with birds of prey and ravenous dogs howling amongst the mangled remains.

A flag of truce arrived from Adelmclek. It offered preliminaries of peace in the name of the great Mussulman emperor; while the vindictive Hadge accused the "conquered" Aben Humeya of all the reciprocated outrages committed during the present campaign.
Santa Cruz inquired the fate of the "defeated" basha.

"He fled from the field of battle," replied the Moor, "and has

not yet been heard of."

"Your information is a misstatement," returned the marquis; "I myself saw him, streaming with wounds and insensible, borne out of his consuming camp by a party of your own countrymen."

"I speak on the word of my commander," replied the Moor.
"You must bring me better evidence of his truth," rejoined the marquis, "before I trust him. Return this day week to Ceuta; and according as he dissembles or fairly represents the last act of his fallen rival, I shall shape the terms my sovereign may empower me to make to your emperor.'

Santa Cruz was not long in receiving ample credentials from the court of Seville for all he might wish to do in re-establishing the Spanish interest in Barbary. At Seville, as in Ceuta, it was believed that the Duke de Ripperda had expiated his crimes with his life; and in answer to the evidence which Santa Cruz transmitted of the inextinguishable loyalty of the Marquis de Montemar, the king issued a new edict, granting him the restitution of all his late father's hereditary honours, dignities, and possessions. But there was a clause in this munificent investiture: the future Duke de Ripperda must avow himself of the Roman Catholic communion.

The re-opened wounds of Louis were just cicatrized; and he was leaning over the table on which he was writing to his friends in England, when the marquis entered with the official letter from the king. He read it aloud through the catalogue of the Ripperda territories and dignities; but before he opened on the clause, he

paused.

"De Montemar," said he with solemnity, "hard have been the trials sent to prove the gold of your heart; and you will not esteem the last distinction with which your king would invest you, the least honourable,—a true Christian!" He then read the condition:— "That all these restitutions should be ratified by the royal seal, on the day that the cardinal-resident at Madrid should witness the baptism of Louis, Duke of Ripperda into the bosom of the Church of Rome."

"I am sensible to the gracious intent of my sovereign," replied Louis: "but that title I once idolized I would now hear no more. It shall never be borne by me! And for the rest,—I am a Protestant,

and I will die so."

Santa Cruz urged him by religious arguments and persuasions drawn from the reasonableness of maintaining the rights of his ancestors. He spoke of the justice he owed to himself in restoring the illustrious name of his family to its pristine lustre; and at any rate it was his duty when so offered, to transmit it and the inheritance that was its appendage, unimpaired to his posterity.
"I shall have no postcrity," replied Louis; "my father died an infidel, and his name and his race are no more."

"What do you mean, De Montemar?" demanded the marguis. "Nothing, I trust, that this venerable man would not approve," said he, laying his hand on the letter he was writing to Mr. Athelstone. "But marquis," cried he, "is there not matter enough to break a son's heart?

Santa Cruz replied by turning the subject to Louis's own great endowments of mind and figure; and tried to awaken his ambition by dwelling on the impression his high-principled conduct at Vienna had made upon his sovereigns. "It could only be equalled." he said, "by their admiration of your late intrepid defence of Ceuta. On these grounds," the marquis added, "you have only to choose; and the first stations of national trust in the state or in the army,

must in process of time bc at your command."

Louis shook his head. "I was not born for a statesman," replied he, "I acknowledge no morality but one; and I have known enough of the ethics of some cabinets to loathe their chicanery. I have seen that in the adjustment of their respective interests, the principles of common honesty may not only be dispensed with, but that no subterfuge is too mean for adoption when it is deemed expedient to disguise truth, or circumvent a rival party. Where every man is supposed a deceiver by profession, no man can really trust in each other; and I will never be one of a set of men where all are suspected of dissembling. With respect to the army, I have had

enough of that also." He shuddered while he spoke, and covered his face with his hand.

Santa Cruz did not require that shudder to be explained; but he affected to consider this wide rejection as derogatory to Louis's loyalty, and to the general manliness of his character. "Not in my mind," continued the veteran; "but in the opinion of the world. It is your duty to recover what your father's dereliction has lost; and the public suffrage is only to be retained by a succession of distinguished services. You are especially called upon to make manifest in all ways what you are—a true subject of Spain, and one whose piety is worthy the adoption of our church."

and one whose piety is worthy the adoption of our church."

"I am called upon," replied Louis, "to appear what I am! I served the King of Spain at the expense of many a sacrifice. I need not turn your eyes to the last. My faith is not in my power to exchange at will; but were it so, ill would he serve his prince who could so desert himself; the example before us ought to set that at rest for ever. If by remaining a Protestant, I must be no more a Spaniard, the forfeiture must proceed against me. I have still the country of my mother. It will judge me with candour; and there, I trust, I shall do my duty in whatever state of life it may please Heaven to number out my days."

While Louis spoke thus, his countenance was calm though sorrowful; and Santa Cruz, struck with such devoted resignation in one so young and powerfully endowed, grasped his hand with as much

reverence as affection; and soon after left the room.

# CHAPTER LXII.

## THE EMPEROR ABDALLAH RETIRES INTO THE DESERT.

MEANWHILE all was consternation and mutiny amongst the shattered remnant of the Moorish army. Sidi Ali had collected the fugitives from the bloody day of Ceuta, and attempted to reorganise them into some line of defence. But, fearful of being led a second time against their conquerors, they resisted every law of discipline, and spread the same refractory spirit to the camp of Adelmelek. The Hadge had, undesignedly, prepared his legions for this excess of insubordination. He had impressed them with a belief, that the conversion of the Duke de Ripperda to the Ottoman faith, was only a master-stroke of Christian policy, to acquire the Emperor Abdallah's confidence; and then, as was now apparent, betray the whole of the Moorish host to the sword of Spain. The credulity of the people at large was ready to believe the same misrepresentation. Aware that their masters seldom consulted any counsellor but caprice, they did not doubt it now; and, secure in their poverty, but bold in the use of their tongues, they clamoured against the court for putting such implicit trust in a renegado. Adelmelek doubled their rage, by assuring the people that Aben Humeya had withdrawn himself from punishment, by shutting himself up, with the embezzled treasures of Abdallah, within the bulwarks of Tetuan. At this juncture, Muley Hamet, having been secretly apprised of the disaster which had befallen his former yanguisher, reappeared upon the plains of Marmora; and at the head of an armed multitude of Moors and Arabs, marched towards Mequinez.

Sidi Solyman, his near kinsman and secret partisan, was then in the capital. He was ready, on any promising occasion, to blow the flame of sedition; and, with great industry and dispatch, prepared the way for Muley Hamet, by publishing the reverses of the campaign. He accused the great officers of state of maladministration; their chief agent, the renegade duke, as an infamous trafficker of his faith; and urged, that Abdallah, having introduced the Christian impostor into the councils of the empire, had rendered himself obnoxious to the prophet's vengeance: the people at present lay under the same curse; and their first act must be to appease the Heavenly Power, by the deposition of the emperor, and the delivery of Aben Humeya to the expiation of the laws! The ever-discontented and tumultuous rabble of Mequinez listened to these suggestions in the very spirit that was desired. They set fire to the imperial palace, and marched out of the town, headed by the in-

cendiary Solyman, to meet his kinsman on the plain.

Abdallah, at that time, with a few chosen troops, was winding his way through the Habad mountains, to support the joint authority of Ali and Adelmelek with his presence; and also to ameliorate the fury of the latter against the Spanish basha. His majesty still believed him to be as true as he was brave. Adelmelek weighed the consequence to himself, of the emperor's arrival, should he hear from Ali, that the battle of Ceuta was lost by the disobedience of the army of the interior to the summons of Aben Humeva. The Hadge soon settled the alternative; and on the very day he was told of Abdallah's approach, he caused Ali to be assas-An honest Moor, who knew the designs of the Hadge, left the camp that very night, and meeting the imperial escort in the mountains, informed the emperor, not merely of the murder of the Sidi, but that Adelmelek intended his sovereign the same fate; after which he would march upon Tetuan, (where the basha was shut up, utterly helpless from his numerous wounds,) and storming the place, deliver the whole, with the empire, into the hands of Muley Hamet. Other informants, more than corroborated this statement; and Abdallah soon saw that temporary flight was his only resource. He called his few faithful followers, and taking a sircuit through the mountains, made a safe retreat into the desert egions of his empire.

Muley Hamet was declared emperor by Sidi Solyman and Adelmelek; and the troops of the latter, rejoicing in any change, readily obeyed his orders for a mere show of discipline, while he respatched his second ambassador to Ceuta, to make peace, at any

ate, with the Spanish king.

In the statement of this second envoy, Santa Cruz learnt, that hen Ripperda fell in the battle of the camp, it was under the roke of many wounds, and the last had been supposed mortal, but his immediate followers, snatching the bleeding body from the word of slain, laid it on a camel, and disappeared with their mented chief from the field. It was some days before Adelmelek new what was become of the missing party. And then a horseman om the commander of the basha's Arab guards brought informa-

tion the very morning before the murder of Sidi Ali, that some of those guards had borne their wounded master, in all haste and secrecy, to the safehold of his own fortress of Tetuan. Sidi Ali had then lost no time in returning the messenger to the faithful Arab. with a full account of Adelmelek's intention to give the basha up to the resentment of the turbulent soldiery; or to influence the emperor to order his immediate death. The conspiracy was instantly imparted to its intended victim; and, with the wonted energy of his brave heart, though its last pulse might beat in the nerve that uttered it, he commanded that the gates of Tetuan should be closed

against all advances from Adelmelek.
"Sidi Ali is now dead," continued the envoy, with a respect
to the noble name that did the speaker honour; "and Muley Hamet is Emperor of Morocco. Adelmelek is alone powerful with the new sovereign; and the first judicial act of the divan has been to declare Aben Humeya a traitor to the empire and our prophet. Should the desperate state of his wounds fail of proving his executioner before the next moon, Tetuan will be stormed by Adelmelek, the inhabitants put to the sword, and the still dreaded basha die

the death of a slave."

To these denunciations, Louis de Montemar, who was present at the audience, paid no attention: all that he heard, and what he seized as the renewal of life, was, that his father yet survived; that he was accused of irreverence towards the founder of the Ottoman faith; and that he had taken refuge in a place not more

than a day's journey from the Spanish fortress.

When the Mussulman closed his communications, and withdrew to leave their import to consultation, Louis imparted what were now his designs. Indeed, it was hardly necessary to declare them; for the existence of the Duke de Ripperda was no sooner affirmed, and his occupation of Tetuan mentioned, than Santa Cruz read, in the instant blaze of his young friend's countenance, the regeneration of hope, and the enterprise to which the welcome visitant would give birth.

"But the hazard is so infinite!" rejoined the marquis. "Where are we to find a person who would have the boldness to guide you through the brigand tracks of these infuriated Moors? And even should we be successful in that object, and you arrive at Tetuan, consider the result. You may be admitted to your father; but should he perish in his double apostacy, where would be your pro-

tection?—and what would be your fate?'

"That I leave to Providence!" replied Louis; "my course is clear,—to seek my father; and make my last effort to share with him that happiness in the world to come he has for ever destroyed

in this.

"But his wounds are mortal," returned Santa Cruz; "he may be dead before you have reached this scene of peril! You will then have exposed your life, and more than your life, in vain. Think of the horrors that would befall you, should the incensed Moors discover in you the son of the man his enemies have taught them to believe was their betrayer!"

"Nothing is terrible to me," replied Louis, "but the idea of m father dying in his soul's apostacy. Heaven appears to have opened his grave to give him for a short time to my prayers: and shall anything prevent me entering it, even if it should prove my own? I feel I have my errand! It is to touch the dead with the recalling breath of his Redeemer; it is to see him rise again to life

everlasting!"

Louis's soul was kindled into a holy flame. It was the ardent devotion of a son mingling with the fervour of a really pious spirit; but the warm heart of the marquis saw religion in his zeal, and filial duty in the hazarded self-immolation. After discussing many plans, it was at last decided that the safest way might be to pass from Ceuta by water; and that Louis should put on the garb of a Brother of Montesa, an Order of Mercy, then by licence scattered throughout the marine towns of Barbary for the redemption of Christian slaves. When he passed into the chapel, to receive the vesture and holy benediction from the superior of the Ceuta brethren, he found Santa Cruz and his family kneeling before the altar, to unite their orisons with that of the priest. The abbot put his hands on the head of Louis. The marchioness wept; for she had no faith in this expedition, and thought within herself—"So he sanctifies the youthful martyr! From that den of infidelity he never will return!"

Ferdinand whispered something of the same import to his

mother; and she sobbed audibly.

Louis turned to her voice, and put her hand to his lips. The marquis and Ferdinand embraced him. Marcella had raised herself from her knees, and held by the rails of the altar. Louis did not see her face, for the veil yet hung before it; but the other hand, that was laid upon her breast, trembled; and he thought he saw he was not less in her thoughts than in those of her parents. He wished, yet hesitated to approach her. Santa Cruz observed the direction of his eyes, and his doubting movement, but he did not speak. Louis's heart failed him; and blessing her in its inward recesses, he turned away, and followed the abbot ont of the chapel.

Having received his credentials from the superior at Ceuta to the fraternity of the same order at Tetuan, Louis took his station in the open boat that was to convey him through the dangers of the counter-eurrent, at that worst season of the year, to the point

where now centred all his hopes and fears.

### CHAPTER LXIII.

TETUAN—THE GINARALIPH, OR PALACE OF THE BASHA—THE CELLS OF THE BROTHERS OF MONTESA.

THE river of Tetuan meets the sea little more than half a league from the town. All was quiet on its banks; and the boat which conveyed Louis to the Christian convent on the city walls, threw out its grappling-irons under the deep excavation of a rock at the base of an old tower. Through a kind of lantern staircase in the hollow of the wall, Louis was conducted to an iron grating. The man who had been his pilot in this midnight yoyage, pulled a bell which

hung within the grating; then crossing himself, muttered the Moorish benedicite, "Sta fer Lah!" and sprang back into his boat.

Louis had been warned by the brethren at Ceuta not to ask his navigators any question; and when he witnessed this monstrous association of Mussulman with Christian devotion, he did not doubt that be had been rowed to Tetuan by characters of as little principle as those which had brought him from Spain to the Ottoman shore. Before any person answered to the pull of the bell. which had ceased ringing, he heard the boat splashing away with its crew, from under the caverned passage; and shortly after, the dead silence assured him he was left quite alone. The mariner had given him a horn lantern, which showed him the gloom of his situation—a short flight of steps, a fathomless abyss of waters: before him, a strong grated door, through which no human nerve could force an entrance; and immediately beyond it a rough dark wall, which did not appear more than a foot distant from its impassable portcullis.

Louis had just raised his arm to the bell, to make it sound a second time, when a figure appeared at the grate with the suddenness of an apparition. Without a word being uttered on either side, the massy bars were drawn, and Louis found himself following this silent conductor through a long narrow stone passage to another iron door. The mute friar made its bolts yield before him, and the chamber, to which its porch is a vestibule, presented to the eve of De Montemar the assembled body of the holy brotherhood of Tetuan. This little synod did not exceed ten; the person who conducted him completing that number. The prior rose, on the entrance of a stranger-brother of their order, which the ringing of that secret bell had announced; it being a mode of ingress to their cell, by which none but the respective fraternities of Montesa were

ever allowed to enter.

A peculiar badge on the cowl of Louis announced that he came from the order at Ceuta; and the credentials he delivered to the prior confirmed its evidence. He was introduced to the brethren at Tetuan as one who had a message of conscience to the dying basha, and they were exhorted, by every argument from the Christian faith, to further the visit of the sacred ambassador.

"I must see him this night."
"That, I fear, is impossible," replied the prior; "but within an hour I expect a visit from Martini d'Urbino, the alcaid of his Christian slaves.'

Louis inquired how the alcaid reported the state of the basha;

and asked the purport of his visit to the cell.

The prior hesitated to give a direct answer. But he recollected the style of his superior's letter; and Louis repeated his question, though mildly, with so unappealable an air of authority, the good priest could no longer refuse a true and respectful reply.

"The basha cannot live many days; and his Christian servants visits this cell by stealth, to witness the masses which we say for

his master's soul."

"At his master's requisition!" demanded Louis.

"At his servant's," replied the prior; "the duke himself is yet lost to redemption."

Louis sighed heavily. He wrapped himself in his dark sackcloth vestment, while he took his station by the low embers of the hearth, and spoke no more, till a hasty step in a distant passage announced the approach of Martini. The friars had respected the abstracted taciturnity of their stranger-brother; and did not even intrude on him by an observation, when they saw him start from his seat at the well-known tread of his father's faithful follower. Louis's cowl hung over his face when Martini entered. The alcaid's appearance was strange to the eyes of him who had never seen him but in the light European garb of his country. He was now covered with the gorgeous draperies of an Asiatic officer; and the load of his magnificence seemed to weigh as heavily on his frame as the fetters of his office oppressed the careless gaiety of his naturally free spirit. He did not remark an accession to the number of the brotherhood, but immediately declared the duke's augmented bodily danger. The anguish of his wounds had that day been more intolerable than he could bear; low groans burst from his lips, during their most insufferable extremity; and when the hour of cessation from pain recurred, he lay in sullen despair, only breaking the fearful stillness by occasionally murmuring the words, "Lost! all lost! for ever lost!"

"'Tis the evidence of his spirit against him!" exclaimed the prior. "But here is a brother," pointing to Louis, "whose holy zeal would try to lead him into some view of comfort."

"That is not to be done in this world," returned Martini, "he has lost too much for any mortal aid to give him consolation.

"Then," cried the priest, "his doom must be eternal death!"
"Teach him to think that! Tell him the doom of an unpardoned transgressor is utter extinction," replied Martini, "and you complete his perdition. He would find a treacherous peace in anticipating the oblivion of the grave. But now-let us to prayers, my holy fathers; that is the only way by which we can bring him comfort.

The prior began the mass. Louis was on his knees, as well as the brothers. His prayers were not in their words, nor uttered in any sounds; but the inward groanings of his earnest spirit, like hose of him who smote his breast in the Temple, and exclaimed, 'Lord, be merciful unto me, a sinner!" were heard, and answered rom above. At the end of the service, Martini laid his oblation on he altar, and was turning away to withdraw, when Louis put his and on his arm. He durst not speak to him before the brethren; or the abbot at Ceuta had warned him not to discover himself in he priory at Tetuan, until his success with the basha might super-

ede any cause of fear at such an enterprise."
"Signor alcaid," said the prior, "if it be possible, you must incoduce that brother to your dying master. He comes from Ceuta,

Ind his mission is of importance."

"Nothing from Ceuta can be of importance to my master now," Polied Martini; "its very name would re-awaken him from the Fielancholy stupor in which I left him, to all the horrors of his most rrific agonies." Martini paused an instant; then, in a suppressed ne, he addressed the stranger friar. "Father," said he, "the arguis de Montemar, my master's only son, fell on the walls of

Ceuta, in his sight, and in his defence. When any circumstance recalls that moment, then it is that I see the palsied quivering of his lip; that I hear the often repeated 'Lost!' till the low, half-uttered sound almost drives me mad. I too loved him. But

all is now gone for ever."

Louis grasped Martini's arm, and made a sign to the brethren to withdraw. There was that in the credentials he brought which told them to respect all his wishes; and without a word they obeyed the motion of his hand. Assured from what he now heard, that his father had restored him to his heart, the hope Louis derived from this happy change nerved him with perfect self-possession; and, drawing Martini towards the lamp that hung over the altar, he raised his cowl from his face. "Martini," said he, "you

will take me to see my father."

It was flesh and blood that clasped his arm; but with the voice and countenance of the slain De Montemar! The latter was wan and pale, and, in the sacred apprehension of the beholder, ghastly, as if just risen from his bloody grave. Martini did not speak; but with his eyes fixed on what he believed a terrible forewarning of his master's death, he shook almost to fainting. Louis comprehended his fear, and instantly relieved it by saying, "I was wounded when my father saw me fall. But Heaven has spared me to this hour; and you must do a last service to the Duke de Ripperda and his son."

Though Martini was now convinced it was no spectre that stood before him, he sunk upon the steps of the altar, and remained for some time in so much emotion he could not reply. At last he spoke; and in his rapid and agitated recapitulation of the events which had succeeded his master's repulse at the storming of Ceuta, he mentioned, that Ripperda's indignation at the Moors for abandoning the ramparts seemed the more exasperated, when report told him that the breach had been defended by the Marquis de

Montemar.

""We both did our duty,' said he to me, with a horrible smile; 'though Louis would have served Spain better if he had suffered his brother soldiers to kill its enemy.'—"But he would not have been your son!" replied I. The duke looked sternly at me. 'Martini, how often have I told you I have no son? No part in any human being, or in aught but what administers to my vengeance!"

"Soon after eame the intercepted courier from Sallee. His despatches related the dire events of Ceuta, and that the Marquis of Montemar was dying of his wounds. The man was brought before the basha; and, on being questioned, acknowledged you were dead. At that unexpected disclosure, nature asserted itself in your father's breast. He found you were yet his son, in the moment you were lost to him for ever. His grief knew no bounds: it was terrible in its despair. Alas! signor, it was frenzy wearing the garb of warlike retaliation. His orders were full of blood, and extrapating revenge. All flew at his eommand; but though all were brave, none fought as he did. His onward courage and invincible resolution on that desperate day of his total defeat, surpassed he man daring, and almost human eredibility. He fell, bleeding at every pore. I was near him at the instant; and raising him from

the ground, the Arab commander of his guard assisted me, and we bore him to a temporary security. We knew that all was over in the field; and, dreading the malice of his Moorish rivals, as soon as we perceived life in him, we conveyed him safely into Tetuan; and, closing the gates, prepared to defend him against the immediate fury of his vanquished soldiers, who, we were soon informed, were in mutiny, and urging their no less hostile chiefs to lead them against their former basha."

But some antidote to the deadly aconite which so much of this narrative contained, was also gathered by the anxious son of Ripperda. He learnt that the blood which flowed so copiously from his father's wounds, had cleared the long-troubled fountain of his heart.

When the duke recovered from his first mortal weakness, he found that he had also recovered a memory he would gladly have lost for ever. The madness of his revenge had passed away in the floodgates which opened from his streaming veins. No mist now hung over his better faculties. He had become a rebel, an apostate, an enemy to all mankind! He had sacrificed his honour, his affections, his soul, to a phantom that vanished in his embrace, and left him to a terrible conviction of perdition! His son was no more! The race of Ripperda was then extinct, and all the fame and all the glory for which he had contended, were blotted out for ever! His evil deeds alone would be remembered, as an example to avoid, and to shudder at! Remorse fastened on the heart of the dying man, but it was a remorse direful and dark. He was too proud to give vent to the anguish of his soul; too proud to acknowledge to man or to God the secret of his misery—that he was a sinner, and in despair.

Louis parted with Martini over the embattled terraces, which, in the present fortified state of the city, occupied the place of citron groves on the flat roofs of the houses of Tetuan. The Ginaraliph, otherwise the basha's palacc, was in the centre of the town, surrounded by sumptuous gardens, and stood in the moonlight, reflecting from its gilded domes the milder splendours of her orb. The court and the chambers spoke of pomp and luxury. Did paradise consist in banqueting the senses? here it was. But paradise dwells within the heart. In that of the expiring possessor of all these delusions, there was only a desert to be found. In such a state, gloomily awaiting his last sigh, and the direful judgment that was to be passed upon his soul, Louis beheld his father lying as one already dead, under the mockery of all this gilded pomp.

Ripperda did not see the grey form that glided into his apartment, for he did not raise his head from its fixed position on his pillow. Martini advanced to the couch. "My lord, I bring you good iddings!" Ripperda took no notice of what was said. Martini rew closer, and repeated the words. His master opened his eyes with a look of reproach. "I do not deceive you, my lord," cried he faithful servant; "my tidings are the most precious your learest wishes could desire."

"Then they would rid me of this world and all that troubles ne!" cried Ripperda. "Tell me nothing, for I have no wishes here."
"Your son, my lord!" returned Martini; "would you not hear of him!"

"No!" cried the duke, in a voice of peculiar strength. "His reputation is my infamy! Let me die without that last drop."

Louis could refrain no longer. He sunk on his knees. His cowl was now thrown backward from his head, and though at the extreme distance of the apartment, his father recognised him at the first glance.

"Who is that?" cried he to Martini, and pointing to the figure.

"The Marquis de Montemar," replied the Italian.

Louis was now on his feet, and approaching his father. Ripperda

drew himself up on his bed.

"And what," cried he in a severe tone, "if you be yet a wretch in this miserable world, what tempts you again into the presence of the man who has survived all relations but his conscience?"

"My own conscience and my heart!" cried Louis, "from this

hour determined to live and die by my father.'

Ripperda bent his head upon his clasped hands. Louis drew near, then nearer, and kneeling by the bed, touched those hands which seemed clenched in each other with more than mortal agony. The bed shook under the strong emotion of the duke. At last his hands closed over his son's, and Louis in broken accents exclaimed: "Oh! my father; in all that I have offended you by word or deed, pardon; and bless me by your restored confidence!

"Louis!" cried the duke, after a pause; "pardon is not a word to pass my lips. I know it not. I shall never hear it. Let all men perish as I shall perish."

"You will not pronounce such a sentence on your son?" returned Louis, seeing the distemper of his mind. "You gave me birth, and you will not leave me to die without having received your forgive-

ness for all my unintentional offences."

"Louis de Montemar!" cried the duke, "virtuous son of an angel I shall never behold! There is no death in your breast, no need of forgiveness from earth or heaven! But your father! Shudder while you touch him, for hell is already in his bosom." Ripperda's face was again buried in his hands; and before his anguished son could form his pious hopes into any words of consolation, a slave appeared for a moment at the curtain of the door. The act of prostration, holding out a sealed packet to Martini, and vanishing

again, seem comprised in less than a second.

Martini knew the writing to be that of a friend of his own, in the suite of Adelmelek; and, aware of some pressing danger from the abrupt entrance of the slave, he broke the seal. He read that the late emperor being deposed, Adelmelek was advancing to Tetuan, to threaten it with destruction; or to allow it to purchase mercy by an instant surrender of its basha. The sacrifice being made, the offending Aben Humeya would be put to an ignominious death; and so the laws of Mohammed should be appeared, and an exemplary warning set up to all foreign invaders of the rights and honours of true Mussulmen. Without preface, Martini communioated this information to those present. He no longer feared the execution of such threats, but felicitated his master on the arrival of the Marquis de Montemar, who would himself defend his father's life from these ungrateful Moors.

"And was it my death you feared?" asked the duke, gloomily

looking up from his position, "Were it to be found, I would seek it, but there is no death for me. Torn from this murderous world by violence, or sapped by the consuming hand of corporeal pain, neither can give me rest."

"Yes, my father," earnestly rejoined Louis; there is rest in the

grave when--"

"Silence!" interrupted the duke, "is it you that would cajole reason with sophistry;—that would give up your unsullied truth at last, to insult your father by preaching an annihilation to the incorrigible sinner, when you know it to be a falsehood? I know a different lesson. A man cannot rid himself of bodily pangs by moving from place to place. How, then, shall the torments of the spirit be extinguished by so small a change as being in or out of this loathed prison of flesh? When my soul, my own and proper self—when it is freed by death from the fetters of the passions which have undone me, then I shall think even more intensely than I do now. I shall remember more than I do now. I shall see the naked springs, the undisguised consequences of all my actions. They will burn in my eyes for ever. For such, I feel, is the eternal book of accusation prepared for the immortal spirit that has transgressed beyond the hope of pardon or the power of peace! Louis," added he, grasping his son's arm, and looking him sternly in the

face; "has not your pastor-uncle taught you the same?"

"Yes; and more," replied his son. "He has taught me that it is impossible for the finite faculties of man to comprehend the infinite attributes of God; how he reconciles justice with mercy, in the mystery of the redemption; and renews to purity the corrupted nature of man by the regeneration of repentance through the cross of Christ! Recall the promises of the Scriptures, my father, and there you will find that He who washed David from blood-guiltiness, and blotted out the idolatry of Solomon; that He who pardoned Cephas for denying Him in the hour of trial, and satisfied the perverse infidelity of Thomas; that He who forgave Saul his persecutions, and made him the ablest apostle of his church; nay, that He who has been the propitiation of man, from the fall of Adam to the present hour—wills not the death of a

sinner, but calls him to repentance, and to life!"

"But what," returned the duke, "if I know nothing of these things? You start! But it is true. The Scriptures you talk of is the only book I never opened. In this hour," continued he, "when all human learning deserts me, rejected by the world, and loathing man, and all his ways;—in this bitter hour, I believe, therein I might have found the word of life! But I derided its

pretensions, and the penalty must be paid!"

Louis had recovered himself from the first shock of this awful confession. He beheld the desperate resignation of his father's countenance, when uttering the last sentence, but he did not permit it to shake his manhood a second time, while he now took up the sacred subject in the language of Scripture itself. He had been well taught by the precepts and example of his pastor-uncle; and with a memory which astonished even himself, and a power of argument that seemed the eloquence of inspiration, the young preacher sat by his father's side till a light, like the morning sun, rose upon

the chaos of his mind, Feeling warmth with the beam, his heart, which until then had been like a stone in his bosom, melted under the genial influence; and the eyes which had not endured the softness of a tear for many months, overflowed on the hand of his son. The soul of Louis was then as in heaven. He was speechless with gratitude; and when his father looked upon him he beheld his face indeed as an angel's; for all that he had taught and promised was then effulgent in his upward eyes.

Louis passed the night in his father's chamber. And before another sun rose and set, and rose again, he had so entirely satisfied him of the truth and efficacy of the religion of Christ, that the noble penitent begged to seal his repentance and his faith, by receiving the holy sacrament from the hands of the prior of Montesa.

During these few sacred days the duke became so tranquillized by the hopes of religion, that he found freedom of mind sufficient to converse with his son on his future temporal concerns. He took pen and ink to write something to that effect, which he forbade Louis to open till the writer should be no more in this world.

"It particularly relates to England," said he, "for that country must hereafter be yours. It is the only one I ever knew where virtue is a man's best friend. You came innocent out of it, and it is to your own credit, and the influence of God alone, that you return unpolluted by the stains which have made my name one universal blot. Oh! Louis," cried he, wringing his hands, "you have taken from your father the sting of death; you have brought him the true unction of heaven, and given him that peace which the world and all its empires cannot give; and what do I bequeath thee in return? The memory of my infamy! But it will not reach you in England; or if it do, that people are too just to condemn the blameless son for the delinquency of his parent."

Louis's heart sprang to that country to which his father exhorted him to return. "But you will live, my father!" said he, observing that for the last few hours the duke's pains had ceased, and that his countenance bespoke, if not the serenity of innocence, the resignation of religion. "Your bodily sufferings are ameliorated, and

we shall see England together."

Ripperda looked on him with a sudden brightness in his eye. "That penance is spared me!" cried he: "while on earth I should feel that memory and reproach are the worms which never die! I have, indeed, no pain neither in my spirit nor in my body; and in the moment the latter ceased, your father felt the bond was taken off that fastened his frail being to this world!"

Louis now understood, what another few hours would so soon

demonstrate.

"Here is a remnant of a sword," rejoined the duke, putting the shattered remains of one into his son's hand. "It broke in the conflict on the breach of Ceuta, but it did not fail me. Its fractured blade slew the Biscayan who wounded you in my defence. Preserve it, Louis, for it was my friend when I believe I had hardly another friend left. It saved my life from assassins in the mountains of Genoa. Who wielded it I know not; but remark its motto Jose! Should you ever meet its owner, remember that William de Ripperda's last injunction was Gratitude!"

Louis kissed the shattered blade, and put it into his bosom. At the same instant he heard a stir in the vestibule—it was the prior

of Montesa

"Father!" said Ripperda, when the priest entered, "you come to behold in me the end of all human vanity. What have I not been? What am I now? An example, and a beacon! What Ripperda was, is now forgotten; what he is, will be remembered by men, and reproached upon his posterity when God has erased the record for ever!"

With his hands clasped in those of the prior, he made a short but contrite confession of his transgressions and his faith. From those hallowed lips he received the sacred absolution; and, as the consummation of his eternal peace, raised on his bed upon his knees, and supported on the breast of his son, for the first and the last time, he received the pledge of his salvation, in tasting, with a believer's

heart, the last supper of our Lord.

"It is the bread of life!" cried he, firmly pressing the hand of Louis, and, starting forward with his eyes riveted as if on some invisible object—"Thou hast given it to me; and thy mother—,," he fell back on the bosom of his son. At that moment the smile which was once so entirely beautiful, but now rendered ghastly by the motal hues of death, flitted over his blanched lips. It seemed the glittering wing of a seraph escaping the marble tomb. All was still. The voice of the priest raised a requiem for the departed spirit; but Louis had neither voice nor tear. He was sunk on his knees, to adore the merciful God into whose presence his beloved father was then passed away.

# CHAPTER LXIV.

### GIBRALTAR.

Louis opened the sealed packet, and obeyed his father's dying injunctions to the minutest circumstance. According to the noble penitent's written command, and by the friendly management of the faithful Arab, his death was concealed from the Moors until all regarding it could be accomplished which he wished to be done. When everything was completed, the simply shrouded body was taken away by night to the chapel of Montesa, and buried in its consecrated garden, without pomp or a register on his grave.

Louis remained for an hour alone, by the humble relics of all that was once admired and honoured in man. His heart would have been with that cold corse, had he not known that its spirit must be sought in other regions. But on the awful spot, he called on the shade of his mother; he invoked the soul of him who had sinned and been forgiven! He laid his own ambition, and all that was yet within him of this world, on that first altar of nature—the bosom of his parents—at the foot of the cross! He rose with a holy confidence, and was comforted. He bade adieu to the brethren, who now knew him to be the son of the deceased, and blessed him for his filial piety. The prior conducted him, with repeated benedictions, to the boat that was to convey him to late basha's armed galleon in the bay. Martini was already there, in charge over the

Count de Patinos. Ripperda had held that young Spaniard a close prisoner, in a remote tower of the Ginaraliph; but, with his dying breath, he pronounced his release, with that of other Christian captives, to whom the same voice gave liberty; and all were safely embarked, along with the treasures of Ripperda, in the vessel that

was to carry his son to the opposite shore.

Louis had left a letter with the prior, for the Marquis Santa Cruz. It was to be conveyed to Ceuta by the first messenger from the brotherhood; and would inform him of the melancholy and conclusive event which had taken place in Tetuan. Louis wrote fully on the subject, adding, that his father had ordered him to take De Patinos and the Christian captives to Gibraltar, and from thence give them liberty. The duke had also enjoined certain sums to be lodged with the brethren of Ceuta and of Tetuan, for the ransom of other captives in the interior; while the treasure on board the galleon was to be consigned to the governor of Gibraltar, under the personal agency of Martini d'Urbino, for a general fund towards freeing the numerous Christian slaves on the coast of Barbary. Louis communicated that it was his father's desire that he should return to England. He also acknowledged that he wished to obey; but he added, he would not take so decisive a step, until he could consult the marquis, how far such obedience might militate against his pledged duty to Spain. It was, therefore, his design to revisit Ceuta, as soon as he had fulfilled his commission at the British fortress; and from the experienced counsel and unswerving integrity of Santa Cruz, shape his future fate.

But Louis never was to see Ceuta again; never to set his foot again upon the Spanish shore; nor to hear the voice of Santa Cruz, till his destiny was decided beyond the power of friendship to dissuade or annul. A whirlwind from the north-west caught the galleon, and its newly-enfranchised crew, at the mouth of the Bay of Tetuan, and drove it out to sea, where it was beaten about, at the mercy of the winds and waves, for many days. After having been twice nearly wrecked-first on the coast of Algiers, and then on the spiky shores of Murcia—a Levanter suddenly then springing up, drove them as fiercely towards the Straits, and, falling calm nearly opposite the Bay of Gibraltar, on the tenth morning after he sailed from Tetuan, Louis landed at the British fortress. As he stepped out on the old mole, the partialities of his infancy were reawakened by what he saw, and, though more than nominally a Spaniard, he felt the honest glow of an Englishman, when viewing that rock, and those bastions, where the most heroic and persevering achievements had been recently performed by the countrymen of his mother. It was now England's own imperial domain, and Louis, with self-upbraiding remorse, inwardly exclaimed, "Oh! why did I wish for any other country?"

Lorenzo awaited him in the town, with a packet from Santa Cruz. It was in answer to that which the Tetuan monks had forwarded to Ceuta; and was written just as the Spanish forces were embarking on their return to Spain. By order of the king, Santa Cruzhad made peace with the new government of the Moors, and we re-called, with his whole family, to rejoin the court at Seville, and attend it to Madrid. But this was not all the marquis had to com-

municate: he enclosed an angry letter from the queen, on the subject of Louis having preferred the errors of heresy to the truths of the church, and the prejudices of an absurd education to the favour of his too indulgent sovereigns. Her indignation was so highly incensed against so signal an instance of folly and ingratitude, that she commanded Santa Cruz to tell the delinquent he must no longer consider himself protected by Spanish laws, should he ever presume to re-enter that country.

"'Tis well," said Louis to himself, and he turned the page.

Santa Cruz then addressed him as a father, consoling and cheering him with every argument that could be drawn from an heroic

and pious mind.

"You have convinced me," added he, "that the Holy One is no respecter of persons—that all, of every country, and every sect, who work the works of righteousness, are accepted by Him. If I can bring you brighter tidings from my at present inexorable mistress, you shall see me again in Lindisfarne. Meanwhile be assured of the parental exertions of your unalienable friend, "Santa Cruz."

A heart-wringing "farewell" was added by the marchioness. It was blotted with her tears, for she, who knew the vindictive personal arrogance of the queen, had no hope of her being appeased; and there were expressions of a wild and mysterious regret in this affecting postscript, that puzzled Louis to understand; while, once or twice, he unconsciously sighed when he read the name of Marcella coupled with words of maternal lamentation. She was ill; the air and quiet of the Ursuline convent were prescribed for her, and still her mother was in despair of the probable consequence.

In a subsequent letter from Ferdinand, he enlarged on his sister's meek resignation to plans which he now feared would consign her to the grave. He execrated his own selfish wishes, which had urged her pitying nature to sanction so dire an immolation, by having proposed it as the purchase of his happiness. He acknowledged that he now saw his father would not be bribed. Persuasion was the only engine that could be used with hope; "and," he added, "were you to plead for my happiness with a woman that is of your blood, I could hardly apprehend a refusal. My father holds you in such esteem I think he could deny you nothing. It was only yesterday he was nearly drawn into a hot dispute on your account; and that it did not come to a more serious argument is, I believe, more owing to his principle against seeking to prove truth by sword or pistol than to any forbearance of temper towards the wanton malice of his antagonist. The affair took place in the queen's cabinet, where, it seems, a little junto sits every morning previous to the council in the king's presence. About half-a-dozen old grandees—your father's mortal enemies, and, consequently, no friends to his son-followed up their observations on the late business in Africa with certain insinuations against all of his race. The queen was already provoked at your declining the king's conditional re-investiture; and, instigated by the sly hints of these men, she, in her turn, let drop a few animadversions on your conduct. This was unleashing the hounds: the cry was up; and in five seconds the poor Marquis de Montemar was torn limb from limb! The sentence against his noble father was to be renewed on him: he was to be publicly branded as a heretic, deprived of his fortunes at his name, and the memory of his ancestors erased from the archive

of the Escurial!

"'If your majesty breathe but the word to our gracious sovereign,' exclaimed the old Duke d'Almeida to Isabella, "in another hour the last of that rebclious race will be reduced to the condition of its long demerits, and be numbered with the dregs of the people."
"'We have a retition have to the king to that

"'We have a petition here to the king to that purpose,' hastily rejoined the Count De Paz. 'If your majesty would sanction it

with your royal signature?

"Isabella took the pen. Duke Wharton, who was present, but who had remained all this time in silence, turned haughtily towards 'And who are we?' cried he. Then, with his usual effrontery, laying his hand on the paper before the queen, he exclaimed, 'This is all short of the mark? These venerable lords in the compassion of their natures, have refrained from noting to your majesty the true offence of this daring Anglo-Spaniard. They know that the favour with which half the princesses of Europehave treated that audacious young man has made him lift his eyes where we stand blinded. He rejects the king's conditions, not because the vain boy prefers heresy and rebellion, but he is ambitious to pay his duty to this his new country, rather as a personal devotion to the royal Isabella, than as a peremptory obligation to his sovereign. This wild arrogance should arm all loval hearts against him. I, therefore, petition your majesty not to mock your own dignity by a beggarly stripping him of lands and parchments, but give him Phæton's fate at once! Strike him where he is vulnerable—banish him your presence for ever!'

"The queen's colour heightened during this speech. She rose proudly from her chair. 'My lords,' said she, 'what the Duke of Wharton has intimated shall have its weight. Meanwhile, I will re-consider the sentence you would propose to the king, and give

you my directions accordingly.

"On my father arriving at the palace (which was immediately after the breaking up of the eonsultation), the queen's secretary told him this conversation. The marquis was justly irritated at this false representation, so malignantly made by Duke Wharton; and, accidentally meeting him in his return through the gallery, my father accosted him without ceremony, and with a severe reproof at his daring to ascribe such motives to your conduct. Wharton listened to him with a provoking kind of respect; and when my father, with some heat, had finished his reproaches, the duke coolly replied.—

""I am sorry your lordship and I should differ on any subject; but you are too good a Catholic to wish any man to speak against

his conscience.

"'I am too much a man of honour, Duke Wharton, to sanction any man in speaking otherwise than what is fact. I know the Marquis de Montemar; and you have no authority for what you said this morning to the queen.'

"Did the Marquis Santa Cruz wear a cowl instead of a helmet, answered the duke, 'I might possibly make him master of my

cabala; but, as it is, we may part friends, since I am determined not to confess myself his enemy.

"My father turned indignantly from the gay bow of the duke,

and so they separated.

"These are bad symptoms for you, dearest Louis," continued the letter from Ferdinand; "but if anything can be done to protect your paternal rights in this country, my father will do it. And as to my mother, I believe she thinks of you more than she does of me: but that is because you deserve it better. Write to me from Gibraltar, and say that you will gladly welcome to England your friend and would-be loving kinsman,

"FERDINAND D'OSORIO."

Louis received these packets from Lorenzo at the house of a Spanish merchant residing in the town of Gibraltar. The Spaniard was known to Santa Cruz, and recommended by him as a person well adapted to assist in the accomplishment of Louis's views in visiting the rock. Having read the letters of his Spanish friends, he put them into his bosom, which had long been accustomed so to hide the sorrows of his heart; and, having seen the Count de Patinos respectfully attended to by Lorenzo, and the other captives comfortably disposed under the care of Martini, he quitted the merchant's house to seek his first conference with the British governor and commander. He had no occasion for other introduction to General Clayton than the announcement of his name. The gazettes of Ceuta had been daily in the hands of the British garrison; and the tremendous bombardment of the Spanish fortress having been seen from the heights of Calpe, its gallant defence was read with avidity by the generous spectators. The Marquis de Montemar filled every line in the two last reports; and General Clayton rose to receive him with that respect which, from veteran glory, is the brightest meed that can be bestowed on youthful fame.

While Louis sat with the English commander, in spite of his late inattention to objects of trifling import, the furniture and style of the apartment struck him as what he had not seen since he left England. It was not necessary in his conversation with the governor to pain himself by any elaborate explanation of his father's rupture with the Spanish court and his fatal engagement with that of Morocco. The Pillars of Hercules were too near each other for anything that was transacted under the shadow of the one to be unknown to the inhabitants at the foot of the other. The Governor of Gibraltar had admired the greatness of the Duke de Ripperda when his virtues guided the Spanish helm; and his own virtues did not prevent him pitying the fallen statesman when his ill-directed resentment made him dictator over the hordes of Barbary.

Louis had pleaded to himself the partial frenzy of his father's mind as some extenuation of his conduct. He had learnt from Martini that the duke's passions had always been strong: but, until he received the wound on his head in the porch of the Jesuits at Vienna, they were always under his control. From that perilous hour, his temper became more irritable, and in every way he showed himself more vulnerable to the attack of circumstances. Nought of this passed the lips of Louis to the English general; but he had

understood it all from the report of certain fair-judging Jews from the coast of Barbary; and when conversing with the son of the anhappy duke, he delicately implied that he knew his illustrious father had been led to his last fatal step by the false lights of a dis-

tempered mind.

"In his latter hours," replied Louis, "that indeed fatal disorder was taken away. He was restored to the upright principle of his former character; and his penitence for the effect of his dereliction became as deep as his injuries had been indelible. But, in that hour of terrible recollections he forgave all as he hoped to be forgiven. And I saw him die in the blessed faith of the Christian church."

Louis spoke this with a steady voice, and a certain dignity, elevating the sadness of his countenance, which convinced his auditor that the son of Ripperda felt the honour of his name returned to him, in the restoration of his father to the religion and

pardon of his God.

The general then entered with zeal into the plans which the deceased duke had laid down for the redemption of several hundred Christian slaves, known to be far in the interior of the Barbary states. And as the seheme must occupy much time, and numerous agents to bring it to effect, Ripperda had fixed upon Martini to be the negotiating person within the Spanish side of the lines of San Roque. Particular deposits of treasure for ransom were to be left, not only in his hands, but in those of the governor of the English fortress; who, from the political relations between it and the Barbary coast, could be the most efficient agent in the great design.

General Clayton having heard of the probable sequestration of all the Ripperda property in Spain, ventured to hint to the despoiled heir, that there might be an excess of generosity in at once relinquishing so vast a sum as that which the munificence of

the duke had allotted to the eause of charity.

"Had he foreseen the injustice of the Spanish government to his son," continued the veteran, "I doubt not he would have bequeathed his benevolence in a more prudent measure! It therefore becomes you, marquis, to make the restrictions common equity suggests."

"No," replied Louis; "my father's bequest is as dear to me as was the just heart that formed it. I have no right, had I the wish, to lay an appropriating hand on a single ingot. I am rich in the task of obeying his commands. And for myself, the world does not want ways for a man of few personal wants to gain an honourable

independence."

A few days put everything in train for the prosecution of Ripperda's last will. The treasure was lodged in the governmenthouse; and a list of all the yet unredeemed Christian slaves in Barbary put into the general's hands. The enfranchised eaptives which Louis had brought with him were ready at the British lines, on the land side of the fortress, to pass into Spain. On taking leave of their benefactor, he who had so religiously, and with largesses of money besides, obeyed every tittle of the deceased duke's bequest in their behalf, they fell on their knees before him, and im-

plored for blessings on his life.

"The past has been a vale of sorrows!" sighed he to himself, while he calmly, but cheerfully bade them adieu, and gave them

blessing for blessing.

Martini was to lead these happy captives to their native land; that done, he was to take up his own residence at the castle De Montemar, in Andalusia, until the too likely execution of the expected decree against its lord should drive him out into some humbler abode. He wept at parting with Louis. Not so, when he bade adieu to Lorenzo. "You are happy!" said he, "you go with all that remains to me of my best benefactor!"

"I am but your servant, my lord!" said he to Louis; "but there are times when the heart knows no distinctions but those of attachment. Your noble father is gone; and the world may cut me piecemeal before I feel his son otherwise than bone of my bone,

and yet my honoured lord."

Louis pressed the faithful creature to his breast; and, could he lave wept, his tears would have mingled with those of Martini.

which bathed his cheek.

The Count de Patinos was to accompany the returning column. Ie too was to take leave of his generous protector. It was beneath his ank to bow the knee; it was adverse to his nature to call a beneliction on his head: but he embraced Louis with the ceremonial of its country, while the extension of his arms was as cold and epelling as if the mutual touch transformed benefits to injuries. When the count turned away, "Thus," said Louis to himself, does Spain and all its interests depart from me!" However, some other thoughts, in which Spain had a share, traversed his nind, while he slowly took his way through the devious pathways in the rock, towards the dwelling of his Spanish host.

The governor had informed him that a British frigate was ready o sail for Portsmouth. A passage was offered, and accepted. The av arrived; and, after dining with his new friends in the garrison. id bidding them farewell; on the evening previous to the night was to embark, he ascended the summit of the mountain—to ok around, and to breathe his last adieu to lands he should never e again. He was alone; and so distant from the garrison, not a und came to his ear, while he pensively mounted steep after eep, till he reached the old signal house; at this time a lone, eserted tower, on the highest point of the rock. The extended and magnificent scenery, which derived a kind of visionary beauty om the pure and luminous atmosphere in which it was displayed, emed to refine the faculties by which it was contemplated, and to late his soul with a tranquil and devotional delight. "Is it," ought he, "that, as man draws near the region of celestial irits, he begins to partake their ethereal nature?" Still, some rthly remembrances clung to the spot that horizon bounded. e looked from side to side. The vast Atlantic, rolling into the raits, and ploughed by many a proud frigate, did not hold his gention long. He turned towards the cast: there the Mediternean took its milder course, flowing far away, between the hostile shores of Spain and Africa, till it was lost in distant Italy and further Greece. The Moorish coast was boldly distinguished by prominent headlands and towering cliffs; and, on the opposit shore, and to the same unlimited horizon, rose the mountainon regions of Spain, the snow-clad Grenadines, and the empurpled heights of Antequera. The plains were diversified with town and castles; and immediately beneath him lay the lines of Sar Roque. He gazed on that Spain he was to leave for ever: that Spain which held the Marquis Santa Cruz, and her, whose ministering voice hovered over his couch of wounds, in body and soul. with a balm in every sound, a healing breath from Heaven. He should never hear that voice again! But her last words respecting him, repeated in a just received letter from Ferdinand, were warm in his grateful heart. Ferdinand wrote, "They were uttered with a brightening dew in his sister's dark azure eyes, speaking celestial spirit within; and unconscious of being overheard addressing the distant object of her thoughts—Comfort thee, Louis de Montemar! Son of a redeemed one!—Though the world failed him and thee, there is a mighty hand that holds, to turn it as He wills. Look up, and cherish life; for has He not left the son of the Duke de Ripperda a noble work to do?"

"Yes, sweet Marcella!" exclaimed he to himself, "thou art right! The world, as I once thought it, has failed me. Its visions, made a blank—even thine image gone with the rest! But the Divine Hand will write its own gracious characters in the void!—and shall not that conviction re-man this lonely heart once more?" He smothered the sigh that was rising in his breast. He looked abroad, and his melancholy eyes ranged over the abundant vales of Andalusia. That very province of Spain, on which he was now looking down for the last time, was his own inheritance! But the loss of that was little. He turned to the red line of light, which now tracked the darkening coast of Africa. There stood the rugged cliffs of Abyla, frowning in mist, over the towers he had so lately defended with his blood. Beyond lay a dearer spot, the green sod that covered his father's grave. "Oh, my father!" cried he, "thou sleepest alone! far from thy wife and child! fer from the country of thy birth, or thy adoption-betrayed, forgotten, stigmatized!"

While this bitter remembrance envenomed the before resigned state of his mind, his upward eye was struck with the appearance of an eagle, as if emerging from the ether, so high was its elevation while it floated over him on vigorous and steady wing. It move towards the coast of Barbary. It seemed to hover over the heighof Tetuan; it descended for a while; remained stationary in the air; and then soaring aloft, like a dart of light was absorbed the heavens. Louis saw no more. That bird was the crest of family. Imagination and grief were busy in his soul.

blinded his eyes; and he slowly descended the mountain.

#### CHAPTER LXV.

"MY HEART UNCHANGING STILL RETURNS TO THEE."

A SUCCESSION of variable winds at last brought the frigate which contained Louis de Montemar in sight of the British coast. He had quitted it, rich in possession, richer in hope! He was returning to it after an absence of scarcely three years, deprived of all. In the morning of his youth, he brought back in his bosom the experience of age; but not a subdued spirit, nor a wearied courage.

"I am bruised, but not broken!" was his silent grateful thought. "I have yet bonds of duty to the world; and I will not shrink from their task." But he felt this inward assurance spring and grow exactly in proportion to his nearing the coast where he had imbibed the first aliments of all that was greatly emulous in his mind; where his heart had first known the glows of dear domestic tenderness; where, in short, he first known a home. "Since I left it, sighed he, "I have never found another!" And, while he stood on the deck of the vessel, he thought the glittering summits of the cliffs he descried at a distance shone on him like the welcoming smiles of a mother. He landed. Portsmouth did not detain him long; nor any town, nor any track he passed over; while the rapid vehicle in which he had thrown himself conveyed him with all the eagerness of his wishes towards Northumberland.

It was the season of the year when the family of Lindisfarne were usually removed to Morewick Hall. Though the summer was far advanced in the southern climate he had left, in the colder latitudes of England he found snow on the hills and ice in the valleys. Louis would not think of the orange-groves, and gales laden with balm and fragrance, he had so lately left behind; but he did not check the remembrance, because he regretted the change. As soon as the well-known pinnacles of Morewick Hall appeared over the woods at the bottom of the valley, he called to the postillion to proceed slower. He was alone. For he could not approach that house with any witness of his emotion. But the man had no sooner obeyed his directions, and was winding down the hill with a leisurely pace, than Louis felt the agitation of his mind increased by the slowness that permitted recollection. He changed his commands, and the driver set off on the spur, towards the gates of Morewick. Many an apprehension was in his bosom many a racking reflection. How had he left that place? How did he return? And what would be the pangs of meeting, after the wreck of so many hopes?

Thus was he taking counsel of his manhood, to sustain with firmness the questions which must summon the shadows, whose torturing substance he had endured without a receding nerve;—when his carriage entered the gates of Morewick Park. Lost in self-recollection, it was only by the jerk of the horses, in stopping before the mansion, that Louis knew he was arrived. The carriage-door was opened. In that land of hospitality, the house-door also stood at large. He sprang from his vehicle into the hall. Servants were entering it from different avenues; but he passed through them all, and knew nothing of what he saw nor did, till he found

himself at the fect of his revered uncle. He was clasped in the arms of his aunt, and Alice bathed his hand with her happy tears. It was many minutes before a word was spoken. But every heart knew each other's language; and the folded hands of Mr. Athel. stone, as he stood over his nephew, told to all who looked on him. that his grateful soul was then at the feet of his God.

The embrace with which Louis strained his aunt to his bosom. recalled her passing senses to perception; and, throwing her arms around his neck, she wept almost to suffocation. While the pastor assisted his nephew to bear her to the settee, Louis put the venerable hand to his lips. The last time he so pressed it, he was possessed of a father whom he loved, nay, adored! That father was now no more; and the pride with which he then dwelt on his name, was extinguished for ever!

"Dearest Louis!" cried Alice, who was the first to speak; for her mother sat on the sofa, with her arms still on the neck of her nephew, and gazing with anguish on his face:—"Dearest Louis!" cried her daughter, in a voice as plaintive as her mother's looks: "oh, how you are changed!"

"Not in heart, Alice!" said he, turning his eyes tenderly

upon her.

"Ah! that voice is still his own!" cried Mrs. Coningsby, throw-

ing herself upon his bosom, and weeping afresh.

'Yes, Catherine," said the pastor, "a veil has fallen over the lustre of that beauty you used to prize so much! but it is a veil only! the light of heaven is still behind it!"

It was not until this day of emotion was quite over, and that both Mrs. Coningsby and Alice had given their hands to the kneeling obeisance of Lorenzo, with rather the welcome of kindred than of superiors, and the calming solitude of night had schooled every heart to the necessity of, at least, assuming tranquillity, that the

little circle at Morewick could fully feel the happiness of re-union. Before Louis quitted his chamber next morning, the usual domestic group were assembled in the breakfast-room. Mr. Athelstone, with pious gratitude, remarked to Mrs. Coningsby on the trying circumstances of his nephew's yet early life, and exulted in the integrity with which he had passed so fiery an ordeal.

"Yes," returned she; "but he has not escaped the marks!" and she shuddered while she wiped the starting tears from her eyes.

"The soldiers of our heavenly Captain," rejoined the pastor, with a meek sigh, "must struggle and conquer till the end; and then

comes the rest and their reward!"

"His discipline has been severe, indeed!" replied Mrs. Coningsby, with almost audible sobs; "but, altered as he is, never did I behold affliction so dignified. His eyes, in their brightest happi ness, never looked so lovely as last night, in the wordless anguish

"And yet, Catherine, you lament his bloom!"

"No, Mr. Athelstone, it is the cause of its loss that fills me with

regret."
"But I do," cried Alice; "I lament the loss of all that was my former Louis! his light, ethereal step,—his look of radiance—and in the loss of all gone gone!" his voice,—oh, its soul-entrancing gladness! all gone, gone!"

"Give him time, my child," returned the pastor; "the hand of recent sorrow is yet heavy on him. He must yield his tribute to nature. Suffer him now, and nature will reward us with an ample

restoration of all his delighting powers."

Louis's entrance checked the reply of Alice. And now he was welcomed to the dear domestic breakfast-table, with smiles instead of tears; which on the foregoing night, had lingered in every eye until the hour of retirement. During the repast, Mr. Athelstone made the conversation cheerful, by turning it on general subjects. and particularly enlarging on Sir Anthony's improved manner of life. He had thrown aside his old reprehensible habits. His former boon companions having given place to the best informed, and most liberal-minded country-gentlemen, resident near him, on their own well-managed estates.

Cornelia was now with him at Bath, whither he had been sent by his Northumbrian physicians. The gouty consequences of his preceding super-abundant hospitalities, to a set of men whose only use of Heaven's bestowed bounties was to abuse them, having in some measure led to the prescription; which he more gladly accepted, that he might give himself the innocent gratification of

showing his favourite niece a little of the general world!

While the pastor pursued this discourse, and Louis listened with evident pleased attention, Alice contemplated her cousin's face and figure; and wondered within herself, how she could have thought him so greatly altered. If any change had taken place in his figure, it unquestionably was to his advantage. A certain martial dignity was added to his former pliant grace. It was now a form where every god did seem to set his seal to shape the perfect man; before, it was that of a beautiful youth,—the dawn of this chequered but resplendent day! If this were the case, it must then be his black garments, which had at first struck her with some melancholy idea of a change in his person as well as face! She scanned that face with equal scrutiny. To her poetic fancy, his still matchless smile played under the soft moonlight of his now penive eyes, like the shadowed yet scintillating wave of her native tream. At the moment this romantic image crossed her mind, she lescried a spot of a deeper hue than the rest, and of the form and int of a faded leaf, upon his cheek.
"Dear Louis!" said she, pressing affectionately to his side,

'what mark is that? It was not there when you left us."

All her cousin's wonted bloom suffused that pale cheek, and obliterated the mark, while she uttered the question. It was the emains of the wound he had received there, in defending the life

of Don Ferdinand.

"Do not inquire of all things, sweet Alice!" returned he. But ie said it with an accent and a look so fraught with tenderness, hat Ferdinand immediately occurred to her mind, though she tnew not why; and casting down her eyes with a blush she again shought within herself-"How could I think that Louis was Itered?"

Elefore the expiration of a week, he had communicated to the diferent members of the little circle, all that respectively most incrested each. But it was only when alone with his revered uncle, that he laid open the entire history of all that had befallen him, it his father's calamities and his own; the undisguised confession of his trials, his disappointments, and the present unnatural torpor of his soul. "Not torpor, my child!" returned the pastor, "it is the rest of the troubled waters, after the subsiding of a rending storm. The spirit of a regenerated life broods over such stillness; and the day spring from on High is there."

"Oh, my uncle," replied Louis, "the elements of a rending chaos

have indeed been all around me! but your hallowed teaching will lead me into the ways of peace."

The minister, so meekly sought, with the full heart of a respondent feeling, was not long in obeying the sacredly impressive call: and, with the gentleness of affection, and the knowledge that knew when to probe and when to balm the yet bleeding wounds, he entered on all these discussions with wisdom and truth. He showed Louis how mistaken had been his cherished conceptions of human nature; how idolatrous had been his estimation of beings formed

of the same dust and ashes as himself.

"I told you this from the first, my child!" said he; "and though your lips accorded, your spirit would not believe. But it is the error of most of us. We garnish finite man with the perfections of the infinite God. We fall down and worship the image we have set up! We pray to it, we rest on it. But we soon find our trust is in a piece of clay. It has ears, and hears not; eyes, and sees not; and hands that cannot help! Yes, Louis, all earthly idols are little more than blocks of wood: they might have been staves to hold us on our way; but when elevated to shrines, we find them things of nought. Now, my son, if we view all that are born of women as erring creatures like ourselves, and accordingly love and assist, pardon and sustain them, we shall support, and be supported, through this travelling pilgrimage, till we at last lay down our heads in the grave, at peace with all mankind. But, on the reverse, when we look for perfection, and meet error, we are shocked; we resent and abhor; we do not forgive, we will not excuse; and they become our enemies from despair, whom the tender charities of a Christian spirit might have preserved as friends; and, in time, persuaded to the hope of unerring purity!"

Louis acknowledged the verity of these observations. He had erred under them all, excepting that of not knowing how to pardon; and there, his heart bore witness to itself that he could forgive the

hand that stabbed him.

"Yes, sir," replied he, "I know that in striving after Christian excellence, to bear and to forbear, is the duty of man on earth.

Perfect virtue will be his portion only in heaven."

"You sigh, my dear Louis," replied Mr. Athelstone, "while you acknowledge this! But so right a judgment at so early an age, it cheaply purchased by the sweet uses of adversity! I recolled observing to you, in the first letter I wrote to you after the begin ning of your misfortunes,—that, may be, you were only entering int a cloud which would shed forth a gentle shower to refresh you virtues—and the event has proved it."

"But not with gentle showers!" replied Louis, with a smi

of anguish.

"No, my child," answered the pastor; "but had you not required it, they would not have been so heavy."

"I believe it, sir!" replied Louis, rising from his chair: "I was proud, I was ambitious. The world reigned in my heart, when I thought it possessed by a better principle. I was ignorant of my own state, till I was made to see——. But we will speak no further on that!" cried he, interrupting himself. "It is over,—quite over;—buried deep, deep—beneath the walls of Tetuan!"

Louis had touched a string that made every chord in his heart vibrate, and he quitted the venerable presence, to recover composure in the recollections of solitude, at the feet of his Saviour!

# CHAPTER LXVI.

#### ATHELSTONE MANOR.

THE letters from Morewick which announced to Sir Anthony Athelstone, then at Bath, the return of his nephew, found the baronet just recovering from a sharp fit of the gout. He was seated in his great arm-chair, and Cornelia reading by his footstool, when the tidings were brought in. Under these circumstances, for either to set out on an immediate journey northward, was impossible. Sir Anthony wrote to Morewick, that his physicians would allow him to set forward in the course of a few days; when six horses should bring him with all speed to the banks of the Coquet. But this permission was not granted so soon as he expected; and when it was accorded, the hurrying circumstances attending rapid travelling became so hostile to his convalescent state, that, within a stage of his own place of Athelstone manor, he was seized with a relapse. Cornelia got him to the house, but no further; the gout had now made prisoners of both feet, and he was laid upon his couch, for perhaps a month to come, when she regretfully wrote to her beloved cousin to tell him of this prevention to their progress.

The anticipated answer to her information was not disappointed. Louis set out for Athelstone. His reception there was like that of the lost sheep being found, or the prodigal son returned from his hopeless wanderings. The fatted calf was killed, and all the costly apparel brought forth by the tenantry, to honour the re-appearance of their landlord's future heir. Sir Anthony fell on his neck; and the happy Cornelia, standing bright in her beauty, like the Palladian goddess her form and character resembled, looked on him with a sister's love beaming through her tears. Time flew in this dear domestic circle. Louis and Cornelia successively read and conversed, and amused the good-humoured invalid in every possible way. And, what was less agreeable to the cousins, the neighbouring gentry were curious to renew their acquaintance with the young and always animating De Montemar; but who was now returned amongst them a statesman and a soldier. Some enjoyed his society with the zest of highly intelligent minds; others gathered from his observations information and pleasure; while the rest listened, and questioned, and marvelled with an absurd wonder at such extraordinary knowledge in a man not yet four-and-twenty.

During this visit to Athelstone, which was lengthened beyond

the month, he received letters from Spain, from Martini and Ferdia nand. The former told him that he was still an unmolested occupier of the castle on the Guadalquivir. There was but one sentiment along its banks—lamentation for Ripperda; whom they still designated under the title of the Great Duke, while they accused the present ministry of Spain of having forced him into rebellion. His dying in the arms of the church was a sufficient propitiation in their eyes for his short defection. But that was not enough for their love; and masses were daily said throughout Andalusia, for the repose of his soul. "My father!" was the silent response of Louis to this—"sweet to my soul are these assurances of abiding love to thee, whether in thy body or for thine immortal spirit from the hearts of thine own peculiar people! and that I saw thee, with the eye of Christian faith, resign that chastened spirit into the bosom of thy Redeemer, is now the bliss of heaven bestowed on earth, on thy comforted son!"

Martini's duty of charity proceeded in a manner equally grateful to the son of Ripperda. General Clayton in Gibraltar, and the Montesa Prior in Barbary, continued zealous coadjutors in the good work; and many slaves were ransomed who had since arrived in Spain, full of thanksgiving to the hands which gave them freedom.

Ferdinand's letter was of a less agreeable complexion. An air of restraint pervaded its communications, which induced Louis to believe that his friend did not wish to let him see the whole hostility of the Spanish court against his father's fame, or his own hereditary claims on the country. Ferdinand also wrote of armaments by sea and land. This could no longer excite its former interest in the mind of his correspondent. He added, "there were great schisms in the Sanctum Sanctorum of the queen; but there was one head, acknowledged infallible by all parties, and that was Duke Wharton. He rode the government as Jupiter did his cloud; and in the same invisible manner shot his thunderbolts, everybody knowing whence the shaft came, but nobody daring to mention the name that launched it. However, he was lately gone to Paris, to meet the Electress of Bayaria."

"I would I might never read of him, nor hear of him again!" exclaimed Louis, while he turned to the succeeding pages, which spoke of the Marquis Santa Cruz's journey into Italy for the benefit

of Marcella's health.

"She has never recovered her close attendance on the two wounded cavaliers at Ceuta," continued Ferdinand. "The life of so worthless a being as I am may have been dearly purchased; but I will not say the same of my friend! However, Marcella will not own to this cause of her illness. She rather believes it to be a chastisement laid on her, for her long resistance to the wishes of my father, for her entire seclusion from the world. This idea has fastened on her with such saddening tokens of fading strength, and still more failing spirits, that she hardly passes a day without being found in tears; and then her petitions are renewed to both my father and mother to resume their wish, that she should quit a troubled world from which they had sought to separate her for ever, even in her infancy. 'Fix me under shelter of my kind aunt, in the Ursulines!" is all her cry; 'she is too pious to urge a vow

on my conscience. She knows my simple faith, and she will respect it. All I want of this world is, to see my beloved parents whenever they will please to so bless me, and to be allowed the sacred privacy of my own cell to pray for them, and for my brother, and for those dearest to him, as long as my earthly life may last!'

"My father," continued Ferdinand, "will not listen to a request now equally bereaving to himself as to her mother, until he may have tried the effect of change of climate, and the soothing influence of the bland air and scencry of the most romantic yet least frequented valleys of Italy. For Dr. Morta is of opinion, that her delicate frame and tender sensibility of mind to human sufferings, have been so over-wrought by the scenes of warfare she lately witnessed across the Straits, that her nerves had become the victims; and, therefore, to prevent their present prostration settling, perhaps, into some dangerous decline of the vital powers, he strongly recommends this journey as a safe and, he presages, a sure remedy

against the already incurred evil!"

Louis closed the letter at this passage. The delicate form of Marcella was then before him. She whose bloom of health he was too sensible had in part been sacrificed for him! He recalled her as she used to sit, evening after evening, by his apparently unobserving side, in that sad chamber of suffering at Ceuta. Why did her image haunt him, both on his pillow and often in his waking hours, with vague yearnings that they might meet again? Oh! why did his heart feel as if it had received another life-separating stroke, when he read in this letter it was now her own wish to seclude herself for ever in the convent of the Ursulines? His bosom's deepest grief whispered the solution to this mystery. While his once universally honoured father lived a persecuted and exasperated exile, seeking a revenge his hitherto noble nature would have abhorred, Louis could be conscious to no object which did not point to him; that absorbing interest gone, the repressed tender sympathies of his heart towards this sweet attraction, and he found that he loved Marcella, and with an exclusive attachment, an interweavement of his soul with hers he had never known before. His love for Countess Altheim had been a fever of imagination, excited by her marvellous beauty and spell-bound by her practised witcheries. Marcella was all truth, simplicity, and heaven's own spotless virtues; while he daily felt that all those gentle virtues were pouring their endearing charities on his afflicted head when he lay in his wounds and hopeless miseries at Ceuta. But now they were all developed by the one emotion Ferdinand's last communication had opened in his bosom; and he felt with wonder that this love, when almost unknown to himself, had most inexplicably dared, though aimlessly, to hope! But this letter extinguished that little light which had lain, like a hidden star, in the shadowed distance of his future life. He was now made sensible that the object of his tenderest yearnings had never been more to him, in her vestal heart, than a Sister of Mercy; that her compassionate eyes had never looked an unconscious, dearer language on his grateful sufferings, than the gentle Christian pity they had inspired. For she was now passing away from him and the whole world, and by her own desire, for ever!

"Then be it so!" said he, smiting his breast; "I deserve this new entire bereavement for my most extravagant presumption."

A few weeks after the receipt of these letters, Sir Anthony Athelstone became so completely recovered as to meditate the transfer of himself and family to Bamborough. Mr. Athelstone's little household had been some time removed to Lindisfarne; and the prospect of the whole party being re-united under the venerable roof, was impatiently anticipated by them all. But the baronet's being one in the domestic eircle at the pastorage was to be yet further postponed. King George the First had died in the beginning of the month. and Sir Anthony was suddenly summoned to town, by order of his successor, George the Second, to receive his majesty's commands respecting the eivil management of his northern counties. Other great landholders north of the Humber had received the same writ: and, without demur, the baronet set forward, with his nearest neighbour, to obey the summons of their new sovereign. Louis and Cornelia had their uncle's injunctions to proceed immediately to Bamborough; and either invite the family of the pastorage to be their guests till his return; or, if they preferred it, cross over the little strait, and take up their temporary abode at Lindisfarne.

It was a fine morning in the month of June when they set off from Athelstone Manor. Lorenzo, who would never lose sight of his master, rode by the side of the carriage. The cousins being together alone for so many hours, various subjects passed in review before them; and none of deeper interest than the mutual attach-

ment of Ferdinand and Alice.

"I wish," continued Cornelia, "that my sister could have pitied,

without loving him."

"But is it not natural to think that love may mingle with such pity?"

"Not always," replied she: "we must esteem, to love."

"And may we not esteem what we pity?" inquired Louis, the

secret of whose heart was prompting these questions.

"In some eases," returned Cornelia; "but surely not in Alice's when she first knew Don Ferdinand. And how she could fix her pure affections on one his father acknowledged to have been very blameworthy, has ever been a regretful astonishment to me."

"His melaneholy was contrition for his offences, Cornelia," replied her cousin; "and Alice, esteeming the principle, on your

own argument, loved him."

"It may be so!" replied her sister, with a smile; "but where

I to choose, it should be an unsullied tablet!"

Louis shook his head. "Then, my sweet cousin, you must go to heaven for it!"

Cornelia shook her head in return.

"You are an amiable sceptic, my Cornelia; and Heaven grant, time may not be the teacher to you it has been to me!"

"Louis," answered she, "will you not be offended, if I make a candid reply to that invocation?"

"Nothing that you would say ean offend me."

"Then," replied she, "had you not deserted your youthful standard of female perfection—" She paused, and feared to go on Louis completed the sentence.

"You would say, I should not have been disappointed in the Countess Altheim!" A heightened colour was on his cheek while he spoke.

"Forgive me!" cried his cousin. "I was indelicate, nay, cruel,

in making the reference."

"Not cruel," returned he; "for she is now no more to me than the recollection of a hideous dream. My imagination, not my heart, was the victim of her delusions."

"Ah, Louis!" cried Cornelia, "it was something like your infatuation for Duke Wharton. My uncle always called him a splendid mischief; and, happily, the writ of outlawry has banished him this country for ever. But you have long been convinced of his worthlessness; and I thank Heaven for your second escape from similar delusions!" Louis did not answer, but gratefully put his cousin's hand to his lip. She resumed. "Indeed, when you wrote of her to my uncle, and, under your best impressions too, dwelt so much on her beauty, and her preference for you, we could no way make ourselves esteem her, or believe her capable of making you finally happy. Dare I venture to go on, Louis?"

"Yes; you are a gentle physician!" replied he, with a forced smile; "and man's vanity needs a probe!"

"Now, the Lady Marcella!" continued Cornelia—Louis prevented himself from starting-"you wrote little of her, and you have said less; but it was always of her virtues; and though in such few words, we saw her fairer than the proud beauty of Vienna." Again Cornelia paused, and looked on her cousin, whose face was now bent on his hand. She rather hesitatingly proceeded. "We wished, and thought, that, had it not been for the vow anticipated by Ferdinand, you might have found her nearer to your first ideas of female excellence, and repaid her goodness to you with your love.'

Louis did not speak, but still kept his head in its reclining position. She saw the struggle of a suppressed sigh, which would have been a sufficient response; and, grieved at the pain she had unconsciously

excited, she tenderly pressed his hand.

"Louis," said she, in a tremulous voice, "could I have conjectured this—. But I begin to think I have been very inconsiderate, even unwomanly!" and tears sprung to her eyes while she spoke.

"Not so," replied he; "you have all of woman's softness, without its weakness. And, that I may emulate you, my Cornelia, there are

some subjects I would rather avoid."

Cornelia did not answer this, nor ask another question; his emotion had answered for him. And, turning to the other side of the carriage, she affected to gaze out of the window; but it was to allow her tears to flow unnoticed down her cheeks. Though she had never known the passion, she pitied its struggles: she loved the sufferer, dear as a brother; and, at that moment, would have surrendered her own blameless life, if, by that means she could have purchased the happiness of Lawis with the angelic Marcella.

### CHAPTER LXVII.

#### WANSBECK MOOR.

DURING these conferences the day gradually declined into red billowy clouds, till the whole heavens were overcast, and the pregnant vapour hung on every hill. A chill, unnatural to the season of the year, pervaded the air; while at times a steam of sulphure. ous vapour descended from the sky, and rendered the atmosphere hot to suffocation. It was profoundly dark, though the hour could not be much beyond the time of twilight; but the violence of all the seasons seemed accumulated in this tremendous storm. Thunder and lightning, sleet and rain, and furious hurricanes of wind. menaced the travellers in every blast. The postillions lost their way, sometimes plunging into plashes of water, at other times struggling in a morass, but at every step encountering some new obstacles and some new danger. Louis became alarmed for the health as well as for the immediate personal safety of his cousin. It appeared to him she could hardly escape some dangerous cold. for. owing to the frequent jeopardy of the carriage, in the difficult and pathless road, he let the windows down for fear of the glass injuring her, in case of an overturn. He drew up the blinds in their stead; but, from their construction, little of the outward weather could be excluded, and the whole weight of the storm drove in upon her, till she was wet through. He had covered her with his coat; but all could not shield her from the deluge, and the piercing blasts of that furious night. She shivered, and shrunk close into the corner of the carriage, in spite of her resolution not to distress her already too anxious companion, by showing herself affected by what was hopeless of remedy, till the morning light might show them where they were. In the midst of this compulsory resignation, the carriage made a violent rebound, and stuck fast in a mudbank behind, while the horses plunged and reared with such strength, as to threaten its instant overturn in the morass. Lorenzo dismounted, and, throwing open the door, Louis leaped out, and taking Cornelia in his arms, who was almost fainting from exhaustion, he carried her out of the reach of the wheels and refractory horses. One of the servants approached him at the moment, and told him the accident had been occasioned by the breast of one of the leaders striking against the angle of a stone hovel. "It was a miserable, uninhabited shed; but would give shelter to Miss Coningsby, till they could see what might be done to release the carriage.

Revived at hearing of any refuge from the elements, Cornelia exerted herself to obey the suggestions of the servant; and Louis, equally glad of so providential a shelter, supported her tottering steps through the splashy ground. The hovel appeared of considerable extent, from the length of wall they had to grope along before they reached the entrance, for door it had none. Louis bent under the low rafter, and, leading Cornelia in, found his way obstructed by heaps of dried turf. On one of these heaps she proposed seating herself, till her cousin had inquired after the injury

of the horse, and given his judgment on what was best to be done for the extrication of their vehicle. Louis knew her too well to fear that solitude and darkness could create any alarm in her mind, and having seen her harassed spirits a little revived by the comparative security of the place, he had just consented to quit her for a short time, when Lorenzo re-entered, with a glimmering lamp which he had rescued from the carriage. All the others had been extinguished in succession by the storm, and this was following their fate, when the prompt Italian seized it from its hook, and brought it in to light a few turfs to warm Cornelia. She took it; and, dismissing her cousin and Lorenzo to their exertions without, with her own unpractised hands she gathered some of the moor fuel into a distant corner from the rest, and soon spread a cheering glow through the dreary habitation. Lorenzo ran in with a flask of oil from one of the postillion's pockets, and replenished her lamp; he told her the wounded horse had been loosened from the harness, and

Louis was then examining the injury.

While the group without were attempting to raise the carriage from the bog, Cornelia sat anxiously attending to their alternate voices of hope, and the disappointing replunges of the vehicle into the treacherous soil. In the midst of this solicitude, she thought she heard sounds of another import; and, listening, found they were repeated low and heavily, as from some person in a dying extremity. She turned her head in the direction whence they came, and, whilst she held her breath, to hear more distinctly, the moans became louder, and drew her eye to a narrow doorway, in the side of an intermediate mud wall, at some distance from where she sat. Without once considering that there might be danger to herself in exposing herself alone to the human being or beings she might find there, she thought only of succouring distress, and, taking up her lamp, made her way over the scattered turf, to the miserable, halfshut door. It let her into a part of the hovel even more dismal than the one she had left, for here was the confusion and stench of old worm-eaten sheepskins, broken tar-tubs, and iron implements of the shepherd's life, lying about in rust and disorder. In the middle of the apartment, a heap of something dark seemed spread on the floor, and from that wretched bed the moans proceeded. Probably the poor tenant of this lonely sheepcot lay perishing there by the toil of his occupation, without the support of necessary nourishment, or the comfort of a companion, to soothe him in the last moments of over-tasked nature. She stepped gently towards the object of her pity. While she drew near, she saw the bcd was a heap of these mouldering fleeces, half covered with a cloak, on which lay the suffering person. Cornelia leaned over it, and, holding the lamp so as to distinguish what was beneath, beheld, not the squalid shape of poverty and comfortless old age, but a man in the garb of a gentleman. His dress was disordered, and clotted with the slime of the morass, but his figure, the contour of which she thought she had never seen equalled, needed no embellishment to show its consummate elegance, though now motionless in the stupor of approaching death.

Cornelia's astonishment was not so great as to supersede the active

exercise of the benevolence which had brought her to his side. She bent down, and placing the lamp on the ground with her trembling hands, attempted to turn the face of the dying person from the stifling wool in which it was now sunk. When she had accomplished what she wished, her pitying admiration was not less attracted to that face, than it had been to the figure of the unhappy sufferer. It was as pale and motionless as marble; and as perfect in every line of manly lineament, as the finest statue that ever lay under the chisel of the sculptor. But too true a groan of outraged humanity, broke the fixture of those commanding lips. It was that of acute pain: and she took up the lamp, to see if she could find its immediate cause. She then saw that the clothes on his breast were stiff with blood. She put her hand upon that part of his linen where the blood-stain was the widest, and in the act felt a gaping wound. He shrunk under the touch, and convulsively opened his eyes. They were shut as suddenly, and, in a low voice, he hardly articulated—"Where am I?"

"In a wretched place," replied Cornelia; "but with those who only wait the morning light to bear you to one of comfort."

On the first sounds of her voice, the sufferer appeared to struggle to bear the light with his eyes, but it was beyond their power. He tried to speak-"If I live -" said he. But a sudden agony rushing through his frame arrested other words; and, turning his face again upon the dark pillow, Cornelia thought that moment was his last.

She clasped her hands in the speechless sympathy of human nature. Had she then been brought through the horrors of the still raging tempest at that dismal hour of night to this lonely hovel to close the eyes of a forlorn stranger?—to perform the last offices to the beloved son or husband of some tender mother or doating wife who must "long look for him who never could return!"

'Louis. Louis!" cried she, in accents of pity and dismay. Louis heard the cry, and the tone struck him with an alarm that instantly brought him into the hovel. Lorenzo followed his master, and both rushed through the chamber, in which she was not to be found, into the one whence the light gleamed. She pointed, without being able to speak, to the heap on the floor. Seeing her agitated state, Louis flew to support her. Lorenzo stepped towards the wretched bed, and the rays of the lamp resting upon the marks of blood, he

started back, and exclaimed, "Santa Maria! A murdered man!" Cornelia gasped at this enunciation of actual death; and Louis, while he held her faster to his heart, instinctively moved towards the terrific object. Her feet readily obeyed the humane impulse of his; and, sinking on her knees by the side of the motionless stranger, she ventured to put her hand on his, expecting to feel the chill of death. "He is warm!" cried she, looking up in the face of her cousin. He had caught a glimpse of the figure as it lay, and she saw him pale and trembling. Lorenzo stooped to raise the dying man: but Louis suddenly pushed his servant aside, and for a moment hung over the bed. He bent to the head that was again smothered up in the wool; and touching it with a suspense of soul he had only felt once before, he turned that lifeless face upwards.

"Almighty Father!" exclaimed he, while, recoiling from the bed, he hid his face in his hands, "to what am I reserved?"

Cornelia did not move from her position; but her eyes were now fixed on her cousin. The emotions of his mind shook his frame to convulsion, though he gave no second utterance to his thoughts.

"Who was it, then, whose deathful face now lay on her arm?" She had seen by her cousin's countenance on the first view of the sufferer that he knew him; and she now contemplated the silent agonies of a more than common grief! Her hand instinctively moved to the heart of the stranger. "Lorenzo," said she, in a low voice, as if alike afraid to wake the dead or to disturb the living, "feel! surely there is a pulse!"

Lorenzo obeyed, but not so gently as her tender touch; the sufferer started in Cornelia's arms, and murmured a few inarticulate sounds. Louis heard them like a voice from the dead, and, spring-

ing forward, was again at his side.

"He lives, Cornelia!" cried he. "We must search his wounds:

he may yet be saved!"

"Who is he?" asked Cornelia, in a tone that echoed the deep

interest of his own.

"My friend!" answered Louis. But he checked himself from saying more, for his heart smote him with the true response, "My

bitterest enemy!"

Heavy groans succeeded the few half-uttered sounds from the lips of Wharton. It was he that Louis recognised in this lone abode of murder! It was the blood his boiling vengeance had once wished to shed which now stained the ground around! Louis shuddered. Again he stooped to the sufferer, and finding that while he and Lorenzo attempted to raise him the symptom of pain seemed most acute when they pressed on his left shoulder, Louis concluded that on that spot was the principal injury. Though Wharton appeared sensible to bodily anguish, his other faculties were too confused to have any perception of what was now passing around him. On examining further, which his anxious attendant did with the tenderest care, they found his shoulder dislocated, and a frightful wound in his breast, made by some jagged instrument. The blood was stanched over it by the cold of the night. Louis had no sooner removed the stiffened linen, and a broad blue riband, part of which had been stabbed into the wound, than the blood began to flow afresh. Cornelia trembled while the pure crimson trickled over the hand of her cousin. He shuddered also, but it was from a different reflection. She gave him a handkerchief from her nock to well up what she feared might be the last sluice of life. The heart's surgery was then in the hands of Louis; and by the time he had bound up the wound, and composed the shoulder, so as to produce the least possible pain until he could reach proper assistance, a servant came in from without to say the carriage was brought into a tolerable state for proceeding. One of the outriders had found his way back with tidings of a secure track. Another had brought a herdsman, whom he had engaged to guide the carriage over the waste into the direct northern road. On inquiry of this man, Louis found they were now in the midst of Wansbeck Moor, a terrible wilderness of bituminous slime, exhausted coal-pits, and pasture land so marshy as to be poison rather than aliment to the

poor cattle grazing on its treacherous surface.

When all was prepared in the large family coach, which had brought them from Athelstone, the wounded duke was carried into it, between Louis and Lorenzo. None knew who he was but the bleeding heart of him who had once been his friend. At the unavoidable changes of position, his sufferings became so grievous that every sound went to the soul of Cornelia; she now felt both for the invalid and her cousin, whose interest in this unknown's recovery she saw, not in words, but in the pale cheek and searching eye with which he composed everything that could yield the sufferer ease. In her conversation with Louis concerning Germany and Spain, she had heard him speak of estimable persons belonging to both countries; but who of them all was now before her she could form no conjecture; for though he spoke of several with considerable regard, yet he had not given her to understand that he had conceived a friendship for any one of them so exclusive as that which was now manifested in his silent, but ceaseless attentions to the noble stranger. That he was noble was apparent to her from the riband of some order which had hung on his breast under his linen. A badge was suspended to it, which she had observed Louis conceal the moment he had extricated the riband.

The travellers were now in the carriage, and the rain having ceased, the wind that remained did the service of dispersing the clouds, so that the moon sometimes appeared, and Louis began to hope they might reach Morewick by sunrise. The dell in the moor, from which they had started, was not more than three hours journey to Warkworth, and he gave orders that, in passing through it, a surgeon should be called up to follow the carriage to Morewick. While they journeyed forward with the stranger's head in the lap of Cornelia, and Louis supporting the fractured shoulderon his knees, her cousin told her, in a suppressed tone, that it was necessary for a time the invalid should remain in ignorance that he was at Morewick Hall, and who were his present attendants. "Therefore," continued Louis, "your Christian charity must take charge of his comforts; and, as you love my peace, neither ask his

name, nor let him hear that of Louis De Montemar!"

"Not ask his name!" repeated Cornelia, looking down upon the leathly face on her lap; "what has he done to be ashamed of it?"

Louis turned almost of the same ashy hue. "Do men never seek concealment but from infamy?"

"I would not think so ill of any man you could love," replied she; "and certainly not of this, for here the finger of Heaven seems

to have written true nobleness."

"Cornelia," returned Louis, "when we obey the commands of Him who told of the Samaritan binding up the wounds of the stranger, and bade us do likewise, he did not say, Inquire of his virtues first; but, See his misery and relieve it!"

There was an air of reproof in this remark, a something of grave rebuke that Cornelia could not understand: and, instead of its raising doubts in her mind relative to the character of the stranger, she cast down her eyes in silence to conjecture what she had done

to merit such unusual harshness from the unerring candour of her cousin. But what would she have felt could she have been told at that moment, that the object of Louis's distracted thoughts and of her own then unqualified pity and admiration, was the delusive, the treacherous, the outlawed Duke Wharton!

### CHAPTER LXVIII.

#### MOREWICK HALL.

On the travellers' arrival at Morewick, the orders of its present temporary master were strictly obeyed. Duke Wharton was laid in an airy, but remote chamber; and a surgeon, with every proper assistant, in attendance day and night. The duke's shoulder was set, and his wound probed. A fever came on; and, for some time, he remained in a strange dreamy sort of torpidity, which threatened his wound with mortification. But no watching, nor hopelessness, could weary the cares of Cornelia. Louis also hovered near; and the medicines passed through his hand to that of Cornelia, when the burning lip of Wharton turned from all other persuasions. As the fever gained ground, his delirium became absolute. Yet it was never violent, but uttered in low and half-articulated murmurs; he often muttered the names of De Montemar and Ripperda. When she first heard the latter, her eye instinctively turned upon her cousin; and such an expression of horror was then in his countenance, that, struck with a nameless terror, she started from her chair. Louis rose, and guitted the room; and he did not return any more that day.

The next morning brought intelligence that amazed and bewildered him: a letter from Santa Cruz, dated Harwich; and that the marchioness and Marcella were with him! Louis felt a sudden rush of joy overpower his heart. The only breast on which he would have wished to lay that wearied heart, and there find balm and rest from all his sorrows, was no longer divided from

him by lands and seas! Marcella was in England.

"Yes!" cried he, "she alone could renew the charm of life to me! But the vow of separation is in her bosom; and there, too, I am to meet a bourne I may not pass."

On reading the marquis's letter with more composed attention, he found this voyage to England was chiefly on a diplomatic matter; and, until that was accomplished by an interview with the Spanish ambassador in London, Santa Cruz could not, in his own person, proceed to Lindisfsane, the object of his family's visit to the British Isle. Marcella's delicate state of health had been aittle improyed, rather the reverse, by her recent tour through ertain parts of Italy and Germany, as had been recommended to ner. Her general languor had sadly increased, but her despondent ather added, in comforted language, "that being suddenly apprised of this mission to England, he had gladly accepted it, as a lirect means from a gracious Providence to bring his beloved child to the salubrious efficacy of a bracing climate; and to the affectionate greetings of almost kindred friends." But he wrote that the atigues of the voyage, from one of the German ports to Harwich,

had so broken down the little strength of Marcella, the marchioner would not attempt stirring her from thence, until some small renew: might warrant the trial. And, in eonsequence, the marquis muremain with them, even a prisoner from his duty, until Lou should arrive to assist Ferdinand in the eare and journey of h

mother and sister to the hospitable roof of Lindisfarne.

On Louis turning to the date of this letter, he found it had bee written several days, and must have been unduly delayed in it progress. No time, therefore, was to be lost in welcoming his best friends, the friends of his father's memory! to the land which, h trusted, was now to be his own unostentatious home; the home his birthbound duties! He despatched a messenger to his uncle a Lindisfarne, to prepare him for the arrival of the illustriou Spaniards: but before he communicated to Cornelia the necessit for his temporary absence, he sent for the duke's surgeon. Tha gentleman answered his agitated inquiries with more truth that sympathy.

"Sir," said he, "if a material change do not take place in the course of eight and forty hours, in that time he must breath

"Then I dare not hope to see him alive should I be absent three

days.

"I fear not," replied the surgeon.

Louis left the room. He passed along the silent galleries, for i was now a very late hour, to the chamber of his friend. "Whar ton!" cried he, in a low subdued voice, while he stood alone by the side of the duke's couch, and gazed, he thought, for the last time on his face, "is it thus we are to part?" He took the inanimate hand; and, wringing it between his, held it for a long time in the agony of his mind.

"O blighted affection! Tenderness, mourning that man is frail! Here stand, and feel that thine is the cankerworm that eats

into the heart!"

The unconscious violence, with which Louis clasped the hand of him he once loved and trusted, roused the dormant faculties of Wharton to some perception. His eye opened; but it turned vaeantly, and without recognition, on the anguished face of his

friend; and, heavily sighing, he fell back on the pillow. "Here, vanity of man and pride of intellect, behold thyself?" cried the inward soul of Louis, smiting his breast. "Here is all that woman ever admired, or man envied! all that betrayed him to dishonour! all that bound me to deplore him, and to love him to the end! Wharton, -farewell!" Louis could not utter a dearer appellative than the low breathing of that ever beloved name; and with a death chill at his heart he pressed the wconscious hand to his lips, and left the room.

Cornelia met him in the anteehamber. She observed his extraordinary agitation; and, without a preface, which he had not me ficient self-command even to attempt, he informed her of his summons to the south-east coast, and of the probable event before

 ${f h}$ is return.

"Cornelia," said he, "to what a seene may I leave you! But should the last extremity come,—should he then be sensible, and he chance to name me,—tell him under whose roof he dies, and he will then know he may die in peace!"

"Louis," returned she, "you do indeed leave me to an awful task! I cannot regard one you appear to love so much with a

common eompassion. Trust me, and tell me who he is!"

"I dare not.—For his life, short as it may be, I dare not," repeated Louis. "Too soon may it be revealed, and then you will respect my reasons. And for his knowledge of where he is, only in the ease of his naming me with the anguish that is now wringing my heart for him,—only, in that case, say, his last friend was Louis de Montemar!"

"Your emotions are terrible!" cried Cornelia, clinging to her cousin's arm. "What do you leave me to suppose by such inscrutable mystery? Oh, Louis, except when speaking of your father, I

never saw you shaken thus!"

"For my sake, Cornelia!" replied he, "inquire no further. Should he be no more preserve the sacred remains till I return, they, at least, shall sleep in peace. There is no enmity in the grave."

At the dawn of the morning which succeeded Louis's departure for Harwieh, the duke awoke to a perfect perception of his state, his wounds, and his danger. He remembered every event which had brought him into that perilous condition: his secret missions from the Kings of Spain and of France to examine into the aptness of the public mind in Scotland, and in the border counties of England, to receive a foreign army headed by the exiled prince. To do this unsuspected, and to avoid the forfeiture of his head, should he be found in England after his attainder, he had disguised himself at Hamburgh as a Baltic merehant, and there engaged two resolute men of the coast to be his servants. He came southward, and had not proceeded far when his first day's journey was terminated by the rough preludes of severe weather. He recollected being thrown from his horse in the darkness of Wansbeck Fells; also, that the aeeident had dislocated his shoulder, and that his two servants had taken him into a hovel by the roadside. In attempting to set the dislocated limb, which he had also directed them to do, their awkwardness had oeeasioned him so much pain, that he fainted under the unsuecessful operation. He remembered that when he recovered from his swoon, which he did with an extraordinary siekness at the heart, he had put his hand to his side, where the peculiar sensation was, and drew it back covered with blood. No answer being returned to his immediate call upon those servants, this silence, uninterrupted by anything but the raging storm without, confirmed his suspicions that the villains had given him his death-wound, and were fled with their booty. He, however, thrust the linen of his shirt into the wound, and had lain half dead with pain and exhaustion, till all became lost in insensibility. From that hour he knew nothing, till he now opened his eyes and looked around. He found himself on a comfortable bed, instead of the wretehed litter on which he had believed himself left to perish! he must therefore be in the hands of some benevolent person!—but how brought, or where resident, he could not guess. At this moment of eonjecture Cornelia heard him move, and gently put aside the curtain. Her eyes met the surprised fixture of his.

But it was no longer with the glare of fever, with the wild flashes of delirium; the light of recovered reason was there, and the inquiring gaze of gratitude. Even her self-controlled spirit trembled before the resistless influence; and, with a failing voice, she answered his respectful inquiry of where he was?

"Under the roof of a gentleman, my kinsman."

Wharton considered for a moment.—"His name, lady?"

"Your present critical state," replied she, "does not permit me

to answer that question."

An immediate supposition that he was a prisoner shot through the mind of the duke. "I am, then, in the house of an enemy!" cried he, starting on his arm; and your benevolence, madam, would spare me the truth?"

"No," answered Cornelia, astonished at the supposition, "he is your friend—your anxious friend. And, while he enjoined me not to mention his name in your hearing, he likewise refused me, and all in this house, the knowledge of yours."

"That is sufficient!" replied Wharton.

"Madam, whoever your friend may be, this caution does indeed manifest him to be mine. I am without guess on the subject, nor will I seek to penetrate what he wishes to conceal. But you may answer me how I came under this generous care!"

Cornelia briefly related (though without betraying whence she

came, or whither she was going,) the events of the moor.

"Then I am still in Northumberland?" replied Wharton. He paused, and added, "There are some names in this country I would inquire after, but—" and he paused again, "it is better I should

not. My last hours shall not injure any man."

Cornelia, seeing by the sudden lividness which overspread his so lately reanimated countenance, that some unhappy change was recurring, rose from her chair, and summoned his medical assistants. They were closed up for nearly an hour with their patient. At the door of the ante-room Cornelia met them; and, with a dawning hope in her heart, to which his recovery to reason had given birth, she hastily inquired their opinion of the invalid.

"That he may last till to-morrow morning, but not beyond it,"

replied the superior surgeon.

She heard no more, though his colleague spoke also, giving their various reasons for this judgment. She stood benumbed; but showed no other sign of the blow on her heart, while, bowing their heads, the party left her. She then walked steadily to her own chamber, and there, throwing herself on her knees before Heaven, petitioned for its mercy, to heal so prized a friend of her beloved cousin. "Thy hand alone!" cried she, "and on that alone I now confide!" She was soon after summoned to the side of the dying stranger. He had requested the use of pen and ink, and that the lady he had seen would allow him to see her once more. Cornelia took what he required, and hastened to his apartment.

He was propped in the bed by the attentive hands of Lorenzo, who remained, by the invalid's directions, after the entrance of Cornelia. The paleness of watching and anxiety was in her face;

the flush of pain, mental and bodily, on Wharton's.

"Noble lady," said he, "your physicians are honest men. They have told me my hours are numbered; that I have but a short time in which to express my thanks to your humanity; and to make up my accounts with the world. Will you indulge me with the means?" He stretched his hands towards the writing materials.

Cornelia's sight seemed leaving her, but she gave him the pen, and moved to withdraw. He had begun to write; but at her motion he looked up, and entreated her, as well as Lorenzo, to remain, to bear witness that the papers he was writing were penned by his own hand. She retook her place, and soon found her presence necessary; for he was often faint under his task. He took restoratives from her hand, but, in spite of all her persuasions to the contrary, always recommenced it. As he closed one packet to begin another, she laid her hand upon his arm. "For the sake of Heaven, desist!" cried she; "this perseverance is suicide."

"No," replied he; "there is but one man in the world who could act by me as your kinsman has done. And this deed is my last

duty to him, and to myself."

Cornelia said no more; but submitted, with an awed awaiting

of the conclusion.

By the duke's orders, Lorenzo sealed the first packet, and resurned it into his hand. No one saw how he directed it. The second packet was then sealed and superscribed, and both were put nto one cover. That was also sealed, and, when directed by the luke's hand, he put it into that of Cornelia. She glanced upon the superscription.

"To my benefactress. But not to be opened till the writer is no

more."

She read the words, and, without the power of checking her emoion, burst into tears. The burning hand, which gratefully pressed iers, while relinquishing the packet, would then be cold and moionless, when she should break that seal! Human nature, pity, idmiration, all struck at once upon her heart, and she trembled, Ilmost to sinking. The duke observed her agitation, and made a ign to Lorenzo to withdraw. Both his hands now clasped hers, as with his dying eyes he gazed on her.

"Lady," said he, "when you open that packet, you will know, that he whom you now honour with your pity, was a being to be condemned; but he trusts to be pardoned also! I am a man, and Ferred; but I am a Christian, and have contrition. When you "now me, remember me with one of those tears, and my conscious

oul will disdain the world's persisted obloquy!"

Cornelia wept the more at these words; but she strove to speak, and to gently extricate her hand from a grasp which already seemed

"You will tell De Montemar," cried he, naming him in that mo-ent of mortal fainting, and forgetting his caution;—"you will ll him-" he paused and struggled for a few seconds-then pasping, relinquished the hand he held, and fell back upon his pillow. \*Cornelia saw and heard no more. When she recovered she found prself in another room, and supported by her uncle of Lindisfarne. "Your fears are premature, my dear child," cried the venerable

man; "Lorenzo has just been in, to tell me your invalid guest i now recovered from the swoon in which you left him; and that the surgeons are in his chamber."

"Heaven has brought you here, my revered uncle!" cried she

"you will see him?"
"For that purpose," replied Mr. Athelstone, "I came."

Indeed, as soon as he had received Louis's few lines, imparting his indispensable absence, and obligation to leave Cornelia to take charge of a wounded traveller; the good pastor judged that, who ever this nameless person might be, and for whatever reasons his reception at Morewick was to be generally concealed, it was the duty of its master not to allow his niece to be with servants alone in the distressing scene, which the agitated letter of his nephew confessed might be anticipated during his absence. Notwithstand. ing all Louis's caution, in his communications respecting this object of his pity, Mr. Athelstone drew his own conclusions, that there was more unexplained than the common mystery of a foreigner wishing to travel incognito. He was convinced that danger, to one party at least, hung over the discovery; and in his guesses he was not very remote from the truth. The more his suspicions gained ground, from reflecting on the style of his nephew's letter, the more he saw the propriety of acting in defiance of Louis's positive request, "that he would allow none of the Lindisfarne family to interrupt the charitable duties of Cornelia." The earnestness of this injunction confirmed Mr. Athelstone in his idea that peril must be attached to the entertainer of this mysterious personage; and, resolving to protect his nephew and his niece in the possible dilemma into which humanity on one side, and romantic generosity on the other, might involve their safeties, he ordered a post-chaise to await them on the opposite shore. Without imparting any of these reflections or motives to Mrs. Coningsby he left his directions with her and Alice to prepare every comfort for the expected reception of the marchioness and her daughter. Busy in the hospitable bustle of such arrangements, the happy mother and her favourite child saw Mr. Athelstone depart to rejoin Cornelia, without a suspicion of the nature of his errand. He alighted in the hall at Morewick at the very moment Lorenzo had found Miss Coningsby lying insensible in the room of the stranger. She was brought into the next chamber and delivered into the arms of her uncle, while Lorenzo recalled the medical assistants to his master's friend; and he communicated the result, as soon as the duke breathed, to the benevolent inquiries of the pastor. When Cornelia had sufficiently recovered from her swoon to speak with composure, she related, with brief eloquence, all that had passed between herself, her cousin, and the dying stranger.

Mr. Athelstone listened attentively to all she had to say, and to conjecture, about the object of their discourse. She always distinguished him by the approving and pitying appellation of the noble sufferer; and the penetration of her uncle soon discovered,

that his nicce was no longer an impartial speaker.
"Cornelia," replied he, "I perceive you have no guess of who
this noble sufferer may be."

"None. my uncle."

"But I have. I recognise him in every word you have uttered, except his repentance; and that may be yet the salutation of Iscariot!"

"My uncle! what do you mean?"

"I mean to speak of one," returned the pastor, "whose heart was lifted up because of his beauty; and he corrupted his wisdom by reason of his brightness; and where we should have found light there was darkness, and the mouth of the grave!"

Cornelia sunk into a seat. "Sir," cried she, "you terrify me with an unutterable apprehension! If he be what you suppose, you are a Christian minister! go to him in this last hour and save him, if it be possible, from the death whence there is no recal!"

Her hands were clasped over her face, while she pronounced the last words. Lorenzo at the same moment appeared at the door;

and, beckoning Mr. Athelstone, the pious man left the room.

# CHAPTER LXIX.

## SANTA CRUZ AND HIS FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

On the evening of the second day after his departure from Morewick, Louis found himself clasped to the veteran bosom of Santa Cruz, ardently embraced by Ferdinand, and caressed with maternal fondness by the enraptured marchioness.

"We are come to live amongst you for a long time," cried she, "to seek those blessings at Lindisfarne for my beloved Marcella,

which her brother found so abundantly."

Louis assured her of the happiness such an intention would bring to his family; and he soon read in the looks of Ferdinand that it was as a privileged lover he was now returning to the feet of Alice. The present grief which Louis had in the depths of his heart he hid there, and smiled his congratulations to the animated eyes of his

"Our Marcella," said the marquis, "is suffering under sorrow as well as sickness. During the progress of our German travels (for Italy was found debilitating to her strength) she became too fatigued to proceed further than the banks of the Rhine, near Frankfort, where we had halted for a few days in our way to Berlin, which city some diplomatic instructions from Madrid had commissioned me to visit. I left her under the care of her anxious mother, and my sister the abbess of the Ursulines, who had ever religiously devoted herself to share our travelling solicitudes for the health of our beloved child. But, alas! on my return from my short mission, I found that I had lost my inestimable sister by a sudden death, and that my daughter, from the shock, was reduced to the brink of the grave!"

"But she is now out of danger!" rejoined the marchioness, comprehending the unuttered expression in the eyes of their young

friend.

She had read his heart in the little hurried paragraph he had written to her son, in answer to the letter in which Ferdinand had communicated Marcella's changed wishes with regard to a monastic life. For in that brief paragraph, without being aware of the clearness with which his words unfolded his own feelings, he wrote as follows:—"I begin to think that my probationary conflicts, instead of confirming my spirit, have, in some cases at least, a contrary effect. I felt so much in reading your sister's wish to bury herself from all she has hitherto blessed with her virtues, that I wish I could for ever be kept in ignorance of the time when she is really professed. At least, Ferdinand, do you refrain from telling it to me,

and I shall not dread to open your letters."

Ferdinand had showed these few agitated lines to his mother. The lamp in his own soul had discovered sleeping love in every unconscious word. The marchioness then disclosed to her son that she had observed a similar powerful impression which De Montemar had made on her daughter's recollection of him, from the time of her first witnessing his extraordinary filial devotion in the Val del Uzeda. From that hour her distaste, as well as her religious scruples, had become more adverse to the monastic vow. But when her awakened sensibility comprehended the feelings of her brother. though unconscious of the new emotion within her, it pleaded his cause even against her own heart; and she became willing to sacrifice herself for his happiness. In Barbary, as in Spain, she found nothing but what increased her admiration, even to reverence, of the devoted son of the misled Duke de Ripperda. And, being so devoted a son, it never crossed the pure heaven of her mind that any idea of her but as a Sister of Mercy, could occur to his heart. She also thought of him as a "Brother so appointed!" And that his remembrance would be as innoxious to her peace, after they were separated perhaps for ever in this world, as was the memory of the lovely characters she had read of, now in their graves; but to whose never again dying society, "amongst the just made perfect," she looked to be one of her sweetest enjoyments. Thus had the sainted spirit of the meek daughter of Santa Cruz believed itself entirely weaned from any thought connected with this world. But she had in this one point deceived herself. She saw Louis de Montemar indeed no more, but his image was ever before her—his words, his looks, his actions! and finding the secret of her soul, by its anguish fastened on her by an inexplicable dread of having fallen into some presumptuous offence against Heaven, she pined in silent contrition and self-abasement. Meanwhile her tender mother, little suspecting this imaginative painful addition to the melancholy abstraction she lately had observed in her otherwise screnely pensive child, whenever the name of De Montemar was mentioned in her presence, she yet had penetrated deep enough into the nature of these closely concealed feelings, to weep alone in equal silence over a preference now doubly without hope of other fate, than sinking her the quicker to her too evidently opening grave.

Ferdinand had not been unmarking of much of this mute distress in his mother; and, respectfully hinting his own anxiety on its possible object, on the very day he received Louis's perturbed inquiry respecting his sister's now self-wished monastic seclusion, he laid that letter before the marchioness; and when her eyes fell on the paragraph that expressed its sorrowing writer's consequent yet greater sense of desolation, she became convinced that the attachment was mutual. Ferdinand, with an ardent interest, and now sanguinely awakened trust in the ultimate united happiness

of such a friend and such a sister, entered into all his mother's proposed immediate but strictly cautious movements, towards producing some knowledge in the breasts of these hitherto devoted vietims to filial piety, of this their surely heaven-guided reciprocating sentiment towards each other.

"Oh, my son!" remarked the comforted yet awe-struck mother, "what blessings to us all may rest upon it! But you at present must be quiescent to De Montemar. Our Marcella's feminine deli-

cacy must be preserved as we would her life."

"Trust me, my mother," was Ferdinand's reply. That same evening, being alone with her daughter, without appearing to design any peculiar communication to her, she read the letter of Louis aloud, dwelling with particular emphasis on the comprehensive sentence. Marcella listened as if transfixed by a shaft. She durst not receive its import; she feared there would be crime in even wishing it real, although her abbess-aunt had put a decisive negative on her monastic intentions, by telling her there would be positive guilt in becoming a Catholic nun with her religious reservations.

"Not a nun!" she murmured to herself; "but I have never considered myself to have any connexion with the world; and I feel as if I had sinned in the very wish! Death may soon give me a cell,

against which there is no exclusion."

"My child," said her mother, tenderly drawing near her, "what do you think of De Montemar's animated gratitude in these touching sentiments?"

"That it is gratitude!" replied Marcella, with a languid smile; and I am obliged to him for his anticipating pity. He is good

and kind in all he does!"

"And do you see no more than gratitude and compassion here?" asked the marchioness, re-reading the passage. "Were I to speak what I think, this matchless man loves you dearer than a brother!"

These words from the lips of her mother were more than Marcella could bear; she trembled, and silently wept on her mother's

bosom.

When the marquis returned from his successful mission to Berlin, he found his sister dead, and his wife in possession of his daughter's unlimited confidence; but that timid and self-accusing daughter was brought to the verge of the grave by sorrow for the deceased, and shame at the weakness of her own heart. Her mother did not yet reveal it to her father. But his first communication to the marchiness was to prepare her family for crossing with him to England.

"I have given my sanction to Ferdinand's attachment to the niece of Mr. Athelstone," said he: "and travelling, and change of scene, may be beneficial to Marcella; and I am sure our friends of

Lindisfarne will give us the welcome of kindred."

Marcella timidly, but cheerfully obeyed the commands of her father in these preparations. Yet, with an unchanging cheek, she answered her mother's tender presentiments respecting the marquis's affection for De Montemar.

"No, no, my mother!" cried she, "speak no more of the Marquis

de Montemar with any relation to me. That sin of my imagination is now over. Were it not so, those shores should never so:

vour daughter."

If the marchioness cherished any more sanguine wishes, she appeared to cease expressing them; and Marcella was not again agitated with the subject. Louis arrived at Harwich. Marcella was then in her chamber. But learning from her mother that the preserver of her father and brother was then in the house, she did not resist the next request that she would bid him welcome. She was dressed in the usual black apparel, worn in mourning by ladies of her rank. It was the first time Louis had seen her out of the garb of a nun; and, on her entrance, he started at the unexpected change. It awakened emotions in his heart which he thought he had just hushed for ever. He rose in disorder. Her face and hands were pale; but a gentle colour, like the soft reflection from the rose, passed over her cheek when he approached her. She tried to meet him with tranquillity, and to look at him with the open eye of friendly cognizance. But the moment his hand touched hers, her eyelids fell; and a chill ran through her whole frame, to blanch her cheeks, and shake her with such a trembling, that the marchioness made a sign to her husband. He moved towards her, and gently bore her to the sofa. The marquis sat for some time, rubbing his daughter's cold hands in his; and the marchioness touched her forehead and lips with essence. Louis did not venture to follow her to the sofa, but remained standing where the group had left him. As she lay, like a lily on a velvet pall, so fair and fragile, in her mourning garments, he gazed on her with his soul in his eyes, and felt the possibility of a yet bitterer pang than the anticipated death of his false frined. But the moment he thought so, he checked the selfish sentiment; and said, in anguish of spirit to himself, "Oh no! with thee, Marcella, dwell innocence and virtue. Thy translation is to heaven; and can I mourn with bitterness her who goes to blessedness? But when the deluder, the betrayer, the impenitent, are called away!——Oh, Wharton! thou who wert once my friend—would to God I could die for thee!"

Ferdinand observed his countenance, and touched his arm. "Why do you gaze with such despair on my sister?" whispered he: "her illness is merely weakness from fatigue. Lindisfarne will

restore us all."

"Heaven grant it!" was the response of Louis, while he recalled

himself from the momentary wanderings of his thoughts.

Marcella soon after reopened her eyes; and, having recovered her perfect recollection, she also strove to rally her self-possession; and, though with still downcast lids, she stretched out her hand to her father's friend as he again advanced. He took it, but he durst not impress it with his lips; and, in a calm but low voice, she expressed her pleasure at seeing him returned in safety to the country of his nearest relatives. Louis neither heard nor saw distinctly. The confusion was in his heart. And what he spoke, or what he did, he knew not. Her father and mother joined in the conversation, and many mutual inquiries now took place. Marcella for nearly an hour bore her part with a composure that surprised and

pleased the marchioness. When she appeared expansived, her mother rose; and Marcella, doing the same, took the maternal

arm, and quitted the chamber.

Santa Cruz turned towards Louis when his daughter disappeared? and observed, with a solemn concentration of thought, that De Montemar's eyes followed with anxiety the slow progress of Marcella from the room; that he gazed on the door a long time after it was closed on her; and then withdrew his attention with a heavy and deep drawn sigh.

"De Montemar," said the marquis, "come with me into my

apartment. I have much to say to you.'

# CHAPTER LXX.

#### VICISSITUDES.

THE conference lasted many hours. Its subjects were Spain, the injuries of his father and himself; and the hovering vision of Marcella could not but fly before the dire apparitions. Louis saw the hue of his future destiny; and, with its paleness spreading to his heart, he sat and listened. Santa Cruz assured him that he had left no power unexerted, day nor night, to bring the prejudiced mind of the king to a fair judgment on the Duke de Ripperda: showing his political integrity, great exasperations, and religious penitence. "The queen was more placable on your behalf," continued the marquis; "for-alas, the sex!-the chief object in the debate became a handsome young man, and one who admired her! At least, Duke Wharton made her believe so."

"Duke Wharton!" echoed Louis.
"Yes," replied the marquis: "that man was ever a Proteus; and never more so than in the present instance. When I, and the Spanish ministry, thought him the most active enemy you had, he was making himself master of all their malignancy against you, whether in arms or in ambuscade; and, by a generalship as effective as it was surprising, turned the whole battery against its inventors."

"Marquis!" cried Louis, starting from his chair, "what is it

you say?

"The truth, though a strange one," replied Santa Cruz; "and this ruse de guerre was so artfully managed, that not a man in the Spanish cabinet is aware of the hand that gave the overthrow. Being one in all their secret counsels, he influenced the separate members to certain exaggerated conduct; and playing the one off against the other in their allegations against your father, managed that contradictions should occur in every hearing before the king. Meanwhile, by accusing you to the queen, in terms to awaken her vanity to a belief of your peculiar personal loyalty to her alone, he gained your point there. With your personal enemies, and his political friends, he affected to wonder at the Marquis de Montemar's evident advancing restitution to the royal favour: while with me, he rejoiced in private;—laughing at the absurdity of such earthworms as De Castellor and De Paz making any tilt against the clouded power they found hovering over them.

"And that cloud is a bright one!" continued the marquis. "It has absorbed the follies of his youth. And, gazing with astonishment at such capacities, I beheld with admiration the man I had once more than despised. In short, his genius, with a sort of supernatural cognizance, darts into the views of men, and turns their devices, in a crisis like that, to the side of justice and honour!" A deep groan burst from the bosom of Louis. His face for some time had been covered with his hands. Santa Cruz made an amazed inquiry; and an agonized reply soon explained the cause. Wharton at that moment was at the point of death in the house of Mr. Athelstone, at Morewick! was dying, under an impression that Louis was estranged from him; nay, had united with his father in denouncing him as a traitor! He might be dead, and he who now felt he had loved him to the last never be able to pour out his gra-

titude for such noble assertion of that father's fame! This information astonished and distressed Santa Cruz; and the greater the extremity of the duke, the more he thought himself called upon to relate everything explicitly to his anguished friend. In the course of this protracted conversation, he gave a brief account of all he knew of Wharton's conduct throughout the whole transactions relative to the Duke de Ripperda. Wharton had frankly acknowledged that from the period he was convinced at Vienna that no impressions in behalf of the Stuart or Bayarian interests could be made on Spain, he determined to overthrow the political power of him who avowed himself to be the root of this obstinacy. Ripperda had proclaimed his devotion to the House of Brunswick more than once at the great councils of the empire. He had affirmed his implacability to both pretenders at the table of the Cardinal Giovenozzi; and he did it with circumstances of such personal insult to Wharton, that the friend of the Stuarts at once laid a comprehensive plan to make him feel his power. Routemberg's conspiracy against the Spanish ambassador did not originate with Wharton; but it was modified by him: he mounted the guns and planted the circular batteries, and he did it to bring Ripperda to a point where none could preserve him but the man who held the springs of every movement in his own hands. This man was Wharton's self. Twice, at critical moments in Vienna and at Madrid, he found occasions and offered his terms:—to unmask every machination against Ripperda, and to maintain him in his seat against all the world! if he would at last oppose the House of Brunswick in the empire and in England. Both overtures were rejected with disdain, and events took their course. Ripperda's was a fall, not a descent; and the ruin was terrible. The new ministers of Spain, who had bought their elevation by embracing Wharton's views, triumphed in every way over their disgraced predecessor. But the English politician was of another spirit. His enemy once down, he told his coadjutors he was not of the herd to strike his heel against the fallen lion.

It did not, at this juncture, accord with the interests of his two royal friends, James Stuart and Maria of Bavaria, to make a full disclosure from them in clearance of the overthrown duke; but he made secret visits to the king's confessor and to the queen's, not

to incense, as was supposed, but to propitiate each sovereign against the cabinet ministers' rancorous persecution of their fallen rival. He denied to their majesties all the circumstances which had been alleged by these men to prove that Ripperda had negotiated with him. He positively asserted there had never been any amicable private meeting between them. "He explained the adventure in the Carinthian post-house; also another reneounter in the mountains of Genoa," continued the marquis, "where he had accidentally rescued your father from a band of assassins, set on him by a Spaniard; and," said Wharton, "for De Montemar's sake I will not name the villain." It were not possible to describe the varied feelings of Louis De Montemar during this discourse, and the new discoveries it made at every sentence. But when he found that it was Wharton's arm which had saved his father amongst the Maritime Alps, that it was to him, though unknown, Ripperda had bequeathed the gratitude of his son, then Louis felt the iron enter his soul. In short, Santa Cruz informed him that Wharton proved to the king and queen that his enmity was against Ripperda's politics, not against himself; though he protested there was not a man on earth who detested another with more determined hatred than the ex-minister had detested him.

Things were in this state when the English duke was summoned by the Chevalier St. George to a conference at Rome. The field was then open to Grimaldo and his colleagues; and their violent proceedings ended in the flight of their victim. In this pause of the narrative, Louis wrung his hands and bitterly exclaimed, "What an extreme and false judge have I been of this wondrously endowed man! and yet more wondrously enduring friend! And just is my punishment—that I should lose him for ever in the

moment I know his invaluable worth!"

""Be not unjust to yourself, my dear De Montemar!" answered "Philip Wharton did not open to me only half his the marquis. soul. When we pledged our faith to each other (which coalition was not to be revealed to you till its object was successful), he confessed to me that he deserved your warmest resentment; for the sin of his life, since he knew you, was an incessant attempt at rendering you in all things like himself! 'De Montemar was bright and ambitious,' said he; 'too likely to outshine his master, unless I gave his towering soul a little of my own ballast. I tried him where man is most vulnerable. Marquis, I was so very a wretch, that the clearer I saw my power over him, with a more devilish zeal I sought to thrust him into the fire. In the garden of the Château de Phaffenberg was the scene of my last attempt! His resolution not only to meet ruin himself, but to consign his idolized father to the same, rather than rescue either by a dereliction from virtue, was a sword that cut asunder marrow and spirit! Since that hour I have regarded that boy as a Mentor, worth all the bearded sages, from Socrates to the Cambray bishop.

"So spoke the enthusiasm of the duke," continued Santa Cruz, "and he has honoured his model. For from that time he has been your unsuspected and efficient friend. The re-enrolment of your father's name in the national archives, and these parchments. con-

taining your own restituted rights, without condition or subtraction (but the dukedom of Ripperda, which none but a Catholic can

bear), are undeniable witnesses of this fact."

"Marquis," replied Louis, "you heap coals of fire upon my head! My father, in his maddened wrath, denounced Duke Wharton as a traitor to the House of Hanover! A price is set on his head; and, hidden like a thief, he lies, murdered by assassins, under the very roof he sought to crown with happiness! Oh, my venerable friend! I cannot bear what is pressing on my brain!"

The marquis saw that Louis was in no condition to listen with attention, much less with complacency, to anything else he had to impart; and, aware that his greatest proof of kindness would be to hasten a return to Morewick, which might yield a chance for the friends to meet again in this world, he withdrew, to give corre-

sponding directions to his family.

#### CHAPTER LXXI.

#### JOURNEY ACROSS NORTHUMBERLAND.

The next morning saw the Marquis Santa Cruz step into the post-chaise that was to convey him to London. He had advised Louis not to distress the apprehensive mind of the marchioness by imparting to her, or to any of the travelling group, the afflicting scene at Morewick. Besides, under the dangerous circumstances which enveloped Wharton's asylum there, the fewer who were privy to the secret the better for all parties. Immediately after an early breakfast, Louis led the marchioness to her own well-assorted family-carriage. Ferdinand had already placed his sister within it; while Dr. Garcia, the domestic physician, with his accomplished sposa, took their stations in De Montemar's chariot. The Spanish gentlewomen, the Donellas, or female attendants on the ladies,

followed in a Spanish barouche.

The first start of the horses from the inn-gate seemed a signal for hope in the breast of Louis. And hope, once on the wing, darted upwards like the morning lark. While the mettled animals speeded along the northern road, he felt his soul partaking their career. He felt as if his entire confidence were indeed renewed to Wharton in his ever-intended truth and faithfulness to Louis himself. and unsullied honour towards his avowed political antagonist, Louis's illustrious father. All this had been made manifest by the Marquis Santa Cruz in the discourse of the night before; but it had left its auditor in a perplexed bewilderment. When he stepped into the carriage after his so dear friend, and met the fresh northern breeze on his cheek, he felt a colour flow over his heart as those breezes pointed to home and to Wharton. He might yet find him alive to hear and understand all he had to say, and to share in the heaven-directed reconciliation of their hearts and souls. thoughts, glowing in the breast of Louis, at once restored the lately frozen blood to its wholesome flow, which inexplicable misery had congealed there, and along with it, his every other earthly hope. Marcella contemplated that luminous though evidently mind-absorbed countenance: she saw it was happiness that shone therenappiness in returning whence he came! For his eyes were directed forward with an eagerness which plainly declared that, at that

moment, he thought not of any one in the carriage.

"'Tis well-'tis well!" she sighed to herself. Then, shrinking from the latent pang which had dictated the involuntary words, and feeling the keen air particularly bleak at that instant, she even shuddered.

"You are cold, Lady Marcella," observed Louis, hearing the gentle shiver: "I fear our Northumbrian breezes are rough in their welcome."

Marcella did not speak, but bowed her head.

This little incident recalled Louis's attention to those around him; and he succeeded in beguiling the concentrating spirits of the marchioness from her most anxious meditations. Over and over again, he felt that a perfect reliance on the virtue of a beloved object, and conviction of his acceptance with the Source of all Purity, is what takes the mortal sting from death; and though sorrow and anxiety were full in his heart, the shafts of despair and horror were extracted, and he thought himself equal to seeing his friend pass that bourne, where he trusted one day to follow him into the land of peace. All this genial influence of a soothed spirit continued until the third morning of the journey. Marcella had been overtasked by the exertions of the two preceding days; and, as her brother was leading her from the inn, she fainted in his arms. She was carried back into the house. The physician's chaise had some time set forth; but her mother applied the usual restoratives: and when she was sufficiently recovered to comprehend what was said, the marchioness tenderly assured her daughter she should not be hurried away by proceeding that day.

Louis turned towards the window. An hour, a moment, might be sufficient to divide him for ever, in this life, from the friend to whom he owed so much, and who he believed the hasty resentment of his father had also put in peril. Marcella was ill, but not dangerously; and the delay of a whole day and a night, struck him with an agony which forced him to turn away to conceal. But she had caught the look, and its whole expression entered

"His wishes, his anxieties, are in another place," she felt; "perhaps with the incomparable Cornelia! And what have I in me to oppose them? Let him be happy!"

Her heart was again confirmed; and she steadily replied, in a low but unfaltering voice, to her mother's persuasions, "Indeed, it

was only weakness. It is over, and I must go on."

Louis gazed on her with an agitating gratitude he durst not express. She observed him, and looked another way, though with an air of unaffected serenity. Marcella was always serene, after any struggle in her soul, when the conquest was gained. In half an hour they were reseated in the carriage; and by the orders of Ferdinand, who had received a whispered command from his sister, the drivers kept their horses to their fullest speed. Marcella spoke little; for she durst not spare any waste of strength, from the exertion necessary to bear the casualties of the journey; but she constantly replied cheerfully to the anxious inquiries of her

The eyes of Louis turned often on her, with an expression of solicitude that penetrated her heart; but the effect it produced favoured the first deceit she had ever practised in her life. It drove the blood from that heart to her cheek; and she looked well.

when her soul was almost fainting within her.

It was ten o'clock, on the fourth night after their leaving Harwich, when the harassed party entered on Morpeth Moor, within a stage of Alnwick. The darkness, during this latter dozen miles, concealed from his companions the increasing discomposure of Louis. Every step drew him now so near Morewick, he was ready to break from the carriage and escape at once to the side of his dying friend. These twelve miles seemed a hundred to his impatience; and when the drivers drew up before the door of the comfortable little inn at Alnwick, he sprung out, as if it had been into his uncle's house. Marcella would fain have made a proposal to go on, even during the night; but nature was at last subdued. and she did not speak, when she knew that the hardly articulate sounds of her voice would too truly proclaim she had already done too much. The marchioness having alighted, Louis drew near to assist Ferdinand in bearing out his sister; but Marcella, gently waved him away with her hand. Ferdinand threw his arms round her waist, and supported her failing steps into the house. She was seated, pale and silent, in a chair by the fire-side, when Louis reentered from giving orders respecting their apartments. Garcia had also arrived, and his hand was upon her pulse.

"Donna Marcella had best retire immediately," said the

physician.

"But I shall be ready to recommence our journey to-morrow, at daybreak," answered she, with a mournful smile, and turning her head towards Louis. He gratefully bent his head, with a full heart, but not speaking; and she left the room, leaning on her mother and the physician.

"Ferdinand," said Louis, "it is not necessary to disturb your sister so early as she generously intimates. I have business at Morewick: it is only a few miles off; I shall take a horse immediately; and return-" His lips became convulsed, and he

could not proceed.

"Why, what is the matter at Morewick?" hastily inquired the

young Spaniard. "Your family are at Lindisfarne.

"All, excepting Cornelia. But spare me further questions. When we meet again—" Again he interrupted himself, and then resuming, in a more collected voice,—"Rest is necessary, both for your mother and your sister. Do not allow them to be disturbed till noon. I shall be with you long, very long, before that."

"This is very strange, De Montemar," said Ferdinand, with

rather a tone of offended pride.

"For no other cause, than the one which impels me," returned Louis, "would I leave their side. But when you know it, they and you will pardon and pity me."
"I ask no further," said Ferdinand.

# CHAPTER LXXII.

### WHARTON AND DE MONTEMAR.

THE horse was fleet which carried Louis that dreary night, without star or guide of any kind, over the lonely heaths which lie between Alnwick and the little by-road that winds through Warkworth to Morewick Hall. The porter, whom he had aroused at the lodgegate, followed to take his horse. But he rung the bell at the great door twice, before there was any appearance of its being answered. He rung a third time, and in a few minutes a window was cautiously opened above his head. He could not see objects in the darkness, but he looked up and impatiently demanded admittance.

"It is my master!" exclaimed Lorenzo; and, quitting the window, hurried down stairs. The door was instantly opened by him. while, a little within the hall, appeared the venerable figure of Mr.

Athelstone in his night-gown.

At sight of him, Louis felt the object of his haste must be no more. The shaft of death seemed struck into his own soul, as he desperately stepped forward. Mr. Athelstone clasped him in his arms.

"Then all is over," burst from his nephew's sealed lips. The pastor drew him into a room, and Lorenzo followed with a candle. Louis stood so calm, so unshaken, under the belief that his friend was dead, that the affectionate Italian gazed at him with surprise. But Mr. Athelstone read, under that fixed endurance, a sensibility to the shock he had anticipated, which made the good man only too eager to unfold his better tidings.

"Does my presence, my dear child," said he, grasping his marble hand, "only speak of death? Your friend's fever has left him;

and his wound begins to close."

Louis had armed himself to bear the stroke of consummate grief; but this turn of joy, being beyond his hopes, was also beyond his manhood; and, with his first step towards the parlour door, he staggered and fell. A few minutes recalled him to perception; and the blissful tears which flowed from his eyes, bathed the hand of the venerable messenger of such good tidings.

"They are full of peace to me!" cried Louis.
"They ought to be so," replied Mr. Athelstone. And then his nephew listened with a chastised anxiety, while the pious man explained his own presence at Morewick; and that his first meeting with Cornelia had confirmed his suspicions, that Duke Wharton

was this secret and cherished guest.

"I went to him," continued the pastor, "to arouse his spirit from the deleterious slumber of this world, ere he should sink into that sleep which might prove eternal. At the first sight of me, he knew me, and by that knowledge was established in his own belief, that he was under a roof which belonged to you. I confess to you, Louis, though I had suspected whom I might find, I receded a step when I saw that it was the treacherous Wharton. I knew that by granting him that protection, you had laid yourself open to share the punishment he might escape on that quiet bed of death. And this man had cozened you of your friendship; had rifled you of your father's honours, and life-"

"My uncle!" exclaimed Louis, interrupting him.

Mr. Athelstone put forth his hand, with a sign that he wished to

be heard to the end.

"But I went forward to him, and repeated those blessed words of the Giver of all pardon—'Peace be to this house, and grace to all who dwell within it!' When I drew near, the duke stretched out his hand to me. 'Mr. Athelstone,' said he, 'you do not visit the pillow of an impenitent. But where is my friend?' And he looked as if he thought you were behind me."

"And he looked in vain!" exclaimed Louis.

"But your spirit entered with your uncle," replied the pastor, Iaying his hand on the bent head of his nephew. "And a better spirit, my child; that which, as a minister of the Redeemer, I derived from his holy word. The succeeding two hours I passed by the side of the Duke of Wharton; and when I left him, that resplendent countenance of his was lit with a new light; the effulgence of heaven shone on it; and, pressing my hand to his lips, he called me his father—his better father—'For you have poured on me,' said he, 'not the unction which gives temporal, but that which dispenses eternal life!"

Two similar hours were now passed between Louis and his uncle. During that time all was communicated which the former had learnt from Santa Cruz, relative to Duke Wharton; and Mr. Athelstone unfolded to his nephew what the sealed papers in Cornelia's possession contained; and which, as a full avowal to his Christian confessor, the duke had permitted the pastor to read.

The night that followed Wharton's first conference with Mr. Athelstone had been succeeded by a comfortable sleep. And then it was, that, on the ensuing morning, before he would venture to partake of the holiest rite of the Christian Church, he entreated the pastor to break those seals, and read the contents. The packet that was addressed to De Montemar did not contain the latter circumstances which Santa Cruz had mentioned; for those particulars it referred Louis to that mutual friend. But the narrative, generally, and briefly, explained the duke's antecedent conduct with regard to Ripperda and his son; and ended with affirming the spotless fidelity of Ripperda, both to the sovereigns of Austria and of Spain, until he became another being on the field of Barbary. Whatton's concluding farewell to Louis short, but to the soul; yet still, the usual spirit of the writer had prevailed, to clothe his last words in the cheerful garb of verse, and he wrote:—

"Be kind to my remains; and, oh, defend Against your judgment, your departed friend! Let not the invidious foe my fame pursue! The world I served, and only injured you!"

The second paper was to the secretary of state in London, declaring, on the word of a dying man, that he only suspected under whose protection he lay, in these his mortal wounds; and that he believed none of all who attended him in his asylum, but the one generous friend who brought him there, knew they were harbouring an out lawed man. He therefore wrote this, on the truth of an account able being, ready to be called into the presence of his Creator, to

exonerate all, and every one, who had granted him protection in these his last hours, from any implication of disloyalty against the existing government of England: though with his own latest breath he must ever say, "Long live King James!"

he must ever say, "Long live King James!"
"Cornelia," continued the pastor, "has been an unwearied watch in his apartment. She is now reposing with her maid, in a room adjoining to his, while he sleeps; and this is his second night of

undisturbed rest."

To invade those hours of genial slumber, was the last thing to which Louis could have been brought to consent. But neither he nor his uncle felt anything dormitive in their faculties, while conversing on a subject so dear to both their hearts—to the one a re-

stored friend; to the other, a redeemed fellow-creature.

During these precious vigils, Mr. Athelstone learnt from his nephew the full object of the Marquis Santa Cruz's visit to England. It was not merely a private mission to the Spanish ambassador in London, but to give his personal sanction to the attachment of his son to Alice; and to use his influence with the pastor and Mrs. Coningsby, to accord their consent to the marriage. Trusting, indeed, to the spirit of Christian toleration in their bosoms, which he had lately imbibed into his own, and from the same fountain of truth and peace—by a not unfrequent communication with a little English book, which during his daughter's attendance at the couch of his wounded son, he had one night observed on the table of her watching; and having taken it up to look at, saw it was endorsed within, "The gift of my lady instructress, Dora MacDonald," often and often afterwards, did he, with a strange secrecy, seek "sweet converse" with that little book: and its effect was a "light of life" he had never seen before. "Do we not read," said he, "in that sacred word, that all who reverently name the name of its Divine legislator, should love each other as brethren? And as it has wrought on the Catholie minds of the marchioness and myself, we trust the hearts of the Protestant pastor and mother at Lindisfarne will not withhold the tender kindred tie we came to seek."

"Which we shall readily bind," replied Mr. Athelstone, devoutly; "for the hearts which the Almighty hath joined together by his own gracious will, let no man put asunder! And that he hath done so by a signal bond between the marquis's family and ours, is distinctly marked by the mutually shedding of their blood for each

other in the terrible fields of Barbary."

Mr. Athelstone dwelt with the solicitude of a parent on the fading health of Lady Marcella; and, while he eulogized her benevolent cares of the wounded at Ceuta, he could not refrain from expressing a regret, that so much active virtue should be intended

for the living tomb of a convent.

"And yet," added the venerable man, there are excellent divines of our own church, who tell us that a vestal life is an angel's life. Being unmingled with the world, it is ready to converse with Heaven; and, by not feeling the warmth of indulged nature, it flames out with holy fires, till it burns like the scraphim, the most costasied order of beatified spirits!"

"Is that your sentiment, sir?" inquired Louis, looking down.

and quelling the palpitation of his heart.

"No, Louis; my opinion of an angel's life, both on earth and in heaven is, that it must be one of ministry. And that cannot be fulfilled by retiring to a solitude beyond the stars, or immuring oneself below them, in monasteries and loneliness."

"Then, to covet one likely to be so immured," replied Louis,

with a mournful smile, "is not a very mortal sin!"

This remark put his uncle to a painful silence. He understood its import, though he had never before suspected the possibility of its existence. The moment he heard it, he wondered that he should not have foreseen the birth of such a sentiment, in such a character as Louis, for such a mind as Lady Marcella's. The venerable man had, in early youth, once known to love, and to resign its object; and now remembering something of the pangs he had so long forgotten, he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! I was not prepared for this!"

Louis took his hand with the enthusiasm of a manly heart re-illumining his momentarily saddened countenance. "But I am, my uncle!" said he; 'and when she, who alone I ever truly loved, has indeed uttered the fatal vow, I will do my best to reconcile your plan of ministry with that of Bishop Taylor's celibacy; and so tread in the steps of my revered pastor to the end of my days!" He put his uncle's hand to his lips, to conceal the sigh that would

have ended the sentence.

Mr. Athelstone thought it best to pass immediately from a subject on which hope could have no footing; and he proposed that, as Heaven had seen it good to spare the life of Duke Wharton, their next object must be to preserve him from the knowledge of the government, until he should be sufficiently recovered to pass beyond seas. To effect this concealment with the least mystery, he recommended intrusting the marchioness and her family with what had happened. Don Garcia, besides his own honour binding him, would keep the secret on account of the duke's power at the Spanish court; and removing to Lindisfarne as part of the travelling suite, might attend on the invalid guest in his medical capa-

city without much alarm of any particular cognizance. Louis highly approved of these suggestions, and settled that, as soon as he had seen Wharton in the morning, he would return to Alnwick, and make the necessary arrangement with the Towards dawn the pastor dropped asleep in his marchioness. great chair, and Louis was left to his meditations. He too well remembered the distressed and almost reproachful looks with which the mother of Marcella had regarded him, when he so quiescently permitted her daughter to hurry forward, to the danger of her health; and also the uncomplaining patience with which Marcella had borne the fatigues of the first two days; and the unselfed, and almost sympathetic perseverance with which she had persisted through the third. With his lips, he forswore all hope of Marcella; but there was a subtle something in the bottom of his heart, that would not allow him to feel that he must absolutely seek the resignation he professed. He ruminated on the consolations he had received at her hands when he lay in sickness and in sorrow; on

the benignant virtues, never obtrusive, but ever near, which hourly evinced the pure source of all those gentle cares in the heavenly composure of her lovely feminine character. Louis had not been conscious that he loved her, till he believed he took his last leave of her on the steps of the altar in the chapel at Ceuta. He knew not how he loved her, till the burthen of his friend's delinquency was taken from his heart; and its spring was to pour the rapture of that conviction into her spotless bosom. He would not, however, acknowledge to himself, that he thought she loved him; but he felt it in every nerve of his body, in the dearest recesses of his soul, in every heaven-directed aspiration of his grateful spirit.

"And in heaven alone," cried he, "can it be mutually imparted

and understood!"

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

# "ABIDE THE TIME!"

THE morning sun witnessed the agitated though happy meeting between Louis and Cornelia, while their venerable uncle was gone to prepare the awakened invalid for the entrance of his friend. Much circumlocution was not suffered to precede a re-union after which the duke panted, as if it were the earnest of all his future good. Louis was not less eager to forgive and be forgiven, and to throw himself on the breast of the man he had always loved (whether in admiration or in forbearance), with, at last, the sanction of the best guardian of his youth and virtue. When he was told he might approach the invalid's chamber, the permission, and the clasp of Wharton's arms around his body, seemed the action of one instant. Mr. Athelstone closed the door on the friends, and left them alone. The gallant heart of the duke, and the soul of Louis, melted at once into one stream of mingling confidence; and sweet were those manly tears. They were as the "Pool of Bethesda," whence each arose strengthened, and restored to a friendship deathless as their souls. All was recapitulated; all was explained. And Wharton now stood before his friend without a shadow, without a mystery. But at the deep and intricate enfoldment of the snares which had lurked in the gay assemblies of the Hôtel d'Etrées, Louis often shuddered.

"I found you there," continued Wharton; "I doubted, and I tried you! But, like the light, you passed through the impurest objects without defilement! Yet, when you are a father, De Montemar, never advise your sons to make a similar experiment."

temar, never advise your sons to make a similar experiment."
"Never! never!" returned Louis, with an abhorrent recollection of all he had heard and seen in that court of garlanded

iniquity.'

The duke resumed. And while he, in like manner, unwound the devious clue of policy, and showed his attentive auditor all its labyrinths, and gins, and hidden places, the spirit of Louis mourned within him that such paths had been those of his friend! that in those trackless wildernesses, his beloved father had perished.

"But it was to kill the Minotaur I entered his den!" replied Wharton.

"Yes," answered Louis; "but you did not escape the taint of his breath! Lct me thank Heaven I was so soon beaten from its

"Be not so hasty!" replied the duke; "the politics of Europe are only to be redeemed from Machiavelian villanies, by honest men turning their talents to the trust of which those talents are the warrant; and intrepidly hunting the monster chimeras that would oppose them into their darkest dens."

"But then the mode of warfare!" rejoined Louis: "all the evil passions are aroused; and who would enlist with such leaders?"

"Reverse the order; make them your followers!" replied Wharton. "Man must be ruled by our knowledge of his nature. To the noble, give a noble stimulus; to the base, a scourge. You must take the world as you find it; use it according to its own worthlessness, and not by the measure of yourself. To talk of virtue to some statesmen, would be casting pearls to swine; and we should certainly share the mud in which the hogs would trample them. To act virtuously, is our command; courage and obedience will work the way. Your uncle reads us a parable to this effect?"

"He does, Wharton!" replied Louis, pressing his friend's hand; "but he also reads—Let not thy good be evil spoken of! and has it

not been too much the case with thine?"

"Granted!" returned the duke. "What has been, shall not be again. And, if Heaven grant me life," continued he, "you shall hear of me, to the satisfaction of your heart, and to the confusion of my cnemies!"

The spirit of Wharton seemed to rise in such vigour during this lengthened interview, that it embraced every subject which could interest Louis or himself; and readily fell in with Mr. Athelstone's project of his accompanying the family of Santa Cruz to Lin-

"And will those holy walls open to receive me?" asked the duke. "De Montemar, I have not seen the rocks of Lindisfarne since I forced you into its waves. It is not my interest to woo your Cornelia on that spot."

"Take her, then, to the mountains of Genoa."

Wharton understood the reference; and again the friends were pressed in each other's arms.

### CHAPTER LXXIV.

# "THOU SHALT NOT BE FORSAKEN."

FERDINAND had just sent into the chamber of his sister a few hasty lines he had received from Louis, and which were to precede his return from Morewick; when the writer himself entered the little inn parlour, like Maia's son, breathing hope and happiness. The marchioness was preparing breakfast.

"Whatever your secret may be, it is a pleasant one," cried she;

"your countenance is a brilliant herald."

Marcella was yet in her room, which adjoined the parlour. She

had become agitated, and closed her hand upon the unread letter. "Oh," sighed she to herself, "that I had never left Spain, or never seen England! How little did I know myself! Weak, culpable that I am!"

What were Louis's answers to her mother or her brother, she had not heard. The pulses of her head beat almost audibly, and scemed to exclude all other sounds from reaching her ears. She was separated from the room by a slight door only, which, standing ajar, discovered his figure to her, while in a lowered voice he imparted the required confidence to her mother and brother. Ferdinand soon came in to lead her to the breakfast table. "De Montemar is come back," cried he, "and has so much to tell you!"

"He has told you and my mother," said she with a soft smile, "and that is enough. I shall soon have no interest in this world!" but the last was only murmured to herself. However, she rose; and, leaning on her brother, walked steadily and serenely

into the next room.

"My child," said the marchioness, "we are to pass this day at Morewick, where you will meet Mr. Athelstone and the sweet Cornelia."

"Cornelia!" murmured Marcella to herself, gently bowing her head to him who she believed was the happy betrothed of this sweet

Cornelia, and took her seat.

The marchioness turned from her to Louis, and, observing the deep and penetrating tenderness with which he regarded her daughter, she drew near her son, and, while a tear started into her eye, whispered to him, "Surely your father may withhold the dove of promise, till there be no resting-place!"

Ferdinand saw his mother was affected, and, making an excuse to relieve her, proposed consulting Don Garcia respecting their pro-

ceeding, and led her from the room.

Marcella was now left alone with Louis. She sat like a cold statue. His joyous heart was overclouded at once, and with a timid step he approached her. Her eyes were cast down, and fixed on her clasped hands, in which she still held the letter. At that moment all his love, and all his anguish, lest his recent impatience had overtasked her tender frame, were apparent in his countenance. And at that moment she looked up, and received its full import direct upon her heart. The confusion in hers, the gasp with which she recalled her eyes and covered them with her hand, proclaimed her whole secret to Louis. It wrested from him all his own, but not a word found utterance on either side. He was at her feet on his knees, and with the hem of her garment pressed to his lips. But how different was the sentiment which then rendered him speechless, from the tumultuous emotion which had arrested him in the same position before Countess Altheim! There his spirit was divided against itself. His reason doubted the admiration of his senses, and a racking indecision checked his wishes and his lips. Here his whole soul consented to the perfect love, with which the virtues of Marcella had possessed his heart. The passion that she inspired was, like herself, a sacred flame, and lit for immortality; and Louis avowed its imperishable nature to himself, even while he struggled for words to express its hopelessness. Marcella's faculties

so lately possessed with the idea of his devotion to Cornelia, were all amazement. Surprised out of herself by the look she had momentarily seen, and immediately feeling him at her feet, she became so overwhelmed by her own consciousness and his irrepressible emotions, that she shook almost to the parting of soul and body.

"Pardon me, Lady Marcella!" cried he: "pardon my first and my last disclosure of a sentiment which, as it has no hope, I trust has no sacrilege. But to love all that is pure and noble in idea, and not to love its living image, was impossible to me. You confirmed me in the persevering duty I might have been persuaded to desert. You consoled me when the world had abandoned me! You have. even now, exerted yourself beyond your strength, in compassion to a desperate haste, for which I durst not assign a cause. This last goodness leaves me no longer master of myself. It has precipitated me to the avowal of a sentiment which, in my breast, shall never know a second object. The hour that consigns you to a cloister, seals my heart for ever."

Marcella felt she had betrayed herself, and her distress at this conviction seemed to obliterate all other impressions. She at-

tempted to rise, he did not venture to withhold her.
"Oh, Lady Marcella!" cried he, "has the irrepressible utterance

of my gratitude offended you past all pardon?"

She had arrived at the door of the inner room when he repeated the question, with an anguish of expression she could not mistake. Turning round, she falteringly replied-"I have offended, past all hope of my own pardon!"

Louis was springing forward. She saw the movement, though with downcast eyes, and, putting out her hand, with an averting motion, gently yet decidedly pronounced—"No more!" and disap-

peared into the adjoining chamber.

The state of his mind was inexplicable to himself. A sentence of perpetual silence seemed to be in those words; and yet the flood of happiness which had burst over his whole heart, at the conviction her first moments of confusion inspired, would not be driven back. He was standing in this agitated state, when the marchioness re-entered, followed by Ferdinand and Don Garcia. On perceiving that Marcella was not in the room, the marchioness expressed some anxiety at her disappearance, and, accompanied by the physician, hastened to seek her in her apartment. Ferdinand glanced in the kindled face of his friend, and conjectured better than his mother. He drew near to him.

"De Montemar," said he, "shall I guess your meditations?"
"No, Ferdinand, I would not extend my offence; and yet, you

have read me ill, if I have been able to hide it from you."

"And who have you offended, my brother?" asked Ferdinand, drawing close to him, and in a tone so peculiar that Louis emphatically repeated, "My brother! Say not that word again, or you will undo mc.'

"De Montemar," returned Ferdinand, "hope, as I have done,

against impossibilities.'

Louis's eyes demanded what he meant.

Ferdinand grasped his hand—"I dare not say more." The marchioness re-entered; and, informing Louis that her daughter was ready to set out, in a strange but auspicious disorder of mind he left the room to order the horses. The two friends on horseback preceded the carriages to Morewick, and during the drive the marchioness communicated to Marcella all that Louis had confided to her, respecting the cause of his late eagerness to return thither. While she silently listened to the history of his friendship for Duke Wharton, its trials, its sufferings, and now its triumph in the reformation of his friend from all his errors, and final restoration as from the grave, her tears bore too true a witness to the interest with which she hearkened to every circumstance that related to him. She hardly allowed herself to breathe during that part of the narrative, where her mother particularly enlarged on Cornelia's cares of the duke; and repeated the observation of Louis, that such cares seemed his friend's best sanative, for he believed, if any two beings were fitted by Providence for each other, it was the nobly eccentric mind of Wharton, to the celestial harmony of Cornelia's. "And the union is not very improbable either," continued the

marchioness; "his former duchess (a wife only in name) having been some time dead, and all his former prejudices against a renewal of nuptial bonds being annihilated by the merits of our De

Montemar's sweet cousin."

Marcella was become too timid of her self-command by the last scene between herself and Louis, to trust herself to remark on these communications. She pleaded the truth—a severe headache; and continued to sit, uttering few words, back in the carriage, till the gates of Morewick opened to receive them. Louis and Ferdinand having preceded the travellers half-an-hour, they stood with Mr. Athelstone under the old Saxon porch of the hall to bid them welcome.

Marcella's eye instantly fell on the silver-headed pastor of Lindisfarnc. He seemed to stand like the benignant saint of Patmos, venerable in years and reverend in the spirit of holiness. He saluted the cheek of the cordially greeting marchioness; but when he put out his hand to support the advancing steps of Marcella, her knees obeyed the impulse of her heart, and she bent before him,

kissing his sacred hand.

"Bless you! bless you, my child!" said he, laying his other hand upon her head. Louis's ready heart could not bear the sight of such a recognition, without a sensibility he feared to show, and he vanished into the recesses of the hall. The pastor raised her in his arms, and, supporting her gently into the saloon, put her into those

of Cornelia, who had just embraced the marchioness.

Cornelia dared hardly venture to clasp the beautiful phantom to her bosom, but tenderly sustained her tremulous frame to a sofa, where she seated her, and, pressing her soft hand in hers, gazed at her through her crowding tears. Was this fragile being, just hanging like a broken flower, between the next breeze and the cold earth, was it she who had stood the fearful thunders of Ceuta; who had raised her head amidst the storm of war, to stanch the bleeding wounds of Louis de Montemar; to cherish his life at the expense of her own?

"It was!" cried the full heart of Cornelia to herself.

The kindness of her voice drew the last sting from the bosom of Marcella. She looked up, and thanked her with her eyes. Some-

thing passed from them, so powerful, to the heart of Cornelia, that she gave way to the impulse of the impression; and, pressing the interesting Spaniard to her boson, imprinted on her cheek a sister's kiss. That glance of Cornelia's noble countenance had struck Marcella with its general resemblance to her cousin's; and she felt a pledge of something more than the welcome of a stranger in this repeated embrace of Louis's most beloved relative. The marchioness acknowledged a father's presence in that of the benign pastor of Lindisfarne; and she, with Ferdinand, were making various interesting inquiries of him respecting Alice and Mrs. Coningsby, when Louis entered the room, after having introduced Don Garcia to the duke. Cornelia stretched out her hand to him. "Louis," said she, "you must make an interest for me in the heart of Lady Marcella, before she sees Alice, whom she will doubly love for her own sake and for Don Ferdinand's."

Louis approached with happy trepidation. What he said was as little to the purpose as it was unheard by Marcella, and would have been marvelled at by Cornelia, had she not lately found a key in her own bosom, to explain language that had no visible meaning, and certain inconsistencies in demeanour which betrayed all they

meant to conceal.

#### CHAPTER LXXV.

#### LINDISFARNE.

A SOJOURN of several days after their arrival at Morewick, in which other feelings besides those of personal weakness influenced Lady Marcella to keep her apartment, sufficiently restored the whole party, to enable them to recommence their journey a little further northward, without fear of fatigue. The skill of the Spanish physician was so successful with Duke Wharton, that he, too, was pronounced eapable of partaking the removal. A close litter conveyed him to a trusty little yacht of the pastor's, which lay at the mouth of the Coquet. This mode of travel was chosen as the easiest for an invalid in his case: and Louis, with Don Garcia and Lorenzo, were his attendants. Mr. Athelstone and Ferdinand accompanied the ladies by land. They had set off early in the morning to travel by easy progress, so as to reach the island before night. The views were beautiful; and the marchioness enjoyed comparing them with some parts of Spain; but Marcella, as well as Cornelia, sat unobserving, absorbed in their own reflections. Cornelia had been benumbed with horror when she first discovered that the noble invalid whom she had cherished as some illustrious foreigner, worthy to be loved by her virtuous cousin,—was the Truke of Wharton! Illustrious, indeed, in birth, and station, and talents; noble in figure, and beloved by her cousin; but the make of all others in the world whom she had most abhorred for the abuse of those faculties, which had been so richly bestowed, and st shamefully abandoned to the worst of purposes. She stood aghast at herself when she found that she now not only knew him to be that once reprobated Wharton, but that, when he should close his

eyes in death (an event then hourly expected), the world would

henceforth be a desert to her.

It was in the moment when Mr. Athelstone flashed it at once upon her mind, who was her guest, that, as soon as the venerable man had left her to herself, she exclaimed, in the agony of such a recognition,—"Oh, Wharton! thy sum is indeed sealed up!—Full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou wast prosperous in thy ways, from the day thou wast created, until iniquity was found in thee. And now they draw the sword against the beauty of thy wisdom. They defile its brightness because thou didst pollute it; and they bring down thy glory to the ashes of the grave!"

And who dare lament over such a grave! There is no sympathy for her, who deplores a dishonoured name. She must glide by stealth to that lonely tomb. Her tears must fall in solitude on the trackless path; and, when lying on the neglected sod, there she may cry to Him alone, whose eye is over all, to pity and to pardon

erring man!

"And so, Wharton!" exclaimed she, "I will lament, and pray

for thee!"

But when her uncle informed her that this once offending and deprecated Wharton, now regretted, with religious contrition, the transgressions of his youth, the severest pangs in her bosom were hushed to rest; and she resumed, what she believed her last duties about the dying patient, with a chastised tenderness, as soothing as it was pure from any earthly sentiment. When her cares, and the will of Providence, recalled him from the brink of the grave, to all the cheering promises of a speedy recovery, then she remembered what he had been, and armed herself against the external graces of his person, by recollecting the snares they had been to his virtues. In the dignity of unsullied virtue she often strengthened herself by inwardly repeating,—"Wharton, thy former sins must be thy temporary punishment; and my present weakness the lasting scourge of mine!"

Marcella's meditations were less painful than Cornelia's; for the object of her thoughts was spotless as her own purity. There was no torture in her retrospections, excepting the conviction that Louis now knew the secret which she had hoped to have carried inviolate from all but her mother to the grave. How could she again raise her eyes in his presence, when he was so sensible he divided her thoughts with the heaven to which he knew she was dedicated? But it was modesty, not shame, which caused her virgin heart to tremble within her. If she had been betrayed into love, the object was one whom all she revered, delighted to honour! and that he had avowed she was dearest to him, though as a being passed beyond the skies, was a balm she could not deny to herself,

that was then busy at her heart, healing every wound.

"Louis!" often sighed she inwardly, "in those skies we shall

meet, and be as one!"

The reception of the party at Lindisfarnc was that of the re-union of dear and long-aequainted friends. Mrs. Coningsby and the marchioness met with the frank cordiality of persons who already held that connexion which the marriage of their children would confirm. Alice was bathed in tears, when her future second

mother folded her to her breast, and put her hand into the rapturous grasp of Ferdinand. Marcella was greeted with equal kindness: and Mrs. Coningsby herself drew the old abbot's ebony couch into the family circle, for the accommodation of her gentle guest. Peter, the grey-headed butler, placed its cushions with assiduous care: and as Marcella thanked him in the English language, but. in the Spanish custom, stretched out her hand to him, he kissed it respectfully, and prayed God to bless her! Tea was soon prepared in that room where Ferdinand had first beheld the lovely sisters, and compared their unsophisticated beautics with those of more worldly charms. He was then a despairing wretch; he was now a happy lover! The old cat and the faithful dog were also there; and the venerable pastor, completed the picture of delighted memory. He sat by the side of the glowing hearth, smiling in conscious piety, as, with one hand leaning on the chair of Marcella. he addressed her with all the tenderness of a parent. The marchioness conversed animatedly with Mrs. Coningsby. His own Alice was at that moment dispensing the fragrant tea, in the very china from which he had drank it three years ago! Cornelia was by her side, enjoying, with a fond sister's delight, the all but forbidden share in the perfect happiness of this evening's re-union. When the tea-equipage was withdrawn, and they all drew into little groups, the artless Alice exclaimed, "Oh how I wish Louis were here !"

"I wish so too," rejoined Ferdinand, glancing at his sister: she had heard the apostrophe, and her kindling cheeks bore witness

that she partook its sentiment.

Cornelia sighed, for she thought, "Who is there that dares wish

for Wharton?"

She was near Marcella; and Marcella, understanding whose image was in that invisible sign, almost unconsciously pressed the hand of her new friend, and softly whispered, "And the duke, too!" Cornelia's blush was now more vivid than Marcella's; and it was accompanied by a glow of gratitude to her, which shed a distant gleam on him, she before shrunk at remembering. His idea, then, was not so obscured to the eye of virtue, but that Marcella—the all pure and saintly Marcella—could think of him at that moment with the approbation of a wish! The embrace with which the two friends parted at night told much of this, without the agency of words. That night, when all else in the family was gone to rest, Mr. Athelstone imparted to Mrs. Coningsby the whole history of Wharton, from the commencement of his friendship with Louis, to the time of his being found by him wounded and dying in the herdsman's hut. When she listened to the explanation of his most suspicious, and even hostile proceedings against her nephew; when she was told the dangers he had exposed himself to, to shield that nephew; and considered his generous forbearance with regard to Ripperda; when she comprehended all his late exertions for the reputation of the one, and the rights of the other, she was in an ecstasy of amazement, and, with all the usual ardour of her nature, exclaimed—"How is such a man to be sufficiently admired? How can he ever be repaid for such heroic friendship?

"By Him who is the chastener of hearts!" returned the pastor;

—"by Him who brings men through tribulation, to the knowledge of Himself; and from the struggle of repentance to a new being here and hereafter!—I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, dear Catherine, Duke Wharton, in life or death, is in hands whose recompense is sure!"

### CHAPTER LXXVI.

#### BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

THE next day dawned in storms. The sky was covered with clouds, flying before the wind in infinite volumes of rolling blackness. The sea raged against the beetling rocks of Lindisfarne, as if it menaced the existence of the island; and the fishers who had prepared their little barks all along the beach for embarkation at the dawn, were seen on every side drawing them ashore, to prevent the mischief which threatened such small craft from the beating of the waves. Some that had been more adventuous, and set forth during the night, notwithstanding the warning elements, metthe fate their more prudent comrades averted; and when, on the advance of the morning, Peter came in, to take away the almost untasted breakfast, he brought the melancholy tidings that the wreck of several boats had been dashed on shore.

Mr. Athelstone anticipated a sad summons from many a bereft family in his flock; and his own anxious fears for the yacht that carried his beloved nephew, unfolding to him the apprehensions in every breast around him, he gently reproved the old man for bringing in the reports of the hour, to wound the tender spirits of invalids; and, glancing at Marcella, who had turned her deathlike face away, he piously ejaculated—"The Lord makes darkness his secret place! But at the brightness of his presence the clouds shall be removed, and he shall take them who trust in him out of many

waters!"

At that moment a rushing whirlwind burst over the roof of the house. Cornelia rose from her seat, and silently withdrew. And when the conflict of the elements became too intolerable for Marcella to endure with any command of herself, she left the abbot's chair, and, putting her unsteady hand upon the arm of her mother, hardly sustained herself out of the room. Mr. Athelstone and Ferdinand were both on different parts of the rock, each with his telescope in his hand, looking afar for the only object which now possessed their thoughts. But a furious tornado of sleet and rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and a darkness at noonday black as midnight, shrouded them at once; while the redoubling tempest which burst forth above and beneath, seemed to shake the old rocks of Lindisfarne to their foundations. At the fearful concussion, which appeared to the inhabitants of the pastorage like the awful summons on the judgment-day, Marcella threw herself on the bosom of her mother, and murmured, "Louis!" till her swooning voice was heard no more. Cornelia was alone, and fell from her knees, prostrate on the floor. She was found in that position, and insensible as her friend, when Alice ran into the room in the

agony of her fears; and her screams brought their terrified mother

into the same apartment.

Mr. Athelstone's look-out of utter hopelessness was succeeded by the now doubly afflicting duty of visiting and consoling the widows and the orphans, which the present horrors had rendered dependent on his spiritual comfort. More than one drowned body was carried before him, into the sorrowing cottage which had once been it's home; and, after he had soothed the wretched inhabitants. with "the hope which is to come," he took his way back to the pastorage, to prepare his own family for the dreadful catastrophe to its happiness, which, he did not doubt, that night or the next morning must unfold.

Ferdinand would not relinquish his more cheering expectations. till despair should appear before him, in the lifeless bodies of his friends. Noon, and evening, and approaching night, were only marked to the lately so happy pastorage, now the house of mourning, by the fits of the storm. Marcella lay speechless in her mother's arms, but no longer disguising the condition of her heart. And the marchioness, in more audible anguish, wrung her hands over her, frequently exclaiming—"Oh, most unholy island! Would to Heaven we had never seen its rocks! Marcella! my child, my child! Still live for your fond mother."

Mr. Athelstone knew that this terrific hour of suspense was not the time to do more than repeat his first injunctions to hope, even while they feared; and to trust in the preserving power, or to the sacred consolations, of Him, who alike commanded the troubled deep and the firm land.

He remained alone in his study, composing himself for the task he dreaded the morning would call upon him to fulfil; or, walking to and fro, struggling with the human affections, which unmanned all his resignation when he pictured the lifeless body of his beloved

Louis, weltering in the furious waves.

"Oh, my child!" cried he, "was it for this that all those endowments were bestowed?—that all these trials have been sustained?" But he checked the rebellious grief that channelled his venerable cheeks with tears; and bowing, before Him whose gracious providence he preached, he exclaimed,—"Not my will, but thine be done! I asked of Thee life for him, and honour; but Thou mayst

have given him immortality and glory, even for ever!"

While the good man was in the depths of these devotions, the violence of the storm gradually subsided, and a stillness, horrific to meditation, succeeded. It was a pause in nature, that seemed to declare the work of destruction was accomplished, and the destroying agents might repose. The dawn slowly broke, and found the pious man with his Bible before him. A suppressed bustle sounded from hall. He started from his seat, and, entering the intervening room, met Ferdinand with his clothes and hair dripping, having neither hat nor cloak; but joy was in his countenance.

"They are safe!" cried he: "my father and Sir Anthony bring the good tidings! The yaeht is safe!"

The pastor bent his silvered head for a moment on the shoulder of Ferdinand, and the holy man's sacred response ascended to heaven When he looked up, the Marquis Santa Cruz and Sâr Anthony were in the room; and they replied to his grateful questions by inform-

ing him in detail of what the following is a brief account.

The marquis and the baronet had met at the young king's levee. They mutually recognised each other; and when their respective businesses in London were finished, they agreed to return together to Lindisfarne. The tempest which produced such calamitous effects at sea, had extended itself to the land; and the travellers encountering its worst fury in the road immediately leading to Bamborough, the baronet had deemed it prudent to proceed to the Castle, and remain there till the state of the weather might allow a boat to cross without risk. During the night, and in the greatest press of the storm, he heard a gun of distress. A lantern-guide to seamen always burnt on what was called the Bishop's Rock, near the most ancient part of the fortress; but on the present intimation of a vessel in danger, he ordered other lights to be lit on the promontory, which shot further into the sea. His life-boat was also dispatched to the assistance of the crew. It came up with them in the crisis of her fate; "and the result was," cried Sir Anthony, "she was hauled safely into the castle creek."

"And her freight," rejoined the marquis, "was Sir Anthony's most prized friend of other days, and our dear De Montemar."

"Oh, Providence!" exclaimed the pastor, "how measureless:

should be our gratitude to thee!"

"It shall be registered on those very rocks!" cried the baronet; "and the gratitude of Louis, as well as my own, pronounced it so. On his setting foot on the well-known shore, it struck him at once to make those old towers, whose hastily kindled fires had piloted him to safety, become for ever unextinguished beacons to guide storm-driven mariners to the same haven of mercy. "And they shall be so!" added the energetic old man, striking his breast, "so

help me, Heaven!"

The news was soon spread throughout the house. And when: Mr. Athelstone returned from imparting it to the two chambers of the deepest anxiety, it was with the grateful tears of both Cornelia and Marcella wet upon his venerable cheeks that he reentered the room. He found that Ferdinand, who was gone to throw off his wet garments, had never been within the whole night, but had passed it in traversing the island from rock to rock, vainly listening to the roaring ocean, and gazing through the darkness, for what he feared he should never see again. He was the first object the crossing boat of Sir Anthony saw on the western cliffs of Lindisfarne. Ferdinand had descried the little vessel at a distance; and hastening down to see what it contained, he recognised! his father, and soon was told the joyful tidings which had sent it: so early across the strait. The perils which the yacht had weathered were not to be described; and the duke was so exhausted in. consequence, Don Garcia would not allow him to attempt the island until he had taken some repose.

Cornelia was too much shaken by her late mental suffering to be yet able to leave her room; but her indulgent mother had now read all her soul; and, dwelling with ingenuous delight on the

regenerated mind of the Duke Wharton, Cornelia heard her pro-

nounce a full approval of their mutual tenderness.

"No, no," replied Cornelia; "I loved him in the weakness of a first impression, without knowledge—by sight alone! I feel my folly, and my sin, and would resist the unsuspected evil in my heart!"

Mrs. Coningsby wept over her daughter, and in the benevolent spirit of Him who said to the penitent woman, "Neither do I condemn thee!" she combated all these self-condemning arguments against uniting her fate with one who had erred, but who erred no more! and who she had confessed to be the dearest to her of any being in this world.

"My mother!" responded Cornelia, "am I not commanded in

some cases to pluck out my eye? I would do so now."

"In what cases?" inquired the tender parent.

"In those which might separate me from duty to my Creator."

"But be careful to distinguish!" replied her mother. "Ask yourself, my child, what duty you will transgress in becoming the wife—the helpmate of a man whose own transgressions have been expiated by repentance; and whose reformation has been evidenced by his conduct towards the memory of the Duke de Ripperda, and his zeal for the rights of his son! I leave you, my Cornelia, to ponder on these things. Be merciful to yourself, and just to Duke Wharton, and Heaven will bless the sentence of your heart."

### CHAPTER LXXVII.

#### RETROSPECTION OF THE PASTOR'S FIRE-SIDE.

DURING the early spring after his nephew's first leaving the home of his youth for the long-wished career of an emulous life, under the immediate auspices of his father, the pastor sought to direct the regretful minds of his two nieces, and their not less sympathizing mother, from constantly dwelling on the ever-recurring privations they felt in the loss of such dear society. They missed his animated companionship at every turn, and a blank appeared to be drawn over the before pleasurable paths of their pursuits. In these depressing circumstances, Mr. Athelstone bethought him how to turn his family's attention to some occupation still connected with his nephew's image, with a view to that regretted object's own future enjoyment in its completion. And to do this, the venerable projector, after some consideration, determined on transforming, by repair and other alterations, a range of ancient apartments formerly attached to the original structure of the parsonage, but which had fallen into picturesque ruins in consequence of their long unwonted occupation. These deserted cells retained the name of The Pilgrim's Dormitory, such having been their use during the times of those pious visitants to the still remembered shrine of St. Cuthbert in the Holy Isle. But when the canonized relics were removed to another sacred fane, on the "Palatine Hill" of Durham, this dormitory's hospitable shelter ceasing to be needed, the unclaimed chambers fell into consequent neglect and decay.

Louis in his boyish days had appropriated the last and largest

apartment of the range pointing from the house, because its ample old porch opened upon a lawny declivity of the rock that led conveniently down to the sea-beach. In this room, which had formerly been the refectory of the pilgrims, he had kept his fishingtackle and a few spare oars. But for no other purpose did he ever disturb the quiet domains of the nestling birds, or their callow broods. He loved to listen to their chirping; and when he had gathered his rods or other tackle to quit the spot, he duly scattered his tribute of corn or bread-crumbs on the refectory floor. Nor was an asylum for these, his well-known pensioners, unprepared when they were displaced for the new project; but, like the "Tabernacle of Him who careth for man and beast," they found it in the adjoining bowery wood. The recollection of Louis's former use of these apartments occurring to Mr. Athelstone one day when passing the seaward end of the old building, suddenly suggested the idea in his mind to transform "this beautiful ruin" into a habitable suite of commodious chambers, to be especially dedicated to his nephew's personal appropriation, whenever it should please Heaven to return him to their prayers. The proposal was embraced by the whole domestic group with avidity. The pastor himself sketched every architectural restoration in the simple original Saxon style. Mrs. Coningsby delighted in planning all whatever for comfort or taste. She hung up the picture of his father's great kinsman, William of Nassau, in the principal apartment, and opposite to it the portrait of his own lovely mother, her sister, the lamented Baroness Ripperda. Alice, in her allotted employment, showed signs of reviving gay spirits, while pursuing her pretty ornamental tasks in another room, intended for her cousin's museum: - and then she thought, "Perhaps Ferdinand may some day be a visitor here;" and her young heart panted like a happy nightingale thrilling its soft notes to its hovering mate, so hoping to greet her lover again on her native shore.

Cornelia meanwhile partook of similar occupations: she embroidered the legends of Bamborough in tapestry; for panelling the adjacent contemplated library. That quiet, secluded chamber, in which her needle plied with fond industry, was for Louis to sit, to read, to sketch, to converse in! and her heart was full of him alone, the companion of her childhood, the brother of her soul. Little did she think that in this very chamber another object would agitate her thoughts, brought to her eyes by that same dearest friend; but whether to enhance, or to mar the joy of his return, time could only unfold. Such is the mystery of life! But when thus pleasantly engaged, with nothing then traversing the welcoming presages of the happy workers, the building was completed; and had nearly been perfected, "with all projected appliances within!" just at the time the first cloud began to spread its shadow over the eclipsing fortunes of Louis De Montemar. That cloud had rapidly advanced on him; but its fearful canopy did not show the blackness of its disk to the beloved inhabitants of Lindisfarne, till they had previously received a parentally confiding letter from the Marquis Santa Cruz, intimating his probable visit to the revered island with some of his family, on an object dear to his heart. And when in a subsequent letter, communicating the afflicting intelligence of the death of the Duke De Ripperda, and the many solemn duties his son had been left to perform ere he could regain his native home, the marquis announced his own and family's arrival in England as likely to be much sooner than he had expected: Mrs. Coningsby rallied her ever-gracious mind for the occasion. from the shock of these mournful tidings; and thought she could not better prepare for her respected guests, than to alter a little the disposition of the furniture she had placed in the apartments intended for her now orphan nephew, and arrange it more consonantly to the accommodation of his most valued friends. Therefore, when Louis did indeed embrace that most maternal of all aunts, and heard from her kind lips her careful intentions towards her expected visitants, he gratefully approved the transfer of the little private sanctuary designed for himself, to be the "guestchambers" of those dear ones who already dwelt in his soul. For it had been Heaven's will, that his far-spreading testamentary duties were compassed in briefer time than could be anticipated; and he had reached the coast of England before his Spauish friends.

Into those recently so long desolated apartments, now stored with every comfort, old and new, were the marchioness and her vestal daughter conducted on their arrival at Lindisfarne. The two precious pictures adorned the chief room, and when their smiling hostess told the story of the place's ancient occupation, the marchioness, with answering grace of countenance, replied, "We also are pilgrims, noble lady; so they have not changed their use, though thus honouring us, in less simple guise; and I pray, in memory of this long-sought meeting, they may still retain the revered name. I am sure the Marquis Dc Montemar will not forbid

the Montesa sponsorship."

Such had been their reception by the revered owners of the pastorage, and such had been the highly acceptable place of sojourn, for the wearied travellers, for many anxious hours before Louis

himself had seen them seated in it.

On the evening of the day which succeeded the terrific storm of the preceding night, and of its noon which had brought the happy intelligence to the despairing party in the house, of the safety of the little bark that contained Louis and Duke Wharton-when every breeze was hushed, and not a trace of cloud remained upon the soft serenity of the sky, the Marquis Santa Cruz entered the pleasant withdrawing-room in the renovated apartments, which had been appointed for the sole use of his wife and daughter. It was the ancient refectory; now hung with silk arras, and carpeted on the floor, where a cushioned damask couch stretched towards the open oriel-window, and through which the eyes of Marcella, who lay on the sofa, appeared to be gazing fixedly on the becalmed and luminous sea. She could view it without obstacle over those shelving rocks; but her thoughts were beyond its surface. They sought, with her mind's eye at least, the high cliffs of Bamborough, which reared their protective bulwarks on the opposite coast; and by whose guiding beacons the bark of her brother's friend, had been delivered from the fierceness of the storm.

Having been apprized by her benign host of those gracious tidings, she pressed to her breast the little book which he had slid

into her hand the foregoing night, when the tempest strove in its fullest rage. The slender volume was still in her hand when her father entered. She had just repeated, with an otherwise unutterable gratitude to Heaven, the ever-memorable mariners' "Hymn of Thanksgiving," in the Hundred and Eighth Psalm. He also had eome in alone; and, affectionately seating himself by her, he began a long and important conference. The eommunications he made so astonished Marcella that she became dumb with attention: until, when he uttered their result in one amazing announcement of their chief aim, her almost flitting soul answered in gasping words—"My father! my mother!" and she sunk, silent under her

emotion, on his breast.

The marquis had told her he had not gone on a vain errand to Rome. It was a double mission: yet not to hold controversy with the venerable head of its church. It was to lay his own heart open. He withheld no event of Barbary from his august confidant. All Louis de Montemar's heroie sacrifiees to the Christian eause, public and private, all his filial piety towards the saving of his noble father's life, both for this transitory state of existence and that which is to eome, were unveiled. And Santa Cruz also avowed that he loved this exemplary son of the penitent Ripperda as if he were his own. And then a few more words unfolded to the astonished Marcella, "that he did not leave the patriarehal chair of the Vatican without bearing with him the sanction of his conscience as well as of his parental wishes how to reward the faithful attach. ment of Louis de Montemar, even unto the grasp of death, which that unexampled friend had manifested to all she held dearest, and also whose irrepressible devotedness to her own pure image alone, in the face of every conviction of utter hopclessness, never could cease to feel her to be the only partner of his soul. And," added her father, "I cannot but believe that my Marcella will now consider herself blessed in blessing such a heart as his with the besought union of her own?"

It was at this solemn and tender adjuration she had dropped upon the marquis's bosom in motionless though not unconscious fainting, and while just recovered to perfect recollection, and shedding the tears of unutterable emotions on the hand of her anxious parent, Lorenzo respectfully appeared at the room door, to request his excellency to join Mr. Athelstone in his library. The venerable man had feared to discompose his young and delicate guest by allowing any unprepared annunciation of the actual arrival of his nephew and yet periled companion from their castled refuge; but the sight of Lorenzo, Louis's constant attendant, was sufficient preparation to her; and, with the same mute sensibility, she pressed her father's hand to her lips, while he gently impressed her forchead with his own, and softly whispered, "My child, I will send thy happy mother to thee; and she will understand your whole heart." Having uttered the last word, he immediately followed the withdrawing

steps of Lozenzo, to obey the summons he had brought.

The marchioness and Mrs. Coningsby, and all of the family eirele, excepting Cornelia and Marcella, were in the general sitting-room when the marquis entered with its venerable head. The duke still lay on the cushioned litter which had conveyed him on shore; and

he was looking around with a melancholy satisfaction on the rapturous greetings with which everybody met De Montemar.

"I never had a dear domestic kindred," said he to himself, "and yet I have seen and felt transports !- and may their memory perish!" cried he, in the same inward voice; "for nothing but

selfish passions were there.

Mrs. Coningsby approached the duke, and welcomed him with her accustomed hospitable grace. Every one had now something of the same import to say to him, all but Alice; and she continued to view from a distance this formidable Wharton, whom she had so often designated under the appalling appellatives of "hideous," "wicked," and "detestable." Cornelia, frequently as herself had bestowed those abhorring epithets upon him, and that she should now be as much infatuated by him as had ever been their cousin Louis, Alice could not but regard as another enormity of his sorcery. The duke caught a glimpse of her sylph-like figure, while hovering behind her mother's chair. He then appeared gaily talking to Ferdinand; but he started from the subject, and begged Mrs. Coningsby to present him to her youngest daughter. Mrs. Coningsby took her hand, and drew her reluctant steps towards him.

"Sweet lady," said he, "you are the sister of my best benefactress, and all of my heart that I can spare from her virtues I lay

at the feet of yours!"

There was a melody and a charm in these tenderer tones of his voice, the effect of which astonished Alice: for, feeling as if she had heard the voice of truth itself, she lingered to hear him speak again, though she only answered him by a silent curtesy. Ferdinand observed the sudden change; and, repeating his smile more arehly to the duke, whispered, "I shall be jealous of that vox amantis or teach me your note." amantis, or teach me your note.

"Apply to her sister," replied Wharton, turning his brightening countenance towards approaching steps in the adjoining room. The careless hilarity of his features vanished at once, and gave place to an agitated sensibility that sufficiently showed, if his voice were the organ of tenderness, the power itself dwelt in his heart. He half rose from the couch on which he reclined; and Louis, with an emotion not less apparent, sprung towards the opening door.

Cornelia, who had confirmed herself in her resolution, came into the room alone, and was advancing with a modest dignity to welcome the returned party; but her step hastened when her eye caught the eager approach of her beloved cousin, and all the dangers he had just escaped rushed at once upon her mind. Marcella also entered at that moment, leaning on her mother, and looked confusedly round. She also saw the object dearest to her; but she durst not allow her eye to rest there. The same glance showed her Cornelia; and, being near her, unknowing what she did, she threw herself into her arms. But the soul's mute language was not confined to the bosoms of those two conscious friends. In the same moment Cornelia's hand was pressed to the lips of Wharton, and Marcella's to those of Louis. They knew whose lips were there; and for that instant they did not recall the hands so transiently

The marquis raised his daughter from the neck of her friend,

and, having embraced her himself while she leaned on his bosom, he put her hand again into that of Louis, and, pressing them together, "There, my children!" said he, "receive a father's blessing as you continue to love each other, and are worthy of this providence of God!"

Marcella sunk on the breast of her lover, and Louis bore her into

the next room to the extended arms of her mother.

Mr. Athelstone had not stood mutely by during this blameless eloquence of nature; but, in the moment of the marquis separating his daughter from Cornelia, he clasped the hands of Wharton and Cornelia in his, and said, in a low and impressive voice, "Though he has lain in ashes, yet he shall have wings like a dove! And against what the dew of Heaven hath purified who shall dare make an exception!"

Cornelia trembled, but not in her steadfast heart. She could not withdraw her hand, nor speak; and Wharton softly whispered, "Oh, my Cornelia! what that sacred hand has joined together, let not thy voice put asunder!" With these words he gently glided a ring from his own finger upon hers, and firmly added, "We have

met to part no more!"

She sighed convulsively, and her head fell upon the shoulder of her pastor-uncle, who had seen the ring; and pressing her to his breast, tenderly rejoined, "Be to him, my Cornelia, as a lamp to his paths, and at the resurrection of the just he will be to you as the sun at noon-day; increasing your glory by the brightness of

his light!"

She put the hand of her uncle, which again clasped her's and the duke's, to her lips; and her tears were left on Wharton's in the action. "Oh, the bliss of virtue and of virtuous love!" exclaimed he to himself, while he dried them with a fervent kiss. She raised her head from Mr. Athelstone's breast, and, turning upon Wharton with a look that revealed the true devotion of her soul, while declaring the immovable strictness of her principles, she gently but steadily spoke—

"I do not return to you your ring. Under all circumstances, it shall go with me to my grave. But I was weak, and you know it. I must redeem myself to you, and to the respected in the world, by not giving you this hand until a year's probation may have tried your fidelity to better vows than to me. When you are far from the sacred precepts of my pastor uncle, yourself must prove that

Cornelia Coningsby bestows herself on the truly noble, as well as the notedly charming Duke Wharton!"

She uttered the two last epithets with a tearful smile. What Wharton said in reply none heard but herself; for this part of the scene had passed without other auditor than themselves. Mr. Athelstone having perceived something agitating to both in their little conference, had made a sign to her mother to draw the rest of the mutually gratulatory party out upon the lawn.

### CHAPTER LXXVIII.

BAMBOROUGH HALL AND ISLAND HOME-BENEDICITE.

A FORTNIGHT'S tranquil residence at the parsonage composed the whole circle into that "sober certainty of waking bliss" which no language can describe; but happy are they who understand it by the knowledge of experience! Cornelia was, however, proof against the supplications of that voice which, she tremblingly believed. might charm an angel from its orb; and, finding her inflexible in her virtuous resolution, the duke determined to relieve his English friends of his dangerous presence a few days before the unavoidable publicity of the celebration of their nuptials, even in so simple a place as Lindisfarne. He meant to sail direct from the little island to the nearest foreign port; thence proceed to Spain, where he had to fulfil a rather disappointing duty to him he considered his liege lord; and who was then on a brief visit at the Escurial. It was to communicate to his prince's private ear that he had not found the good folk north of the Tweed in the stirring mood which had been described of them; and, therefore, for a while at least, his trusty claymore must rest in its scabbard. Indeed, while Wharton reflected on this meditated errand, he could not help quoting to himself a few words from his old friend Mr. Addison's admired tragedy of Cato. They are those of the Roman senator, Sempronius, in the debate on the continuance of the civil war—

"My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.

Already have our quarrels filled our land

With widows and with orphans!"—

"Alas for such battledore and shuttlecock ways of settling the game of crowns!" and Wharton sighed—a mood not often with him. But Wharton was a changed man, and in many respects he did not then guess; yet, as soon as he should have executed his political office to his prince, he was anxious to retire into comparative privacy, and there enter on the probation, which he trusted might indeed end with the year, by the reunion of the whole beloved party at Paris, where Santa Cruz, being appointed ambassador from Spain, had engaged his children to rejoin him

for a happy visit.

The duke's wounds were completely healed; but a pause stood in every comforted heart at the prospect of his departure. He was trying his last entreaties with Cornelia for a shorter term of separation, when a stranger was unguardedly introduced by one of the under servants; and he proved to be an officer from the secretary of state. Wharton was sitting in a distant recess with Cornelia when this personage entered: and the instant bustle in the room, following some words from Mr. Athelstone respecting the duke, so alarmed her that, turning in an agony of apprehension towards him, she fainted on his breast. The duke was under the same impression with herself; and, relinquishing her, in some agitation, to her mother, walked calmly towards the group in the room; while the other ladies assisted Mrs. Coningsby to bear her insensible daughter from the expected trying scene. But such was not the

import of the messenger. He was a junior brother of General Stanhope; who, for his great diplomatic services in Spain, George the Second had just elevated to the rank of a peer, with the title of Baron Harrington, of Ulvaston. Colonel Stanhope brought favourable despatches to the alarmed group, who evidently gave him reluctant welcome. One packet was from the Chancellor Zinzindorf, at Vienna, to the Marquis Santa Cruz; and Colonel Stanhope put it into his hand. The others were chiefly addressed to the Marquis de Montemar; and some had been written by the personal dictation of the new monarch himself. And these informed his young Anglo-Spanish subject, that his majesty had received from the Empress of Germany, under her own hand, an exoneration of all that had been alleged against him at her court. A favourite mistress of Count Routemberg, in her dying moments, had declared the whole conspiracy of the count, united with some others in the imperial councils, against the Duke Ripperda and his son; and the empress now hastened to make the only reparation in her power, to the memory of the one, and the honour of the other, by thus clearing the Marquis de Montemar in the eyes of his present sovereign. \* Besides this sincere amende from the imperial Elizabeth. her royal kinsman also graciously noticed the accounts which had reached him, through General Clayton from Gibraltar, of Louis's disinterested conduct on both sides the Straits, as a son, a Protestant, and a free-born descendant of one of the most ancient families in England. "These virtues," the brave-hearted monarch added, "shall have a correspondent reward. Extraordinary disinterestedness can only be repaid by something of the same character."

By such a disinterestedness did this noble representative of the long line of British kings, uniting the royal blood of Scotland and of England in the bosom of George of Brunswick, rivet the loyalty of Louis de Montemar to the country of his maternal ancestors! Certain well-informed agents of the crown had lodged private information with the sceretary of state, that Philip Duke of Wharton, was secreted at Lindisfarne. But the same agents had also reported the calamitous circumstances which had thrown him under that protection: and the king, knowing the friendship which had subsisted between the Marquis de Montemar and the outlawed duke; for the sake of De Montemar's "virtues as a man, and approved loyalty as a subject," now transmitted to him a free pardon for his friend; and which act also reinvested him with all his former rights as an English peer and landholder.

"'Tis well!" answered the duke, with the instant lofty chivalry of his character kindled to his lips; "I accept the amnesty in the spirit it comes—ingenuous and free! It will afford me the joy of witnessing the nuptials of my dearest friend; and also, hereafter, my betrothed need not to shrink from bestowing her spotless hand on a husband under doom of the scaffold. But for my rights as a

<sup>\*</sup> This empress was a cousin of the new King of England, and affectionately regarded by him. Sir Andrew Haliday, in his History of the House of Hanover, notices her thus:—" Charles VI., Emperor of Germany was the last of the male line of Rudolph of Hapsburg. He married Elizabeth Christiana, daughter of Louis, Duke of Brunswick-Blakenburgh—their eldest daughter was the Empress Maria-Theresa.

British peer! I derived them from the House of Stuart, and will hold them by my own honour. George of Brunswick may be the people's and the parliament's king; James Stuart was, and is mine! I give what I claim; and while your sovereign reigns in their hearts, I shall not dispute his possession. Meanwhile Saint Germains is my court, though my sword rests in its sheath."

There was no voice in that room to expostulate against an open declaration of principle; and the royal messenger himself, who was a soldier and a man of high honour, venerating the noble bond, though it pointed differently from his own, merely answered:— "Permit me, duke, to explain the mistake of some who suppose that the throne of Great Britain came to the House of Brunswick, not by right of birth, but by virtue of an Act of Parliament, the people's representatives.

"George the First was descended from a Stuart, a daughter of James the First of England. And the Act of Settlement on the present family neither creates nor confers any new right upon them; it only confirms that which was inherent in the House of Brunswick, on the exclusion of the papist branch of the royal line. To assert the contrary, is to subvert the ancient constitution of the country, and to turn our hereditary into an elective monarchy."

The duke smiled—"This is an intricate question, and I am not the man to contest its consequences. However, happy is the prince whose throne is so well founded, that it may be discussed, whether it rests most on his birthright or his people's will." With this remark, he bowed and quitted the room.

Louis, when he had read the gracious purport of the royal despatch to himself, had glided from the parlour during the explanatory observation of Colonel Stanhope to the duke, that he might relieve the terrible suspense he felt Cornelia must be suffering. Wharton met him returning, at the door of Mrs. Coningsby's apartment. Louis pressed the hand of his friend, while he passed him—"You will find her," said he, "all your own."

But in this even her cousin, De Montemar, who best knew the movements of her soul, was mistaken.

Cornelia, however, suffered the grateful, the happy Wharton, to fold her to his heart, in the hallowed emotion of a meeting as from the grave. For when they parted a few minutes before, the scaffold did indeed appear to both the only scene of their next separation, and the world to come the only bourne where they could meet again. Dear and blissful was this assured reunion; but Cornelia remained firm to her steadily repeated resolution. "Be steadfast, my Wharton! my future honoured lord," gently uttered her sweet voice, "in this our mutual voluntary privation; and you will love your Cornelia the better for such a sacrifice, when in venerated age we count back our happy years together."

Stanhope did not pass that day only with the pastor and his interesting household; he tarried to witness the most heartfelt ceremony that ever took place in the little humble church which had succeeded the once magnificent abbey of Lindisfarne. The double marriages of their beloved Louis, and their own almost foster-child, the ever kind and innocently playful Alice, were to be solemnised there! The venerable edifice stood within so short a distance from

the pastorage, that a smooth gravelled path led through the fragrant garden immediately to it. It was a heavenly morning, and along that path the bridal party walked. The revered pastor himself led the way, with the smiling marchioness leaning on his arm. The rest followed, grouped as the occasion and propriety brought to one and other such dear kindred, at a moment immediately preceding an event to consign some there, most precious to their affections, each to another object, and a separate devoted duty, for the

remainder of their lives.

The Marquis Santa Cruz, adorned with the double stars of the Golden Fleece and St. Ildefonso, supported the modest, but not trembling steps of his yet vestal-like daughter, robed in her spotless white. A sweet peace had stilled the tremors of her heart; and the clear, refreshing breezes of that northern shore had braced her delicate frame to an elasticity she had never felt before. The transparent tint of reviving health illumined her cheek, when she could not but hear from some half-suppressed humble voices near her while passing by—"What a beautiful lady she is!—pure looking, like a lily!—worthy her bridegroom!—and that is to our hearts' content!" At these words, how did her own already wedded heart bound in sacred exultation, at the gift of such a lord and partner for her life!

Louis, who was sustaining the timidly approaching Alice, appeared so truly his former self, without other decoration on his marriage garment than the lustre of an unclouded happiness, that every lip moved in rapturous blessings when he drew near; and so great was the acclaim of the honest fishermen, at sight of their so often venturous companion, and ever-darling young master, that no sense was left unoccupied to allow a glance on the jewelled plumes of Don Ferdinand, who followed, with the graceful and ever-gracious Cornelia holding his arm; though many a benison was breathed from the full hearts of the island women, and "beamed its lights" on the downcast eyes of his young bride—"the fairy gem" of their little isle! Neither was Cornelia forgotten in their blessing prayers; but it was, that "she might never leave them."

Mrs. Coningsby leaned in a pensive maternal delight on the conducting hand of Duke Wharton. The blazonry of many orders might have shone on that distinguished breast; but he chose one only, the badge of the Garter. It had been bestowed on him by James Stuart, when three of the most powerful kings in Europe signed a league for his defence; and it was the duke's pride to thus doubly acknowledge the prince, who had then so eminently honoured him, by now wearing his especial gift, in the utter despair of that prince's fortunes. The remainder of the marriage company,

relatives and guests, followed into the church.

The reverend pastor, with his silver hair waving over his serene and benignant brow, holding the sacred volume in his hand, stood on the step of the altar. The nuptial group drew around. He began—and he finished the holy ceremony, which was to bind so many faithful hearts into one interest, in this world and in the next. And when he consigned the married pairs to the benediction of their parents, (in the place of one of whom, to the sweet Alice,

stood Sir Anthony Athelstone,) the venerable man raised his devout hands, and solemnly pronounced the general benediction.

Cornelia wept in sisterly congratulation on Alice's bosom; and when she relinquished her, to the enraptured Ferdinand, they shed their gentle dew on the throbbing breast of the no less happy Marcella. Wharton's arm, unconsciously to her, now supported the agitated frame of his future bride, while he clasped his friend's hand in his, with a felicitation that knew no utterance.

Mr. Athelstone looked on the kindred group with the feelings of a parent, and impressively exclaimed—"Oh, how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts! For here, mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other!"

The noon repast, after the felicitous solemnity of the morning, was taken by the little circle and its especial guests, round the dear familiar table of the pastoral home. And on the same evening, the whole group passed over to Bamborough Castle, to the gladly prepared welcome of Sir Anthony Athelstone; there to abide in the sweet tranquillity of their new domestic happiness, until the "declension of the bridal moon" must call them to separate for their different destinations.

The gates of the old fortress, avenued within and without with the tenantry of the rejoicing master of those vast domains, stood open to receive the chosen heir and his lovely bride. Sir Anthony, who had arrived before, was standing on the threshold of the great door of the interior mansion of the castle; and on her setting foot on its polished marble steps, he took her in his ardent arms, and with a voice to be heard by all around, welcomed her, as "from that day the lady of Bamborough, the beloved wife of its future honoured lord, his nephew and adopted son, Louis Athelstone de Montemar!"

With a screne joy of the heart, which the usual festivities in the celebration of such an event might have marred rather than augmented, the baronial evening entertainment passed in smiling happiness away. Colonel Stanhope was constrained, by official duties in London, to take leave of his hospitable host the next morning: which he did, declaring "the pleasure he felt in having been permitted to share that rare degree of family union, and under the long bannered roof of most of its members' long line of noble ancestors!"

Wharton alone understood what might be comprehended in the last gratulatory remark of this cordially expressed farewell; and, turning on his heel as the castle's amiable guest departed, he sighed, and answered within himself—"Its possession shall never be put in hazard by the man who found a double life under shadow of its walls!—and, thanks to the signs of the times, there need be no quarrel between his gratitude to one gracious prince, and unchangeable fealty to another!"

In the noon of the day, after the nuptial party had removed to the mansion on the opposite shore, the little island's spectators of the preceding solemnity, now for ever stamped on their honest hearts, were also feasted, men, women, and children, on the large lawn-like green sward. There were the tables and awnings set up. There was fond memory at work, with all around the festive board; which the respected home-steward, worthy Peter, had prepared; with the assistance of the good old housekeeper "in her grogram gown," who had spread every table with ample stores of welldressed viands, and other pleasant refreshments, for guests of every

age to prattling infancy.

Such were the blameless pleasures of this genuine occasion for making a social gratulatory meeting of humble attached neighbours, however lowly their degree; and it proved jocund as it was innocent on that auspicious day. But all of the bridal party within Bamborough's favoured walls, were not to await the wane of its "bright moon," before one at least must pepare for

A week passed on; a second, a third week had "fled on wings of down," when on the twenty-first morning, answering to that of the blissful dawn which had plighted for ever, "till death doth them part!" the hearts and hands of Louis De Montemar and Ferdinand d'Osorio to their "chosen among women!"—on this recurring dawn, one most dear to that family party, then in their bland repose, touched with his finger the spring of his watch to know the time. It answered, "Five o'clock." He hastily started from his pillow, marked by a sleepless night, until towards morning a short slumber refreshed him, and the stroke of his repeater warned him to rise.—Lorenzo had been appointed by Louis to be the faithful attendant on the duke from the day of his embarkation, till the time of his reunion with his friend, either in England or at Paris, as circumstances might lead; and the vigilant young man, actively devoted to all whom his beloved master loved, entered the chamber to commence his services to one himself so truly honoured. About an hour afterwards, a small sea-rigged bark appeared in the offing, and presently sailed on full tide into the little bay of the castle. Its streamers were floating on the wind towards the German shore.

The signal was too soon seen and understood by the kindred eyes which caught a glimpse of her from their chamber windows, and the assembling together in the great morning saloon seemed the act of an instant. Wharton meanwhile had attempted to shake off some of the heavy depression that overwhelmed him, at thought of her he was about to leave. The struggle, however, of the first step was accomplished, and with a composed, but pale countenance, enlightened by a smile that spoke the warm affections under it, he entered the saloon, habited for his voyage. He was surrounded in a moment, and alternately clasped to every friendly breast. Louis

held him to his, as if he should grow there.
"Return, return, my brother!" cried he, "and complete my hap-

piness!"

"My Cornelia! but for thee," answered the duke in stifled tones: but he uttered them to her, and not to Louis, when he had gently moved from his arms to fold her to his heart; and while he spoke, his head for a moment rested on her. But she, unconscious to all, save that noble heart's inward feelings, interrupted the agitated pause, softly whispering,-

"My own betrothed lord! your real happiness, as well as mine, exacts this of us! And, dearest Wharton, sweet will be our reward !-- you will then have had time to perform all the duties you have pledged on the Continent: and it may please Heaven, that by having so accomplished them, in less than the apportioned year, instead of my going to seek my affianced husband on a foreign land, he may come to claim his Cornelia in the hall of her fathers!"

"Bless thee, angel! for those last words!" was all the reply his fond emotions could utter. But Sir Anthony, who had drawn near the separating pair, in an energetic but subdued voice, exclaimed—"Yes, Wharton, come! Our Cornelia shall be the cherished mistress of my Athelstone home, till you return to take her to yours, your wedded wife! the sweetest bindwith of man's

happiness here below!"

The baronet folded his own arms about her, and turned with his trembling charge towards her mother and the other ladies. Some were shedding tears; and none so abundantly as the sister eyes of Alice. But all, with hurried accents, had bidden the ever-delighted, ever-delighting Duke Wharton their regretful adieus. And now they tenderly drew around the mute beloved one: feeling her to be, though for a brief while, like a suddenly desolated bride. The pastor's ministering spirit had hovered everywhere during the agitating farewells. And he approached the departing group just as Sir Anthony was putting his hand on the arm of the duke, to lead him away at once, on a sign being given at the saloon door by Lorenzo, that the vessel was ready!

Wharton understood the movement, and, with renewed self-command, not venturing a second look into the room, he obeyed the impulse of his friend's hand, and proceeded down to the place

of embarkation.

The rest of the gentlemen followed: Mr. Athelstone by the side of the Marquis Santa Cruz; and Louis, with Ferdinand and Don Garcia. When they reached the beach, they found the honest fishermen from Lindisfarne assembled there, clad in their best array, to do honour to the outward-bound future lord of their beloved Miss Coningsby. For so they had lately heard whispered in the island it was likely to be—That "the noble gentleman who had led her gracious mother to the church on the happy day of her youngest daughter's marriage, was destined on his return from abroad, to become the favoured husband of her eldest!" who, these true-hearted people thought, had not a female parallel on earth.

Louis had not been aware of this intended sineere respect to his most highly regarded friend; but, pleased at the sight, he smiled on them while he passed along following the duke's footsteps to the rough old pier; at the signal-point of which the unmoored vessel floated on the surge; and the hospitable banner of Athelstone-Bamborough waved from its flag-staff. Here, the kindred party bade their final farewells; and they were said in few, but emphatic words. But this parting scene, being before a public cognizance,—strangers, besides the simple natives of the shore,—the warm impulsive embrace of heart to heart, eustomary in more ardent climates, was now exchanged for the colder, though cordial grasp of the hand, and fervent "God bless you," of home-felt English friendship, on such occasions. The venerable pastor stretched his

holy hands over the head of Wharton, and solemnly blessed him and the bark that carried him! Wharton pressed the revered hand to his grateful lips; and the next instant stood on the deck of the vessel, with Louis by his side. Their hands were again locked in each other; and a few sentences of their soul's import passed between them. Louis then leaped down by the descending rope upon the pier. The sails were loosed to the freshened breeze, and the gallant little ship dashed through the shadowed surge of the narrow bay, into the clear expanse of the bright blue ocean. Then the inspiriting cheer of British seamen rung from the breasts of old and young that thronged the beach; and the voices of prayer, also, came on the breeze. "Heaven speed thee, brave duke! and return thee safe back, to be a happy bridegroom, and abide among us!"

Wharton waved his hat and hand, in gratified acknowledgment at this unexpected declaration of such wishes; and Lorenzo, who stood behind him, with answering animation echoed the com-

prehensive cheer.

The vessel disappeared beyond a low promontory on the coast; and those who had bidden it farewell, slowly retraced their steps to the castle. Sir Anthony ordered the island mariners to be regaled in the great hall of the keep; while himself, and the rest of the kindred group, hastened forward to administer every solace of their affectionate cares, aided by the bright promises of an early and blissful reunion, to the most saddened heart within the mansion.

The year moved on. Month after month rolled away; and the count of them drawing near the last limit of her betrothed's absence, Cornelia, who numbered them within those towers, with the watehings of a faithful wife, looked out by day and by night, at the window of her solitary chamber, for the signal pennon of her beloved! But when the moon set, and the sun rose, and he eame not, she wrung her spotless hands, and ever exclaimed, "Oh, Wharton! return, return! I am the banished one!"

But the bark that had borne Duke Wharton away from sight of those towers, was never seen from them again; never returned to the bay of Bamborough, nor to the little isle of Holy Lindisfarne. Yet the suspense of many in both homesteads did not increase to any painful anxiety; there being still some weeks to run before the expected period could be passed that would bring joy, or the severe

trial of even a temporary disappointment.

One cloudy evening, late in that anxious autumn, a stranger, wrapped in a large cloak, arrived at the castle; but without any semblance of personal concealment, simply requested to be shown into the Marquis de Montemar's private apartment; being a traveller, and having a favour to ask at his hands. The message was no sooner delivered, than accorded to, by the ever-ready kindness of De Montemar on such occasions. When he entered his library, which he did alone, and had shut the door, the traveller advanced a step towards him, hesitated a moment, then, dropping off his cloak, showed to his amazed and almost paralysed master at the sight, the wayworn face of the faithful Lorenzo. The tidings he

brought were too soon comprehended in that glance, by the recently yearing heart of him to whom they were to be addressed. Wharton was no more!

Briefly was then told,—that after having completed the last of his political duties on the Continent, and while preparing, with the gaiety of a happy bird, just released from its toils, for his immediate embarkation for England, the awful dispensation came. He lost his brilliant, and joy-inspiring life, in preserving that of a poor old seaman; who fell out of the duke's felucca, into the midst of a dangerous whirlpool the entrance of the rugged haven of Tarra. gona, it being then dark evening. Wharton, ever prompt in humanity, threw himself over the boat-side to rescue the aged man; and after a short, but hard struggle with the coil of the rocks below, brought him to the surface, bruised and insensible. But the air above revived him, and he was taken, groaning in pain, along with his noble preserver, into the vessel, which had righted itself. The men pulled forward, and speedily landed their charge at the marine gate of a convent of Bernardines, near to the spot of the fatal accident. The duke meanwhile had not said a word of his hurts; but they periled his life.

"And," continued Lorenzo, after a moment's pause, but in a voice of piercing sorrow—"Oh! that noble life! A low stone may now be seen in the humble cemetery of that poor convent, with an inscription dictated by himself in his dying moments: when asked by the prior—'What were the illustrious titles he would wish to be

registered on his grave?'—the duke answered:—

'HERE SLEEPS WHAT WAS PHILIP WHARTON.

### HIS MERCIFUL LORD WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST."\*

After this last communication, Lorenzo ceased speaking; and De Montemar, covering his face with his hands, sat some minutes totally silent. But there was a voice within him, which cried unto the ear that heard him in the former great strait of his soul; and

the faithfully besought stay was not now denied him.

After the pause of those solemn moments, he looked calmly up; his mind was concentrated to the tasks before him. He told Lorenzo, in his usual kind tones, to retire to the care of the old chamberlain who had conducted him; and not to make himself known to any other person in the house; but to lodge in the chamberlain's apartments, until Louis should have been able, next morning, to impart the sad tidings he brought to those of the family, who would require the tenderest preparation. "Then Lorenzo," said he, "I will call you again into this room to talk with you on our departure." Lorenzo reverently pressed his master's hand to his breast, and withdrew.

Before De Montemar could come in the way of meeting any one else that dismal night, he sought his best assistant under such cir-

<sup>\*</sup> Philip Duke Wharton inherited from his forefathers the following titles—Baron Wharton of Northumberland, from Henry VIII.—Viscount Winchendon of Bucks—Earl of Kathfarnham and Catherlogh—Marquis of Malmsbury and Wharton, &c. &c. &c. — mostly conferred by the early Tudor sovereigns and subsequently by William and Anne.

cumstances, the faithful pastor of the stricken flock; and found him in his usual meditative retreat, when a guest at the castle. Louis's countenance, pale and troubled, gave notice to his uncle, that his visit was not one of joy. But, with the meek firmness of his own sound faith, he unfolded his mournful errand to his pious listener, beseeching him to be the soothing imparter of this heartbreaking intelligence, to the so beloved but now eminently bereaved Cornelia. The venerable man, with prayers for consolations to be granted to all the gentle spirits who were to share her woe with a chastened feeling on his own, while assenting to the request of his nephew, laid his blessing hand on that patiently submitting head. He also undertook to be the melancholy harbinger to her mother, and to the eagerly anticipating Alice, who had been presaging a thousand happy things to greet her fondly-expected brother-in-law. But these unwelcome tasks were all deferred until

the next morning, to allow the night to be one of repose.

Louis would then have to reveal his sad share to the sanguinely impatient Sir Anthony, who had ever regarded Duke Wharton as his dearest friend; and likewise to Don Ferdinand, who had become affectionately attached to him, both on his own account and because of the kindred affinity approaching between them. He was spared the communication to the Marquis and Marchioness Santa Cruz. They had been some time settled at Paris, anticipating the pleasure of soon seeing the beloved bridal parties of Lindisfarne, augmented by that of the duke and Cornelia, at their palace of embassy in that gay city. But, meanwhile, the marchioness had left Don Garcia at Bamborough, in professional surveillance over their dear child; though he then smilingly owned it was a work of supererogation, she being quite restored to every bloom of youthful health. Louis also had rejoiced in the prolonged yet unneeded attendance of this skilful and excellent man. And now, with a renewed gratitude, he felt particularly comforted in the hope that this strengthening of her delicately moulded frame would enable her to bear without injury the heavy tasks of consolation that might be put upon her. He proceeded, as was his custom, to pass a sacred hour with Marcella in her boudoir before she should retire to her chamber. When he entered, and looked on that sweet countenance, which had ever beamed on him sympathy and saintly ministry under his direct extremities, his soul seemed to rush towards her, and he could not refrain from unburthening to her its true partner the secret of his overcharged bosom that very night.

"Oh!" ejaculated he, but silently within himself, while he contemplated her, "was she not a dove of peace to me, during the fierce warrings of my afflicted soul in Spain and in Africa? and shall she not be my dearest helpmate from heaven, through the

shadows of this death, also?"

While these meditations filled his heart, her eyes met his. She started at sight of their long-unwonted expressiou, and approached him. "My Marcella!" exclaimed he, "can I for a moment withhold a thought from thee?" And, drawing her gently to a seat, he placed himself beside her. He felt her tremble; and, not to hold that tender noture in suspense, he spoke—and uttered the name of "Wharton!" His tale was soon told, though with anguish and

with many breaks. She wept along with the recital; for she had learnt to regard with a sister's interest Duke Wharton—the amiable, the penitent, the beloved of her husband like a brother! And that husband's tears, softly set at flow, mingled with hers. "Holy matrimony!" apostrophized his soul, "in blessing, what a blessing hast thou been to man!"

"Oh, my Louis!" she meekly said, "what have you been called to resign?—a father, prized as your own soul!—a friend, dear to you as the dearest brother! and now to share the sorrows of her whose life is crushed by this last stroke on you! But I see that

the Power who called is with you!"

"That I am thy husband, my Marcella!" returned he, "is a pledge full of happiness to me from the Almighty bestower, with whom my beloved father and brother-friend now are! You are my ministering angel in these trying hours, as you were in my former ones; and you will aid me to comfort her who only is next to yourself in my heart of hearts. Yes, my Marcella, be to her even as a sister of Wharton! for he loved you like a brother, and that sweet thought would the more endear your consolations to her."

Next morning, when the mournful tidings were divulged throughout the castle, sad was the wail within those lately happy towers. Sir Anthony, in choking grief, ordered the well-known flag of Athelstone-Bamborough, which had waved over the departing steps of Duke Wharton, to be lowered half-staff. And every stander-by who now saw it done, and who had then jocundly echoed the honest seamen's cheers for his return, now looked on in melancholy silence. Meanwhile, the pastor, feeling the necessity not to linger in the painful task he had to perform, before the usual time of the family meeting together for the morning, he passed into Cornelia's private apartments, hoping to find her alone. He did so, and she closed the Holy book she was reading. He tenderly drew near to her, and, laying his hand on the volume of inspired comfort before her, took up his theme; and, following the all-wise and gracious tenor of its heavenly promises, at length unfolded the heavy trial laid on her young and devoted, and now widowed heart.

She had heard, she had understood the fatal result of what was so sacredly communicated; but she had comprehended no more. She did not speak, she was stunned-tearless, and sat in her chair fixed as a statue. She breathed, gazed, but evidently insensible to sight, or anything passing around her. All who were dear to her, and who had also been made acquainted with their loss, felt their own bereavement absorbed in hers. Her mother in vain strained her with piteous invocations to her maternal bosom, in dread that her senses were entirely gone; and Ferdinand, in alarm for the safety of his young wife, on hearing her rending sobs of terror, lest her sister should die, compellingly but gently carried her from the room. The venerable pastor did not seek to traverse the first feelings of nature under so awful a dispensation. There was a hand of all knowledge and wisdom dealing with the sufferers! and he remained quiescent, till "the still small voice" that would speak should speak, and be heard amongst them.

When Dr. Garcia, who had been sent into the mourning chamber by Don Ferdinand, observed the hazardous state of Miss Coningsby, he poured some restorative drops into her mouth, and directed that she should be laid on her couch and left in perfect quiet for one hour; with only the calm assiduities of the Lady de Montemar watching by her, and to occasionally put into her lips a few drops of the sanative medicine, which he trusted would soothe her into a genial sleep.

Mrs. Coningsby, according to this respected advice, in anguished resignation rose to obey. She knew the chosen nurse for this anxious duty was well prepared, as a Sister of Mercy, for its offices to the afflicted one before her. She was the wife of their beloved Louis, and she had cherished him from a state like unto this, to the bright revival of life in which he had so recently again

blessed his maternal home!

"Ah! my Marcella!" said she, when she moved from the side of her daughter, "be to my Cornelia what you were to the persecuted Ripperda's dear son, in his most bruised hour, and by Heaven's will, I may again hold my revived child to this, alas, now doubting heart!"

When Mrs. Coningsby had retired from the room, she went to visit Alice, with the comfort of this hope; and meanwhile Dr. Garcia repeated to the attentive Marcella his directions; but adding that should they fail, he would recommend a more abrupt attempt to reawaken consciousness in the now torpid senses, by the Marquis de Montemar, whom she had not seen since the disclosure of her loss. That he should come suddenly into her presence, and try the effect of his voice, and the personal appearance of the most loved friend of her lamented lord. Half the prescribed hour had not elapsed, when a soft breathing announced sleep, and continued for nearly as long a while, until broken by low moans. Almost immediately afterwards, Dr. Garcia, by intimation of the time from his watch, re-entered the chamber. He felt his patient's pulse, and then said to the pale and anxious Marcella—"This is the moment for the marguis's presence! If we could excite her to tears, all might be well.'

Signora Ignez, (one of the Spanish waiting-gentlewomen, who had been left by the marchioness to attend on her daughter,) having accompanied the physician into the apartment to receive his commands, was instantly sent back to the Marquis de Montemar, who was sitting in troubled expectation with Sir Anthony, for the summons of his appearance. As soon as he left the room, the impetuous baronet, totally unnerved by the excess of his apprehensions, hurried out of the castle into the depths of his park, until

the issue of this trial should be decided.

Louis proceeded alone to Cornelia's chamber, and at the sight of her prostrate form, wont to be ever so graceful, and fraught with every female beauty, now lying in deathlike and tremulous helplessness on that disordered couch, the only sign of any returning consciousness being the faint utterance of those distressing moans. his whole soul scemed to spring from his lips to her, in the simple words and piercing response, "My Cornelia!" They penetrated her ear-they awoke her senses-she heard him-she knew it was his voice! Her head started from the pillow; she saw him!-and with instant recognition, not only of himself, but recollection of all

that she had lost, and he had first brought to her !—she ejaculated his name with a piteous cry, and, stretching out her arms, threw herself upon his breast. He gently pressed the heaving overcharged bosom that beat against his, in his fraternal arms, uttering every endearing invocation over her; and after a short but mighty struggle between life and its extinction, the flood-gates of that locked heart were opened by a burst of agonized but relieving tears.

"She is saved by a providence beyond human skill!" exclaimed the physician. Marcella dropt on her knees, in mute thanksgiving to the Divine Being; even made visible before His earthly creatures,

in the outstretched hand of such immediate mercies!

While the poor mourner continued weeping, upon the supporting bosom of her cousin, Don Garcia went to communicate the propitious ehange to Mrs. Coningsby and the Lady Alice, who were together with Don Ferdinand. And when his pleasing errand was told, he earefully left the happy sister, now almost as wild with joy as she had before been frantic with fear, to the composing tenderness of her judicious husband, and then led the grateful parent towards the chamber of her restored child. But, meanwhile, he had not hastened over the details of his relation to his comforted auditors; wishing that time might be afforded to the overflow of those genial showers which he had reported, before any interruption could check the desired current. Cornelia had wept bitterly; then tears more bland succeeded, till she sunk exhausted by the healing effort of nature, into a silent and deep sleep. It was soon after this effect that the good physician and Mrs. Coningsby cautiously glided into the room. They approached the still group. Dr. Garcia whispered to her mother and cousin that this sleep was of the greatest promise; that it was profound, and might last several hours. He then took the now quieted but yet statue-like Cornelia, as if stretched on a tomb, from the bosom of Louis, and laid her gently back upon the couch. He wished to relieve the devotedly attending Marcella, ever indeed delicate in bodily strength, but equally fervent in spirit to the utmost of her vital powers; therefore, he consigned the next charge over the tranquil slumber of his now perfectly quiet patient to the care of her mother, aided by the mute presence and assistance, if required, of the signora; who, having been one of the respected widowed matrons, who had accompanied their two ladics into Spain, well knew the service of gentle ministries.

Louis then led his Marcella to a temporary repose in her boudoir; and himself repaired to seek his uncle, Sir Anthony, in the recesses of the park. The search was not long, and most joyfully he imparted to him the glad tidings, that his most beloved niece might

yet live to be the comfort of his old age.

During the sleeping hours of Cornelia, Louis had made all his arrangements with Lorenzo; and then with Sir Anthony, for his expedition; and, he trusted, equally undelayed return. The venerable pastor, who had learnt from the enraptured Alice the propitious alteration which had taken place in her dear sister,—joined the latter conference; and eordially approved of all his nephew's generous and pious intentions towards the memory of Duke Wharton, and the Christian community, which had been as

his first communications, while in fear, under the almost mortal shock of her stricken heart. With this well-judged view, he unfolded to her that the present dangers of the port of Tarragona had arisen from the damage that had been done to it by the rival parties, during the late war of succession to the crown of Spain, between Philip of France and Charles of Austria. Tarragona was an important place, the ancient capital of Catalonia; and when it yielded its Austrian colours to the successful possession of Philip of France. then proclaimed King of Spain, the town and its harbour fell into neglect by its new sovereign;—the latter, indeed, sunk into utter decay. The bastions, which had protected the harbour, were suffered to moulder down into the strand; and the guardian piers of the port, with the beacon pillars on their summits, fell and perished in the turbulent waters, leaving to the perilous breakers within the rapid current the fearful chance of shipwrecking the unwary mariner. Owing to this unprotected entrance, on a cloudy evening late in August, the boat that was conveying the duke and his little party back from visiting the ship in the offing which was to bear him on his wished-for voyage, met its lamentable catastrophe. And, to avert the like again, at least as far as human precaution could devise, the only one who had mortally suffered in the disaster had bequeathed the amplest means for the repair of that harbour, and the erection of two beacon-towers on its flanking rocks on each side of its entrance, with also an establishment of well-ordered lifeboats to be always in readiness for cases of disasters in rough weather.

"It is to effect this without delay, or rather to set it in progress, that I expedite my journey," continued Louis. "Our uncle Anthony will give me his plans of the Bamborough lights for my model. For Wharton has desired, that those of Tarragona should be like unto these here, whose heaven-directed rays brought him to the dear haven, where then his own fondest hopes were

anchored!"

Cornelia had now listened with a sense of consolation, and a

serenity that surprised herself.

"I know you must go!" she firmly but meekly observed; "and the sooner, the more satisfactory to me—and to his blessed spirit. But, my brother, when you kneel on that low white stone in the convent cemetery, breathe a prayer over it for the far-distant Cornelia, whose heart would be there, did she not feel that she need not seek the living amongst the dead!—but, my Louis, let that heart be with you! And accordingly as he has given a haven of refuge to the storm-driven seamen on the Tarragona coast—so copy your own, and our uncle's establishment at Bamborough, for a similar mariner's home, under that benevolent prior's auspices, when such poor shipwrecked men are rescued from the waves. Put it to my charge, dearest friend of my honoured Wharton, and you will make me rich indeed!"

She softly turned her head into the pillow of her sofa, and ceased to speak. Louis answered, with his whole soul in his words—"My treasured Cornelia—true to Wharton's gracious spirit and your own—it shall be done as you say:—and I trust to be blest in the deed!" She did not reply, but he heard a low sob, while he noiselessly

passed from the room. He felt that she did not expect to see him again, until it might please the Divine Disposer of events to restore him once more to the prayers of those he should leave in such supplication for him; and he refrained from expressing the tender farewell throbbing in his breast, by even touching that spotless hand which rested upon the silken cover of the couch on which

she lay.

Louis then proceeded immediately to Mrs. Coningsby, to whom he confided all that had just passed between himself and the dear mourner; that her mother might understand the present state of her comforted though grieving thoughts, and so be enabled to gently guide them into the fond paths of peace, whenever the yearnings of the bereaved heart might turn them aside into "the waste wilderness." The grateful mother, comprehending all that her nephew meant, hastened to rejoin her child; and finding her become composed, sought to engage her mind from any reference to her recent conversation, by proposing to her Dr. Garcia's advicethat as evening was so far drawn on, and her tender frame must be exhausted, she should now be removed from her present couch of insufficient rest and retirement to the perfect repose of her nightchamber. Cornelia affectionately complied, and her mother had the comfort of leaving her in a sweet quietness of body and mind, under the silent charge of her own accustomed Northumbrian maid, and of the kind Signora, for the rest of the night. They were to occupy couches in the adjoining dressing-room.

The remainder of the evening passed with the family in the castle in the way that might be expected, under their relative circumstances. De Montemar settling whatever was necessary with Sir Anthony and the venerated pastor. His devoted Marcella, meanwhile, studied everything that could administer cheering consolations to the varying anxieties of Alice and her mother; whom Marcella regarded with a love like unto that Ruth bore unto the

revered Naomi.

When Louis had finished his arrangements for an early setting forth on the morrow, and the night's benediction—"on all the inhabitants of that house!" had been pronounced in the castle chapel by its venerable minister, the young, and still tried future master of all its wide and heavily responsible duties, retired to his sleeping apartment, but not to repose. He felt he had not parted from Cornelia quite as he wished. He had a precious thing in his possession; and yet more precious words, which had accompanied it, from the being she had most loved on earth !—and, on considering it, he felt that the time might never come which could offer so fit an occasion for its visit of consolation. She might contemplate it, meditate on its silent language, with a communion sweeter than human imagination may suppose; until the brother of her childhood, and above all, the chosen brother of her betrothed soul, should return from the fulfilment of her Wharton's munificent bequeathments, to feed her widowed heart with the manna of the true blessedness.

Louis, therefore, separated from his Marcella at the door of the chamber, and withdrew to his private little cabinet, to prepare this packet of so sacred an adieu; and which he intended to leave with

her, to put into the hands of the beloved Cornelia when he was

That "precious thing in his possession" was a miniature portrait of Duke Wharton, painted during his last short sojourn at Madrid; to be his first nuptial present to his fondly anticipated bride, on the blissful morning of their union. Lorenzo had brought it to Bamborough in its casket: and also a message with it, which had been dictated by the duke's own lips, when he bade that devoted servant take the picture under his especial care, to deliver it into the Marquis de Montemar's hands alone; to be given by him into those of his dear and ever-honoured liege lady! as the last, but poor

tribute of his never-dying love for her.

Louis had not looked on the picture when the casket was committed to him; nor did he desire to do so now; he had withheld it from her at the time of his receiving it, from apprehension that her strength might not be able to sustain the augmented excitement; and he shrank from invading the hallowed privacy of such a memorial, until Heaven should return him again to his English home, after having executed all the duties her gracious Wharton had confided to his trust; and then he might contemplate, with a perfect satisfaction, those beloved lineaments by her comforted side. Under these impressions, consolatory to himself, he set the casket on the table by him, and began to write the following explanation of its contents: - "My Cornelia - dearest sister of my soul! - this letter, with its precious accompaniment—my wedded other self! will put into your hands, with the same fidelity to the wish of him who gave the injunction, as if myself had performed it."

Louis then briefly but tenderly explained his motives for having at all delayed his own obedience to so sacred a wish, and then proceeded to unfold its object, from the contents of several memorandums, made by Lorenzo, and which he had noted down, immediately after receiving their dictations from his dying master, that he might not hereafter have to depend on his recollection alone. The first note expressed that "when the duke felt that he should never again see any of those he most loved in this world; and that the same dispensation which had perilled his mortal life had also deprived him of the capability to write with his own hand his last farewell to her, his best beloved !—my wedded wife, before the eyes of Heaven-my last farewell! (he repeated) for when we shall meet again in the imperishable world, it will be to part no more!" Therefore being thus disabled in his own powers (he added), he should make his faithful secretary, Lorenzo, lent to him by the kindness of De Montemar, deliver to her the fervent benediction of his soul, on her, the pure and Heaven inspired towards him!

"It discoursed with mine, my Cornelia," continued the duke, in a solemnly impressive voice; "and I now doubly feel the blessedness of the communion. I witted not then the whole import of its meaning, but it is now with me; and what is there in thy affianced husband's power to show in recompense?—His ever-living gratitude to that Heaven and to thee!—and to offer this poor memorial of his heart's last love on earth to thine! O Cornelia!

let it dwell in the bosom of her you know my soul loveth; the only so beloved, at any time of the existence of the froward, and too often passion-led, Philip Wharton. The world's blandishments early caught and coiled me; and pernicious have been her specious fetters. But, thanks to a dispensation of wisdom and of mercy in seeming sternness, even to the hard commission of the breakers at Tarragona, I am now for ever freed from that world! and of all its dregs left within the erring nature of the 'wayward and the wild,' far wandered son of his nobler fathers. I was a prodigal son! But, I trust, I have received the garment of

reconciliation from my Father's hand!

"In this confession, my Cornelia, I would not wound your blameless spirit by its knowledge. You already know it; and your gracious nature believed it possible, that with Him, to whom all things are possible—the spotted leopard might be cleared of his spots!—and, like an angel of light, you sent me to the proof; and the result is well. For, whatever might have been the real reformation, the general world, severe in its judgment, would not have believed it; and my Cornelia's 'good must have been evil spoken of! her spotless name and virtues, considered sullied by a supposed tainted union with a man, such as I had been: therefore, from the depths of my chastened heart, I say—so be it!—and let

that solemn resignation be your Wharton's proof.

"But again to this forget me not, my picture, painted expressly for that dear bosom only a few weeks ago, when the snaring policies of a wide erratic ambition had closed their accounts with me in Spain. It represents the restored unshadowed face of him you loved and trusted, before that happy consummation of your prayers. When you look upon it, my Cornelia, take comfort in the pledge; and remember that Philip Wharton, the sullied, and fettered pard! has found a fountain and a ransom in this wasted wilderness. I cannot speak more, even to thee, my best beloved! in this my now passing life, but to say that from my heart and soul and spirit I bless thee! and all which are around thee!—they who, I am fully confident, will cherish thee with the tenderest affection, both for thine own dear sake, and in remembrance of him who loved and honoured them.

"My Cornelia!—my bride!—my only earthly love!—Farewell, for this brief life! But in that which is to come, immortal, pure, and holy, like Him who giveth it—there is no death, no separation; there, by divine mercy, we shall abide for ever in a sacred bliss, unutterable, unimaginable: I, a true brother to thy brightened spirit; thou, the most beloved sister of the soul—of thine in

all worlds.

"PHILIP WHARTON."

Louis then added a few words from himself, but still pursuing Lorenzo's information: That the duke having heard the above faithful memorandums read by his confidential secretary, his grace directed his well-known seal to be stamped on the paper, in verification of its fidelity; and then, though exhausted by the previous exertion, he touched the paper near to the signature of his name,

with the enfeebled hand, which, in full health and hope, had put his betrothing ring upon her finger. And, while he thus placed his heart's invisible mark, he fervently repeated," May Heaven indeed bless her!''

Louis continued:—"Our beloved friend survived only a few days after this, and having already confided all his posthumous wishes with the good brethren, and received their Christian benediction on his parting spirit—even while their holy requiem was breathing over him, he resigned that chastened spirit, in faith and peace,

into the arms of Him who gave it."

Lorenzo had also informed his master, that during the painting of the picture, and while the duke was hastening, day after day, the winding-up of his affairs, to leave Madrid as speedily as possible for his seaward journey, he had abstained from writing either to Bamborough or to Lindisfarne, till he could name the decided time for his setting out. But daily unavoidable preventions had occurred; and hence proceeded the non-arrival of letters, which had occasioned the unsuspected sufferings of suspense in the silently

apprehensive Cornelia.

Early in the morning of his departure from the castle. De Montemar consigned his letter and the casket into the care of his gentle wife, to tenderly deliver them at whatever period she thought might be most propitious for the dear mourner to receive them to her comfort; and having given his own farewell to the sweet sharer of his joys and soother of his sorrows, he bade a similar affectionate adieu to the several dear kindred and friends he left behind; and soon after the sun rose, he put his foot, accompanied by Lorenzo, into the post-chariot, drawn by four well-appointed horses, that was to convey him to Newcastle, the port of his embarkation for the Continent He took ship the same day, and a benign influence speeded his journey by sea and land, till he reached the point of his destination, the town of Tarragona and its convent of Bernardines.

Lorenzo introduced him to the prior as his honoured master, the most trusted friend of his late lamented lord, the Duke Wharton; and with instant confidence, all which that noble deceased had left to the venerable father to communicate and to assist him to perform, was unreservedly imparted to De Montemar; and without any delay Louis set himself to accomplish the sacred task. But it was found that the royal sanction must be obtained before even so useful a work could be attempted; he therefore readily understood that the permission must be sought by his own personal application to their majesties, wherever they might be. They were fortunately at Valentia, scarcely a day's journey, and thither he

After being duly announced to the royal presence, arrayed in deep black for his friend, as he had lately been for his father, the eloquent but simple-worded De Montemar-the more eloquent in that simplicity-met so immediate a regretful accordance from Philip and Isabella, that he set forth on his return to Tarragona with every authority that could facilitate the munificent bequest of the departed English duke.

"He was not only the most brilliant in intellect of any man at my court, but so amiable in his superiority that I loved his society like a daily sunshine—Did we not?" inquired the monarch, with a

glistening eye, turning to the queen.

"Yes," replied Isabella, with a similar effusion softening the almost flashing fire of her quiek glanee; "and in return for this grace to his memory, sought by his zealous friend here, we must expect that the Marquis De Montemar will always consider himself a son of Spain, though shared with his present filial heirship in another realm; and that either in his own person or in that of some descendant of his father's blood—the ever-lamented Duke Ripperda!—he or his representative must often come over to reside amongst his people in his paternal Spain."

"You," Louis De Montemar," rejoined the king, "have a Spanish bride, Marcella d'Osorio, the only daughter of our distinguished statesman, the Marquis Santa Cruz; and that is a tie which alone ought to bring you and her to the court of Philip and his queen!—sovereigns, who have now shown that they sincerely regard ye both for your own sakes, and for their esteem to the memory of those who are gone. Go, De Montemar, and proceed in your holy

office.'

Louis did not halt in obedience to these commands. He returned to Tarragona that night; and next day every branch of the works relating to the harbour's safety, within and without, was set in commencement; also, Cornelia's endowment for forming the comfortable homes for shipwreeked seamen, was put in immediate

preparation.

While these objects were actively yet quietly pursued, the prior had become greatly interested in his young and noble coadjutor, the Marquis de Montemar. He saw with a pious admiration the devotedness of his friendship for the lamented English duke. He also knew that he had been the devoted son in perils and dangers almost to martyrdom, of the late Duke de Ripperda, illustrious in birth and in actions, but more illustrious in his signal penitence for the last appalling transgression of his life. The venerable man, whose tonsured head was warm with the enthusiasm of a holy fire, expressed these feelings one day to De Montemar, remarking also, that he was likewise engaged by the prior of Montesa at Tetuan, and by the Signor Martini, at the marquis's own eastle in Andalusia, to assist in serving the Duke de Ripperda's munificent bequest, for the emancipation of Christian eaptives from the terrible miseries of a slavery in Barbary; and that such occupations were as "the dressing of the garden of Eden" to him and to his happy brethren so employed.

Soon after this conference the prior invited Martini to the convent, where he gave a correspondent information to his master, who had the satisfaction to see his devoted Lorenzo ombrace his excellent brother; both rejoieing in their established fidelity to the so severely tried, but ever noble, father and son of the illustrious house of Ripperda. When the affectionate brothers parted, De Montemar expressed his intention that they should meet again the following year; when, accompanied by his young marchioness and

her mother, he purposed to make his Andalusian home his residence for a few months. During which time, he told Martini, he would pass over to Tetuan with him alone, to pay a son's reverence to the humble Christian brethren there, and to the honoured

parental relics they protected.

Before a month had elapsed since the Marquis de Montemar's landing on the dilapidated coast of Tarragona, he left it with a secure haven; and the lights of its two newly-erected beacons streaming afar from their high, pointed rocks. But ere he launched from its well-constructed pier, and while the works for the establishment of the cells of refuge for the rescued mariners were progressing fast, Louis, on the night before his departure from the convent, made his sacred visit to the grave of his friend: he whose dying sympathies with his fellow-creatures in distress had provided these needful guides through the darkness and the storm. He went alone, and while he advanced towards the "small white stone," in the middle of the chapel crypt,—he thought of Cornelia. She was his only companion there! He knelt down by that silent stone and wept over it, "even as a man mourneth for his brother," while breathing the prayer she had dictated to his fraternal heart. And when he returned to her, in his own most dear home; and told her all he had seen and done, in his doubly hallowed mission, she too wept at this part of the recital; and bowing her beautiful but pallid face on the ivory casket that contained the precious miniature Marcella had duly presented, and which always lay near her, by the side of a little Bible that had been her parting gift to Wharton, and which he had ordered Lorenzo to put into the casket with the picture, she tenderly said:

"Louis, my soul thanks you. My dream of Wharton on this carth is over. But I shall awake with him in Paradise. I know that our Redeemer liveth!" And the last words were uttered in a kind of gentle ecstacy, with the exquisite cadence of Handel's consecrated organ; for she was accustomed to its strain, having always been the Saint Cecilia of his anthems, at Lindisfarne or at Bamborough. The young marchioness had been the Miriam of those sacred melodies, until the moment of the beloved cousin's safe return; and then Cornelia felt, the dumb could speak again! and that henceforth she should join the happy choir in thanks and praise.

But there had been another subject of gratitude to her gentle heart. A son had been born to the noble house of d'Osorio, within those parental walls, even during the brief absence of Louis. The news had been respectfully announced by the old porter at the mansion gate, when he threw it open for his young lord to pass through. The intelligence was confirmed by the happy Mrs. Coningsby; who, delightedly surprised at her nephew's arrival, hastened to greet him, even in the hall.

Ferdinand and Sir Anthony were just gone over to Lindisfarne; and, it being a very fine day, they had pressed Marcella to leave her affectionate offices at the eastle for a short pause, and accompany them for a few hours' visit to her revered Mr. Athelstone, then on some pastoral duties for the remainder of the week.

Louis had not been less rejoiced than the grateful Mrs. Coningsby

at the auspicious family event, and ardently answered her-He would himself directly cross to Lindisfarne, to see his uncles; and bring back his dear runaway. But, he added, "his most sacred emotions must be first dedicated to the beloved mourner, whose tenderly compassionate almoner he had been; and after that he would seek for a moment the sweet young mother, and then proceed to his own heart's treasure.'

Mrs. Coningsby immediately conducted him to the door of her resigned daughter; and, while opening it, simply, but tenderly announced, "Our Louis, my child! He is here to bless us all again." With the last word, she left him; and he entered alone. to the meek desolated one, who had started from her seat at the sound of his name, and stood with eyes intensely gazing on his

entrance.

The tender, the confidential, the mutually comforted conference need not be repeated; "a stranger intermeddleth not" with the depths of such feelings. And just at the time when the soft notes of Cornelia's voice had risen and ceased with the last cadence of the holy anthem, Alice appeared in the room, beaming with smiles; for the dews of a pitying sister's heart enhanced their brightness. The moment she drew near her cousin she smiled even more brilliantly; and turning from his arms, opening to receive her, she took her babe from the bosom of the nurse, who had followed her, and placed it on his, softly whispering,
"Louis, my brother—we have called him Philip Ferdinand, after

his father and your dearest friend. But I have left the full

Wharton for your own Marcella!''

Louis pressed the infant to his breast; he could not speak; and when he relinquished it to its enraptured mother, he kissed the hand which had so touchingly remembered him in the blessed

moment of naming her first-born son.

Within an hour after this scene of truly sacred emotions, De Montemar passed over to the little island; and there in the old domestic parlour he met the blissful welcome of the indeed faithful partner of his soul, and also the glad greetings of her brother Ferdinand, with those of his revered uncles, the pastor and Sir Anthony.

Without much delay the whole party returned with their so dear restored inmate to Bamborough, the venerable Mr. Athelstone having carefully committed to the attentive care of his newlyinducted curate at Lindisfarne, the Rev. Granville Sharpe, the fulfilment of the residue week's parochial business he had intended to complete in person.\*

Happy was that day's re-union within those long-honoured towers, —the stranger's shelter and the poor man's rest. No heart there

- \* In process of years this exemplary man, Granville Sharpe, D.D., who lived to a great age, became Archdeacon of Northumberland; and the most constant abiding trustee for the maintenance of the Bamborough-beacons, and their little havens of refuge. In the rock beneath the principal light were cut the following words:-
  - " Venite, exultimus Domino!"
  - "The sea is the Lord's, he made it:
  - "And his hand prepared the dry land."-PSALM XCV.

murmured in itself that the brightness of its own earthly hopes had withered. Cornelia's was the only blighted one, but it could rebloom in the joys of others: and there was a light within her that shone on a home of blessedness the merely human eye can never

so distinctly contemplate.

Months passed away, and the so eventful year drew to its elose. Christmas arrived, that sacred season so eminently celebrated in the northern counties of England; and the cheered family circle at Bamborough was not again broken, rather cemented by another tender link being added, to be eherished along with the previously welcomed first-born of the happy Alice, under that then recently bereaved roof. The name of Wharton had been claimed by Marcella for her fondly anticipated child, and Louis, with his enraptured uncle, Sir Anthony, with this new consolation brightening every brow, stood by the side of the ancient font of a hundred generations in the ehapel of the castle; -while the apostolie son of so many noble progenitors sprinkled the water of baptism upon the infant descendant of his race by the names of Philip Wharton Anthony Athelstone! For so the rejoieing baronet had requested it might be, observing to his nephew that nature had already stamped the babe with a superior leading name, for in its delicate little features he thought it resembled "the resplendently handsome Duke de Ripperda, its grandfather.

Louis had thought so too, and felt that even the child of his own beloved Mareella, which he had believed could not have brought a nearer bond, had found a closer to the inmost recesses of his filial and paternal heart—and when the child smiled upon him on his taking it from the pastor's arms, he discerned the smile of his father; and, with brimming eyes, he kissed the so-sealed grandson

of Ripperda.

"Ah! we must the more watch the mind within that resplendent easket of beauty!" replied Marcella, when she heard from her husband their uncle's remark. "The gift is fraught with trials, the commonly endowed in body or in mind cannot but be spared. Let us, therefore, my Louis, pray for thy dear son! I will strive, with Heaven's aid, to rear him up in the footsteps of his uncontaminated

and honoured father."

Early in the opening spring, after the baptism, several members of the family group separated, to revisit other lands on their respective duties. Don Ferdinand, with his ever joyous Alice and their fine little Anglo-Spaniard, for the Val del Uzeda. Dr. Garcia aecompanied them to rejoin his amiable signora, who had left Bamborough with the Marchioness Santa Cruz, for France; and whence, when the marquis had finished his mission there, she had returned with her two noble friends to their territories beyond the Pyrenees.

The devoted Signora Ignez continued with her young lady, the affectionately regarded object of her services from infancy to her present bloom of loveliest womanhood. Lorenzo also rested with his master, an attached confidential friend over his personal affairs, in an independent dwelling within the walls of the castle—and rendered still more so by a generous pension for his life. A similar

one, but to a far larger amount, was seenred to Martini before Louis parted from him in the convent of Tarragona; and henceforward he also continued in his accustomed suite of apartments in

the ehâteau of his lord.

The Marquis de Montemar, and his beloved Marcella, were not to make their promised visit to Spain until the autumn of that year; to embrace her dear parents in the mansion of her birth, and also to be introduced to her now own occasional Spanish home in the beautiful province of Andalusia; and to have presented to her the gladly expecting tenantry, who her noble husband had enjoined Signor Martini, as his representative, to govern justly; and to liberally regard, in the spirit of his director's principles, the same in all lands, wherever he commanded properties; Martini conscientiously obeyed, and with an answering success.

Meanwhile Sir Anthony, at Bamborough and at Athelstone, maintained the hospitable honours of their baronial halls. The venerable pastor of both was not less forward in welcoming the eoming, and speeding the parting guest, at his hall of Morewick; and within the humbler walls of the pilgrim-parsonage of Lindisfarne; where the usual simple but abundant fare was always ready on the well-replenished board. There again, seated in his "old arm chair," amidst a circle of "pleasantness and peace," he looked from side to side on so many of the original inmates of that dear domestic parlour now re-assembled before his smiling hearth. And he blessed the all-gracious Being, "who declareth his Almighty power most ehiefly in showing merey and pity!" for this compassionate goodness to his aged head. And moreover, that he did not go down to the grave till he had seen this new representative of his father's house "before the Lord!" the infant son of the present heir, to all its vast domains.

Cornelia had concluded this first evening, so blandly commemorative in the pastorage home, by seating herself with Marcella, before her reverend uncle's organ; and together they sung, indeed with "Miriam's voice and Jubal's lyre"—that heaven breathed

hymn of the most sacred consolation—

#### "Comfort ye-comfort ye, my people!"

Thus then, in so sweetly soothed a state of mind, did Louis turn his earnest attention to the perhaps less brilliant, but not less essential occupations of his future life; a life which, though freed from probability of perils and dangers like unto those he had recently passed through, was yet widely and importantly commissioned. It demanded his frequent sojourns in Spain. But more stationarily, he was bound to dwell in England, and when there, with an undivided heart, his thoughts and actions were strenuously dedicated to the purposes of his British birthright; to the country of his first knowledge of the duties of man to man, and to the beneficent and Holy Being who had commanded them. And in such a blessed tuition, by example and by precept, he sought to form his son to the true principles and noble uses of Christian virtue. The virtue of the general world, is usually that of a dazzling expediency; and however specious may be its arguments, or apparently fair its philosophy, it is sown in the sand, and the first perilous tempest will scatter it to the winds. Such was the lore taught and practised at the Pastor's Fire-side in Lindisfarne; and such was the continued serene happiness under that time-consecrated roof.

Cornelia, though seeming an already beatified spirit, never quitted her mourning garments. She had received from Lorenzo (who in devoted memory, always styled her "the Lady Cornelia") the coffer of gorgeous jewellery, which had been confided to him from her departed lord. They were the magnificent parting presents of kings, queens, and princesses, whose courts he had adorned; and whose friendship he had won by the splendour of his talents, and the graces of his mind. And all these endowments, to render the man who possessed them admired, honoured, and beloved in this world, had set, to its gazing multitude, in an almost moment of time, before he had seen his thirty-fifth year on its delusive orb!

Cornelia pondered over these thoughts in her heavenward soul; and, with even a steady hand, divided all those costly testimonials of human favour, and gave them to her sister Alice, and to her other dear sister Marcella, in trust, for an hereafter, to their two noble children, who shared the beloved name. But the jewelled swords, and other chivalric decorations she presented to Louis.

swords, and other chivalric decorations she presented to Louis. "They are yours, my cousin," said she, "you were his true brother; and who has so just a right to these memorials of his

honour?"

The only treasure reserved to herself of all these "precious things," was the miniature his own lips had so especially bestowed. It was small, and set in a coronetted enamelled rim, with a motto round it studded in diamonds—"Ever with thee." The words seemed soothingly prophetic, and the portrait with them, was ever

the portrait of her heart.

Every other bequest of this ever-lamented friend, Louis executed with promptitude and fidelity, on the Continent and in his native land; and the memory of Duke Wharton was recalled with gratitude in both countries. Cornelia rejoiced in the tidings from either; but she always "dwelt with her own people," at Bamborough, or at Athelstone, or at Morewick, or in the little Holy Isle. But she never accompanied De Montemar nor his gentle marchioness to their Spanish home—there was only one spot in it that could call on her widowed heart. But whenever the desire arose, she always repeated to herself, "Why should I seek the living amongst the dead?" and she remained still.

The little isle was the most frequent bourn of her retiring choice. But while Louis was in England, and there, with the sweet mother of his child, when enjoying their dear presence, Cornelia's comforted spirit seemed more delighted to converse in silence with that of her own affianced lord; and often was the cherished babe, the representative of his entire name—her godson—pressed with many balmy prayers to her spotless bosom—under the equally blessing eye of her venerated uncle, seated silently in his "old arm-chair,"

before the happy hearth of sacred Lindisfarne.

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"My son! despise not thou the chastisement of the Lord; nor faint, when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth!"—

"Blessed is the man who so trusteth in Thee!"

THE END.

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